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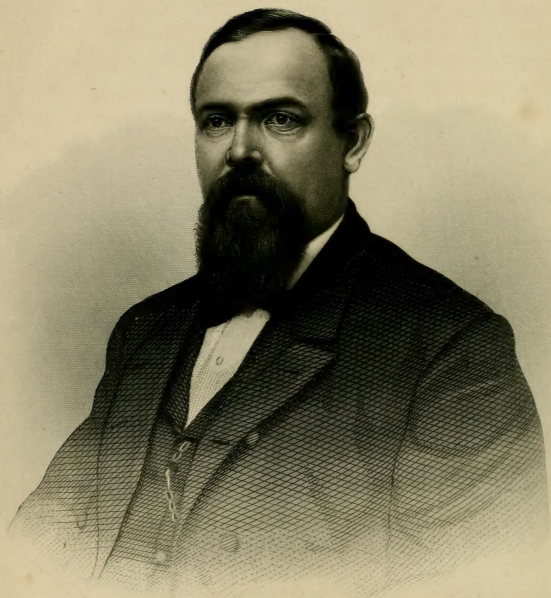


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THE SOLDIER OF INDIANA IN
THE WAR FOR THE UNION



Eng^d by G. E. Perine & Co. N.Y.

O. P. Morton

OLIVER P. MORTON

GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

THE
SOLDIER OF INDIANA

IN THE
WAR FOR THE UNION.

"Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."—SHAKESPEARE.



INDIANAPOLIS:
MERRILL AND COMPANY.
1866.

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THE
SOLDIER OF INDIANA

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WHO HAVE GIVEN MORE TO THEIR COUNTRY THAN THE

Mothers, Wives, and Sisters

OF THE

SOLDIERS OF INDIANA?

TO THEM IS THIS RECORD OF THE HEROISM OF
SON, HUSBAND, BROTHER,

DEDICATED.

OCT 10 1908



PREFACE.



ON July 10th, 1862, we issued a circular, which was mailed to the officers of every Indiana regiment, soliciting such information as would enable us to prepare a complete record of the part taken by our State in the suppression of the rebellion. In addition to a full narrative, we proposed to give the names of all Indianians who had fallen in their country's service, if not of all who had enrolled themselves in her armies.

Circumstances delayed publication and also compelled a modification of our plan, especially in regard to the catalogue of names. The men of Indiana must blame their own patriotism, so promptly, loyally and gloriously displayed that it would require the compass of a cyclopedia to contain individual names. At the same time it is gratifying to know that, under the able supervision of General TERRELL, a work of the kind is now in process of publication.

"THE INDIANA SOLDIER" was undertaken with the same motive and the same ardor which impelled the citizen to enter the army, but it has not been carried on with equal courage.

To write worthily of the cause may be as much less difficult than to fight worthily as it is less glorious, but it is hard enough, and too hard. The mere reading of hundreds of hastily written letters is no small task, to say nothing of reconciling incongruous and deciding between contradictory statements; but this is light in comparison with gleaning the history of a regiment from most inadequate materials, and, in turn, this and all other toil sink into insignificance when weighed with the disappointment of failing to portray the

privation, hardship, sickness, sorrow, patience, fortitude, gallantry, devotion and whatever else there may be of hard or noble, which enter into the soldier's life.

Unfortunately, the scenes and people of his home are the favorite subjects of the soldier's correspondence, consequently letters do not occupy the space that could be desired in our pages.

While we cannot deprecate all criticism, without throwing aside all claim to merit, we yet, in view of the difficulties and obstacles with which we have had to contend, and in view of our earnest and honest desire to do justice to patriot and traitor, ask indulgence.

We owe our thanks to the many who have aided us with information, especially to soldiers who have given us narratives, to officers who have furnished us with reports, and to parents who have entrusted to us letters and diaries of their sons. It is with something akin to awe that we take in our hands the sacred memorials of the dead. Written in the camp, on the picket line, or on the battle-field, with the smooth pen of the ready writer, or in clumsy characters and stiff style, on a fair sheet or a crumpled scrap, and tied up by fond mother with ribbon, or with yarn, they are all sorted and folded with the same care, and sanctified by the same tenderness and heroism.

With these words we give to the public this venture. Though it might seem immodest, perhaps ungenerous, to claim that our State, whose sons fought beside the sons of all her loyal sisters, encircling the rebellion with her regiments, is *prima*, yet we may be allowed to say, that, wherever any of the sisterhood, emulous in valor, endurance and devotion to the union of the States, made themselves conspicuous, there proudly stood Indiana *inter pares*.

MERRILL & CO.

August, 1866.

THE SOLDIER OF INDIANA

IN THE

WAR FOR THE UNION.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

INDIANA is a young State with forests yet uncut, with swamps undrained, and fertile accessible soil untouched by the plough; but she encloses within her borders, and shelters under her laws, a population of near a million and a half, — representatives of every country in Europe. The history of Vincennes and Fort Wayne dates back to the time of Louis le Grand, when missionaries and traders led small colonies, and ambitious statesmen sent military forces across the ocean and along the lakes to isolated western wildernesses for the promotion of their several objects; and to this day the customs and language of the French of that period may be found to some extent in the region of these towns. Swiss have cultivated the sunny slopes of the Ohio since the beginning of the present century. Irish in great numbers have within the last twenty years established themselves along the railroads and in centres of business. Germans, their thrifty hands having gathered silver in city employments, possess and cultivate farms in every county. English and Scotch give their national peculiarities to many a small settlement. Norwegians and Laplanders sprinkle the northern districts. In addition to these members of the Caucasian race numbers of negroes live independently and somewhat lazily along Blue River and in other comfortable regions, and a few Indians fish, hunt, and do some small trading where through sufferance they remain.

Beholding this motley population, the transatlantic stranger, and even the friendly countryman from the western shores of the unfriendly ocean, are ready to declare that Indiana can have no oneness, and in consequence no distinctive character; that, with materials unfitted and unfitting if not mutually abhorrent, she is and must long remain an unconglomerate mass. The inference is incorrect. A large majority of the population is of one stock, — the sturdy old English, — which, under the stirring influences of the seventeenth century, spread along the Atlantic coast from the bleak rocks of Maine to near tropical regions. Through the vicissitudes of time and repeated emigration, the characteristics of the English of that period have been retained. Indomitable energy, ineradicable love of home, unquenchable and deep-buried enthusiasm, only called forth by stroke of steel, and “that spirit of personal independence which may be sharpened into insolence or educated into manly self-respect,” are as remarkable in the feller of Indiana forests, and the ploughman of Indiana prairies, as they were in the self-exiled Puritan or Cavalier; — and they form the outline of Indiana as they do of all American character.

The filling up of this fine hard English outline is the material derived from the various sources alluded to, and modified by as great a variety of circumstances. It is neither mean nor common, nor is it Irish, nor German, nor Swiss, nor Yankee, nor Southern. Like a grand piece of mosaic in which all colors are united to the obscuring of none, and the enhancing of the lustre of each, the typical Hoosier is dependent on every element for completeness, yet as a whole is dissimilar to any part. He is sensitive, excitable, bashful, and it may be boastful, enterprising, ardent, and industrious; yet, as a farmer, is apt to leave weeds in his fence corners, and as a merchant dislikes to bother his brains with one cent calculations. He is no bully, yet is able to use his fist, and if he is accused of lying, — the vice most repugnant to his nature, — he loses not a moment in applying his fist in a free fight. In early times when an application to law required long and inconvenient journeys, he administered justice in a somewhat summary method: giving notice to an individual

who disturbed a neighborhood to remove, and if the notice was disregarded, administering a hickory limb or displacing a cabin roof. No other approach to mob-law has the genuine Indian ever known; even in the case of an obnoxious neighbor his first impulse invariably was to join the weaker party; and he gave it up only when satisfied that neither justice nor generosity required its defence.

A decidedly religious stamp was given to Indiana character by the preachers of an early day, — often men of intellect as well as zeal, who found their way to the backwoods and preached Christ from a cabin-door, or from the shade of a spreading beech, to the sunburnt men and women gathered from the region round about. Many an old man now recalls with a thrill the majestic or fiery eloquence of an Armstrong, a Ray, or a Strange, as it rang through the Gothic aisles of the primeval forest. To those fervid laborers was it owing that the little church was erected as soon as the log-cabin afforded the shelter of a home. The contemptuous application of "North C'lina Church" to men of notoriously worldly or otherwise wicked character, implies a classification of a community which is significant of religious character.

Many of the early lawyers were men of rare wit and literary attainments, but they did not, like their preaching contemporaries, permanently influence the character of society.

Indiana's resources for material wealth are vast, and being rapidly developed. Little distinction in the condition of citizens exists. A man might perhaps number the rich on his fingers, and certainly could the beggars, except such as the Old World has sent over the ocean with cards certifying to an escape from a shipwreck or a volcano.

No young State shows finer institutions of learning or of charity. Yet many a boy never sees the inside of a school-house, and many a man drops into the ballot-box a vote he cannot read, and makes the cross instead of his name to a deed of sale or purchase.

There are in every community men who seem to be Nature's step-sons, rather than the sons of the bond-woman,

— their hand against every man, and themselves the object of every man's upraised hand or foot. They form that floating population which is invariably borne on the first wave of the tide of civilization, and is the deadly foe to the true precursors of progress,—the farmer, the peddler, and the preacher. They form, too, that deposit which lies normally at the base, but penetrates sometimes to the very top of the mass of society. They are the fighting, hating, bitter, grasping element,—aristocrats in one position, levellers in another. The objects of their special hate in our western world are three: the negro, the abolitionist, and, somewhat inconsistently, the aristocrat.

The first murder in the capital of our State was committed by a member of a small but notorious association called the Chain-gang, formed for the purpose of spattering the three objects of detestation with rotten eggs; of giving them nocturnal airings astride of rails, and of indulging in other disorderly and lawless proceedings. The sight of a son of a Philadelphia clergyman,—a young school-teacher who wore kid gloves and fashionable pantaloons, in those days called "tights,"—inflamed the wrath of one of the Chain-gang to such a degree that nothing but death could appease its intensity. He was ferryman, and one fair day pushed from the shore of White River with the unsuspecting young gentleman in his boat. In mid-stream the offence was expiated. The ferryman reached the farther shore alone. For this most cruel deed the perpetrator suffered an imprisonment of two years in the penitentiary. That pardon is more effectual than chastisement in the correction of crime, seems to be a principle of Indiana officials, as such leniency is by no means uncommon.

The last victim of these murderous rowdies was a negro, who, on the Fourth of July, had the impudence to walk on the pavement of Washington Street.

The links of the Chain-gang have long lain in the dust, or rusted in the wilderness beyond the Mississippi; but passions do not die; and in the far more pretentious and widely extended Golden Circle we find a new embodiment of the principle of the ancient Chain-gang.

At the first election for Governor in 1816, on the admission of the Territory of Indiana into the Union as a State, the contest naturally turned on the question of slavery. Settlers from free and slave States were about equal in number, but the friends from North Carolina voted with the emigrants from the eastern and middle States, and the anti-slavery candidate was elected. As the question was entirely local, party lines of distinction rising from slavery were soon effaced, and slavery was for many years a subject of neither political nor social interest. A certain soreness, however, was produced, and kept alive, by the escape of a slave, at rare intervals, in or through Indiana.

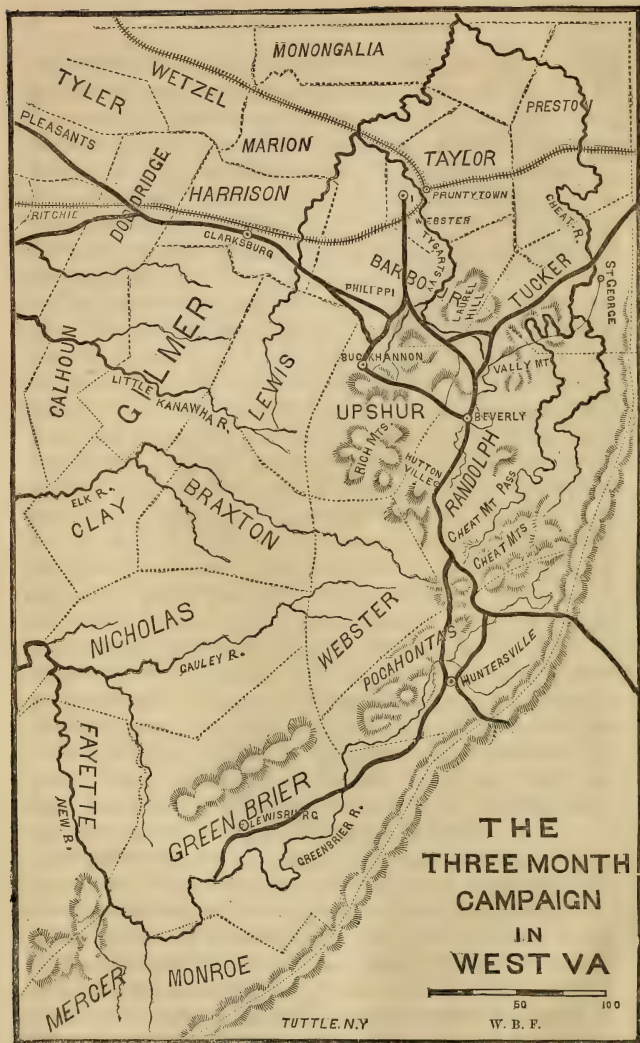
In 1824 or 1825, an individual informed a handsome slave-woman, Nellie, who was accompanying her master from Virginia to Missouri, that Indiana was free soil. In consequence she refused to proceed on the journey, and the master had resort to law. Judge Morris of Indianapolis, before whom the case was tried, pronounced the woman free. Judge Park of the Supreme Court, to which the exasperated master appealed, reversed the decision. Meantime the woman had fled, and she could not for several weeks be found. At last she was traced to a cabin occupied by a widow, on the bluffs of White River. The sheriff with his attendants appeared unexpectedly at the door. Admittance was delayed, and while they waited, the woman of the house, her head enveloped in Nellie's bright colored handkerchief, sprang from the back window, and ran like a deer towards the woods. With a whoop and hurrah, like hunters when the game is in sight, the servants of the law followed. The moment they turned, the cabin-door opened, and with stealthy steps the fugitive, guided by a young girl, the daughter of the kind countrywoman, sought and found shelter in a neighboring cave. But Nellie was betrayed. With twenty dollars the sheriff beguiled the girl to point out her hiding-place. Incidents of this kind, serving as they did to awaken sympathies which otherwise would have lain dormant, were like drops gathering for the long delayed storm.

From the time of General Jackson's election to the Presidency in 1828, party spirit became warm in Indiana as

everywhere else, although it was not until 1840 that national politics exercised a controlling influence in the election of State officers. During the following twelve years party spirit ran with great violence; but the defeat sustained by the Whig party, not only in Indiana but throughout the Union, in 1852, terminated its existence. In 1854, the slumbering volcano, which had shaken the nation in 1820, and again in 1850, was a third time evoked by a repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

The fathers of the Republic, with the fact that slavery had been forced upon them by the mother-country in spite of clerical and legislative opposition fresh in their minds, and incapable of imagining their descendants seduced into an affection for and an approval of so vast an evil, regarded it as doomed to gradual extinction. The middle of the nineteenth century found many willing defenders of what they called a divine institution. The citizens of the free States, opposed in principle and feeling to slavery, regarded it as the charge if not the curse of the South, and as such were unwilling to trouble themselves with it; and yielded again and again to its repeated claims for protection. Many young politicians, blinded by personal ambition, gave their voices to the support of Southern views for the sake of obtaining Southern votes. In 1820 the State of Missouri was given up to slavery, freedom receiving from slavery in return the territory north of 36° 30'. In 1854 slavery denounced the existence of this barrier as a reproach and stigma, and insisted that the territory of Kansas which lay above the slave line, and was calling for admission into the sisterhood of States, should be received as a slave State.

Opposition to this demand united large numbers of Democrats and Whigs with the small party of Free-soilers, and formed a new organization styling itself the Republican party, which by force of circumstances was confined almost exclusively to the free States. A small party ignoring the slavery question was organized, and called itself the Know-nothing or American party. The old Democratic name was kept by those who were in favor of letting the people of each Territory determine what should be the character of its institu-



tions as a State. This party carried the election of 1856 Indiana voting with it.

Emigrants poured into Kansas from the North, determined that it should be a free State; from the South, determined that it should be a slave State. Civil war, with horrors and outrages unparelleled, resulted. Prominent in this strife on the anti-slavery side was an old man, who, two years later, was to shake the nation from centre to circumference. This man, hating slavery as a personal enemy which had murdered his sons, as well as an enemy to human rights, conceived it his mission to destroy the monster. With an adaptation of means to the end proposed, worthy of insanity, he took twenty-two men, five of them of the oppressed race, organized in Canada a provisional government of the United States, with himself as Commander-in-chief, and penetrated to the mountains of Virginia, whither he had arms secretly shipped to furnish those who should join him.

Sunday night, October 16, 1859, he seized the unsuspecting village of Harper's Ferry and took possession of the United States Armory. The nation was astonished, electrified, at the boldness of the attempt. State and national troops poured to the spot, but were held at bay by the old man for thirty hours, when, having lost two sons and eleven others of his twenty-two, and having been himself repeatedly and seriously wounded, he was overpowered. The fanaticism, as it was almost universally called, North as well as South, of John Brown, was equalled by the unflinching bravery, sturdy independence, patient endurance, and grim, puritanic piety which extorted the admiration even of those who demanded and took his life as the expiation of his crime. These traits were remarkably exemplified when the magnanimous mother of Presidents carried to her bar on his couch her wounded, helpless prisoner, — pushed on his trial with unseemly haste to conviction and the death sentence, and guarded the short remnant of the life allowed him, — which common humanity would have deemed properly passed in a secure hospital, — by thousands of her soldiers from the danger of an imaginary rescue to the scaffold.

This was in December 1859. In less than eighteen months

regiments of United States troops marched through the streets of the most conservative city of the North singing to a wild simple melody—

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on!”

The growth in the North of the sentiment of opposition to the extension of slavery, together with the division of the Democratic party, brought about by those who have since led in the attempt to divide the Union, insured the election of a Republican President in 1860; Lincoln being elected by a plurality 30,000 larger than elected his predecessor. The vote of Indiana, one of the most conservative States, had changed from a Republican minority of 46,681 to a majority of 5,923.

Although a Republican President was constitutionally elected, the judicial and legislative branches of the government were in the opposition, and would have remained so through his term of office, so that no offensive measures could have been passed, nor even objectionable cabinet ministers appointed. Not only this, Congress declared its willingness to incorporate into the Constitution a clause utterly prohibiting interference with slavery in the States.

The loyal States, together with those which were trembling in the balance, sent delegates to a pacificatory convention presided over by an Ex-President of the United States, who as President having betrayed the party which elected him, has since eclipsed his old disgrace by the crime of treason to his country. Among Indiana’s delegates to this convention were Mr. Lincoln’s Secretary of the Interior and General Hackleman, who lately gave his life to his country on the field of Shiloh.

But no honorable concessions could satisfy those who had predetermined the destruction of the Government. They understood better than the North itself the deep significance of the election of Lincoln. It was an assurance to them that a spirit had moved upon the face of the chaos into which the political parties of the North had crumbled, and that they must break or be broken upon the new creation. It was an assurance that the power, which had not only filled the presi-

dential chair and courts of law, term after term, but had underreached and overreached, had misconstrued and misapplied the Constitution, until the simplicity and integrity of that document seemed forever gone, had reached its flood. And it was an assurance, — but even the far-reaching statesmen of the South did not recognize this, — of the upheaving of the heads of the everlasting rocks of justice, and of the utterance of the long silent divine voice: “No farther, ye waves of barbarism, shall ye go!”

The politicians of the South had not waited for this hour. More than thirty years every art known to them, — and no politicians are so wily as those of a Republic, — had been used to bring the Southern public into subjection to an oligarchy. Society itself from its very base passively seconded their efforts. The upper, middle, and lower classes which are usually found in civilized nations, and which the most democratic communities have never yet been able to abrogate, are here merged into two, standing at a formidable and almost impassable distance. The common saying that “poor people are mean,” harsh as may be the sentiment, is not incorrect in the society in which it originated. The poor whites of the South are monstrosly degraded. Red-skinned savages were never more malicious and bloodthirsty. In the older slave States they are lazier and feebler than the corresponding class in the North: they submit without resistance to kicks, cuffs, and blows; but let them scent the negro or the abolitionist and they are no longer listless and spiritless: their sallow visages light up, their skinny fingers clutch the rifle or the stone, and they are as keen as bloodhounds. Yet wide as the barrier between them, the proud and selfish slaveholders, whose souls swelled with the endeavor to grasp the aggrandizement a future, independent of the plodding North, seemed to offer, and the luckless, slaveless dwellers of sandy or marshy regions, whose only foothold for pride is the inferior position of the negro, have one common ancestry, — for whether descended from convict or cavalier, their origin is English; as the harsh, coarse hate which distinguishes both, if not peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon, is at least incontestably one of his characteristics, until eradicated by intel-

lectual refinement or religious principle; and is so certainly alien to the French that it can be no heirloom of the noble Huguenots who sought a refuge on the west Atlantic coast, and who, excepting a few Spaniards, were the only other white settlers. They had also one common ground of interest and affection, and they burned with one common desire "to carry war to the densely populated cities of the North, which offered food for the sword and the torch, and to make the grass grow on the pavements now worn off by commerce."* The stream of emigration which set in from European shores early in the present century, carried a large proportion, especially within later years, of Irish emigrants to the South, where the element of disorder, inherent in the son of Erin, readily assimilated with the revolutionary tendencies of slavery — aristocracy and objectless discontent.

Immediately after the election of Lincoln, South Carolina with dramatic dignity announced her determination to secede from the Union. Secession was assumed to be a Constitutional right, and the provocation sufficient to warrant the assertion of that right. The North was incredulous and amused. Amusement became derision; derision intensified itself to scorn, and scorn blazed into a vast indignation when the little arrogant sovereignty officially and formally carried her announcement into effect; and one by one nearly every other slave State followed her leading.

* Speech of Jeff. Davis in Stevenson, Alabama, February, 1861.

CHAPTER II.

THE UPRISING.

APRIL 12, 1861, the telegraph flashed through the Union the intelligence that a United States fort on the coast of South Carolina — Fort Sumter — was bombarded. No man living within the limits of America will ever forget that despatch. The old earth itself seemed to reel under a blow, and no longer to afford a sure foothold. Through the long Saturday that followed, business was at a stand; business houses were closed, and men with clinched fists and high-beating hearts stood on the street-corners and at the doors of the telegraph office. That night, from the knobs of the Ohio to the sand-hills of Lake Michigan, from the Quaker towns on the eastern border to the prairie farms on the western line, the streets of Indiana were black with breathless multitudes still awaiting tidings of the seventy loyal men in an unfinished fort, bombarded by ten thousand raging rebels! When the banner appeared,—the banner which within the memory of the present generation had only idly fluttered in holiday breezes,—a new meaning seemed to stream from its folds: hats were taken off as in the presence of something sacred; and shouts, beginning, it might be, brokenly and in tears, rose and swelled and made walls and skies resound.

At ten o'clock a despatch was announced: "Sumter has fallen." Young men and men in middle life looked at the white faces and wet eyes of old and venerated citizens who stood in the street waiting for tidings, and a great stillness fell upon all. They turned to separate and creep silently to their homes. Another despatch! "Mr. Lincoln will issue a Proclamation to-morrow, calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers." Cheer upon cheer, roar upon roar responded. The white-faced old men grew red: they stamped, pounded, wept, roared with the loudest, wildest, and maddest. Good,

cold-blooded people who had gone to bed, sprang up, threw open their windows, screamed to passers-by for information, and joined, too, in the national shout.

Sunday the tidings and events of the preceding day and night seemed like an insane dream; and the crowd again hung about the doors of telegraph and newspaper offices, but with anxious sickening hearts they turned away, when the night's intelligence was confirmed past the shadow of a doubt, and laid their grief and dread at the foot of the God of Nations. The voice of congregation and choir this day reunited in the utterance of national songs, and sanctified them.

Governor Morton's proclamation followed the President's. Indiana's quota of the seventy-five thousand was six thousand. Governor Morton's proclamation was the blast of a war-trumpet. The clerk dropped his pen, the woodman his axe, the ploughman left his plough in the furrow, the machinist his hammer beside the locomotive boiler; and before the blast had died away in the forest and over the waves of Lake Michigan, fifteen thousand stalwart soldiers stood ready for war. Gray-haired men who had thought themselves prepared to depart in peace prayed that they might be longer spared. Not content with prayers, many a shaking hand took down the rusted rifle.

"No, no. You have served your country long enough," replied a captain to an applicant who had fought in the battle of the Thames. By dint of colored hair and beard, one old soldier of the war of 1812 found his way into the ranks, and was mustered in with men young enough to be his grandsons. "If I were only four years younger!" sighed Major Whitlock, the contemporary of General Harrison. "Ninety is not too old in such a cause; and the young people know nothing of war. Fifty years of profound peace have made no soldiers."

Men who had more money than muscle did not lag behind in generosity. Winslow and Lanier of New York, the latter formerly an Indiana man, offered Governor Morton twenty-five thousand dollars. William Morrison of Indianapolis, one thousand. T. J. Brooks of Loogootee, to Captain Kimball's company, one thousand dollars. The Indianapolis Branch of

the Bank of the State, donated one thousand dollars for the use of Marion County volunteers and their families. Evansville gave fifteen thousand dollars. Madison, six thousand dollars. The little towns gave without stint to the families of volunteers. Union City, with a population of less than one thousand, and not a rich man in the number, gave fourteen hundred dollars. Noblesville, twenty-five thousand dollars, collected at an evening meeting, within a few minutes. Cass County, six thousand dollars; Elkhart County, eight thousand dollars; Greensburg, two thousand dollars; Winchester, almost one thousand. The limits of a Gazetteer, alone, would suffice for a full enumeration. Farmers, without the slightest thought or desire for remuneration, bestowed their best horses; women robbed their chests of well-preserved blankets, and, dropping household needlework, sewed day and night on soldiers' shirts and drawers.

The legislature, which met in pursuance of a call from Governor Morton, April 24, transacted business without the utterance of a party-word. The officers in both Senate and House were elected unanimously; — perhaps the State-House of Indiana will never again present such a spectacle.

In agreement with a suggestion in the Message of Governor Morton, arrangements were made for the disposal of surplus troops, and an appropriation of one million dollars for army purposes.

The volunteers, almost without exception, made pecuniary sacrifices: leaving positions on railroads and farms, in shops and offices, all of which were respectable, and if not lucrative, were at least comfortable. They rose in haste at their country's call, with no time nor heart to count the cost, but ready to give all. Would the means be forthcoming? Would the way to action be opened? In the words of the adjutant-general: "The citizens of Indiana, belonging almost exclusively to the agricultural class, had been devotedly engaged, — since the earliest settlement of the State, beginning with the close of the war of 1812, — in the peaceful pursuit of clearing away the forests, cutting roads, and in various ways developing the vast resources of her fertile soil. Thus for nearly fifty years peace had held her willing sway, until the convic-

tion had almost escaped the minds of men that every able-bodied man in the nation was bound to do his country military service in times of threatened public danger. Probably at no period in the world's history has a people been found so little prepared for war."

The military institutions of Indiana consisted of a quartermaster-general and an adjutant-general, — who filled the offices for some such sum as one hundred dollars annually, — and of a militia which existed only in name.

The preceding winter Hon. Lewis Wallace, now General Wallace, drew up a bill modelled after the law of Massachusetts, and labored earnestly to have it pass the legislature for the organization of State militia. It failed, and when the outbreak came there were, perhaps, five independent companies in existence. There was not a shotted cartridge in the State; not enough effective arms for a single regiment; no knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, — in short, a total lack of camp and garrison equipage. The States are each entitled to a certain allowance of arms; but Indiana had made no requisition on the Government, and in consequence had not for several years received any arms.

The finances of Indiana were in a lower condition than they had been for twenty years. The State treasury was empty. The school-fund had been largely drawn upon to defray the expenses of the Government, including the pay of the legislature. Moreover the new governor had not been elected to the office. It had fallen upon him because his superior had accepted a place in the United States Senate. His executive abilities were unknown. Under these circumstances, it was a hundred-fold more difficult to raise means for the subsistence, equipment, and transportation of six thousand troops, than it would have been to form an army of twenty thousand men. But if any man in the United States has a right to look the nation in the face and say, "I have done my duty," that man is Governor Morton.

The day before the President's Proclamation was issued he sent two agents to the eastern cities and one to Canada, to make arrangements for procuring arms and equipments. Immediately after the Proclamation he summoned Lewis

Wallace, Esq., of Crawfordsville, to assume the office of adjutant-general. Before the 27th of April the six required regiments were organized and formed into a brigade, with Thomas A. Morris, brigadier-general; John Love, brigade inspector with the rank of major; and Milo S. Hascall, aide-de-camp, with the rank of captain. These gentlemen were all educated at West Point, and possessed of experience and ability. They assembled the throngs of volunteers, who were streaming to the capital from every part of the State, in a beautiful grove north of the city, where for many years Methodist camp-meetings had been held; established a military camp, and named the formerly sacred spot, in honor of the governor, Camp Morton.

The regiments were numbered not from one, but from six, out of respect, it was publicly said, for the five regiments engaged in the Mexican war, and for the purpose of preventing historical confusion. It was privately suggested, that the cause lay deeper in the unenviable reputation gained by the Indiana Second in the Mexican war,—a reputation now understood to have been undeservedly bestowed by Jeff Davis, in the selfish desire to exonerate himself and his Mississippians. But not even a slandered number should be affixed to an Indiana regiment. Not the stern Roman of unrivalled renown was more jealous of his honor, than the young State which had yet no history.

The subordinate officers knew little or nothing of military rules or discipline, but they made up in diligence for what was lacking in intelligence. Men who had scarcely opened a book since freed from the trammels of school, became violent devotees to learning. Hardee's "Tactics" came suddenly into requisition; dictionaries, English and French, were equally in demand. Pupils and teachers alternated; and every secluded spot in the neighborhood of Camp Morton was converted either into a class-room or a private study. Privates were often not more ignorant than their officers; yet being more numerous were the butt of many a good-natured jest, especially the strapping farmer youths who were following the plough in their bare feet when the war summons came, and joined the ranks unshod. It was said, that

the technical terms "right and left" were entirely above their comprehension, and that it was necessary to substitute the familiar words "gee and haw."

Between the words traitor and poison there seems to be a relationship, at least one is suggestive of the other; and as it was known that traitors existed even in Indianapolis, — although now the boldest traitor dared not utter a word in the face of the tempest of public opinion, — rumors of poisoning soon excited attention and suspicion. The power of imagination was never better illustrated than by the sudden convulsions into which some in camp were thrown, in consequence of eating oranges and drinking water reported to be poisoned; and by the instantaneous cure effected by the sight of the young post-surgeon coolly and with impunity partaking of the poisoned fruit and water. Men were actually cast into and snatched from the very gripe of death.

There was, however, genuine sickness in camp. The rough impromptu hospital was soon filled, and one stormy midnight a man died. Poor soul; he had done nothing for the cause which had stirred his enthusiasm, but then he had had no long marches, no hungry days, no weary, sleepless nights, no neglect and abuse as hundreds and thousands of others have had who since have died like him seemingly to no purpose!

The President's Proclamation, which stirred Indiana and all the North to their very depths, was to the unruly spirits of Virginia and Maryland, which together encircle the District of Columbia, what the spark is to the well-laid train of gunpowder. Without awaiting the action of convention or legislature they threatened the capital, and made it necessary to order troops to Washington immediately after an army had been called into existence. In obedience to the summons a regiment of Massachusetts soldiers arrived at Baltimore, on the way to the capital, — April 19, as it happened, — the anniversary of the day on which the first blow for independence was struck in 1775. A mob, excited to madness by individuals who themselves remained quiet and undiscovered, attacked the soldiers before they had left the train and while they were still unarmed, and shed there, — in the streets of a

city of Maryland, Massachusetts blood. Sacred blood! The first to be poured out in the assertion of independence,—the first in defence of the Constitution!

Five weeks later a whisper thrilled all the North,—a whisper (for no man dared say aloud) that a Rebel hand had fired into the heart of Ellsworth. Ellsworth was a poor, laborious young student, and small was the circle of his acquaintance; but with his uplifted hand tearing down, his eager foot trampling on, the emblem of the traitor, his impulsive heart pierced and bleeding, he stood to the nation a type of the greatness and the woe which now hung over her youth.

CHAPTER III.

WEST VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA was dragged out of the Union. Her people were opposed to Secession. When the Convention, elected by a large Union majority to discuss the subject, passed the Ordinance of Secession, the State presented, what was now no longer an anomaly, the spectacle of the executive officers of the Government, elected by the people, on one side, and the people themselves on the other. Emissaries, however, with arguments as various as the minds which form a community,—a pistol ostentatiously worn,—a Minie ball, with a hole perforated, tied to a button,—a promise of position or a specious misrepresentation,—achieved unanimity of opinion in East Virginia and in the Valley. But west of the Alleghanies lay a district which defied treason, however it might be enforced, or in whatever guise it might be arrayed. This region, in its alienation from the older parts of the State, affords not the least among the many striking proofs of the preservation or restoration of mediæval traits in the slave States. In Europe, in those times when communication between lands separated by mountains was so difficult as to be almost impossible, nations lay side by side in entire ignorance—or in ignorance enlightened only by travelling monks—each of the laws, customs, and language of the other; even the same nation, divided by the emigration of a colony, or a roving tribe, beyond a mountain-chain, grew in its parts unlike and often inimical. It might be imagined that, in our new country, time had not sufficed to alienate any one portion of the population, especially of the same State, from any other portion. But with the assistance of numerous secondary agents, not much time is necessary to rust the strongest bonds of union.

Poor sons of Virginia climbed the Alleghanies, settled on the Cheat, the Kanawha, and the Big Sandy, and grew to be

another people. In the course of time, it is true, two fine roads were made across the mountains: the northern, over the triple ranges of Laurel Hill, Cheat, and Alleghany, from Parkersburg on the Ohio, through Clarksburg, Philippi, Buckhannon, and Beverly, to Staunton, in the Valley; the southern, from Charleston across the Gauley to Lewisburg; but the journey along these roads was long and laborious, and never could be undertaken unless prompted by necessity or the demands of the warmest affection. No railroad to this day disturbs the old-time quiet which prevails in all but the northern line of West Virginia. There was little then of intercourse to keep alive old affections, or to preserve old ties of any character.

Much, on the contrary, tended to dissimilarity in character and estrangement in feeling. Scarcity of slaves obliged the new settlers to regard free labor with favor. An abundance of salt-springs, coal-beds, and oil-wells induced respect for commerce and manufactures, and for mechanical and trading intelligence. A magnificent railroad, the work of Northern enterprise, in connecting the Ohio with the seaboard, unites West Virginia with both. The rivers of West Virginia rise and run their whole course within her own borders, and all flow into the free Ohio. The odd-shaped, prolonged district, squeezed between Ohio and Pennsylvania, and called the Pan-Handle, contains the busiest, most flourishing, and most intelligent town in the State, and is full of emigrants and the descendants of emigrants from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. Thus shut off in her youth by bulwarks and fastnesses of nature's own engineering and handiwork from the blooming valley and fruitful plains of Old Virginia, and connected by rivers, railroad, community of interests, and congeniality of pursuits with the ready and enterprising North, it could not be that West Virginia should remain indissolubly attached to the East; and it is quite conceivable that even before the Secession movement the two portions of the State regarded each other with no friendly eyes.

Yet the new territory was proud of the grand old historical name; and the Old Dominion appreciated a region which has nowhere its superior, if its equal, in beauty, in grandeur, in variety, and in capacity for wealth.

These last and only ties the hand of loyalty was forced to cut. A Convention, representing the counties west of the Alleghanies, met at Wheeling after the passage of the Ordinance of Secession, and honestly carried out the wishes of the people. Consequently, twenty-nine counties of Virginia remained true to the United States Government.

These proceedings vastly increased the disgust of the old families of the East to the upstarts of the West, while they did not at all diminish their appreciation of the remunerative valleys and the tax-paying manufactories between the Ohio and the Alleghanies. They sent politicians to pursue diligently and cunningly the work of conversion, while they lost no time in preparing an army to take forcible possession.

It may be thought, from their loyalty, from their comparative enterprise, from the small number of their slaves, and from their freedom from the most vicious influences of slavery, that the West Virginians are a peculiarly intelligent people. On the contrary, while here and there are highly cultivated individuals and families, large numbers of the people are very ignorant, — victims of the hatred borne by the Southern States to free schools. At the taking of the last census, the Virginians unable to read were reckoned at a hundred thousand. The proportion of this number found in the Western valleys is not small. More than four fifths of the men arrested since the beginning of the war have been obliged to make their mark, in lieu of their names, to the oath of allegiance.

There is a region in Randolph and Webster counties, along the sources of the Cheat and the Holly, where are forests as savage as the unexplored wildernesses of Oregon. There the growl of the bear, the cry of the panther, and the bark of the wolf are sometimes still heard, and the dreary owl nightly wakes the echoes. Laurel-brakes stretch out like inland seas, and with never-fading leaves and snake-like branches interlaced, forbid a passage to even the light-footed deer; black-berry bushes extend miles in compact masses; superb firs lift up their crowned heads to the height of a hundred and fifty feet; and silvery cascades never cease their solitary murmur. Scattered wherever a clearing can most easily be made, in log-cabins, which bear a closer resemblance to wood-piles than

to dwellings, live mountaineers to whom a newspaper is a curiosity, a book a sealed mystery, a locomotive an unimaginable monster, and a telegraph wire a supernatural agency, the touch of which might produce some indefinable evil. Even a tallow-candle is not a familiar thing, and a slip of pine lights the narrow precincts of the rude cabin, or pine knots send out from the wide chimney a glare more brilliant than the gas of cities.

A mountaineer, who had lived thirty years on one farm in this district, was asked by our scouts the name of his county. "Virginny!" he answered, and was positively unaware of the subdivision of a State into counties. Yet this man was in as good circumstances, and seemed as intelligent as his neighbors. At the same time an old woman, with imperturbable gravity, insisted that her family were neither Unionists nor Secessionists, but Baptists.

Even when education laid hold of the elementary sciences of reading and writing, it stopped short of grammar and orthography. Captured mail-bags exhibited curious and sometimes incomprehensible imitations of sound. Neither profanity nor treason are discoverable in a resolution to support the Secession cause "as shure as goddlemity ranes."

Ignorance tells more painfully upon women than upon men; and the women are listless, hopeless, sallow, lean, gaunt, and ugly beyond description. Were it not for a certain expression of sad patience on their face and in their demeanor, they could not but be objects of ridicule or disgust to the stranger. Their morbid imaginations have long received with ready credence the wild stories of Abolition cruelty passing from mouth to mouth, and they have been taught to regard Abolitionists as moral outlaws, violators of every social, civil, and divine ordinance. Secession agents found encouragement in every secluded valley, mountain forest, or mossy village, and had no difficulty in convincing even voters, that, in order to preserve the Union, it was necessary to crush Abolitionism, the bugbear which for the last thirty years has frightened the refractory into submission. A hundred young men, who joined Wise from one district, were fully persuaded that they were engaged in a crusade against Abolitionism, which

was seeking the destruction of the Government. But it is a great and happy truth, that, while prejudice, suspicion, and hate find a genial soil in ignorant minds, the principles on which the good of humanity depends may be apprehended by the plainest understanding. We find many a man, to whom the alphabet is a mystery as occult as Egyptian hieroglyphics, looking straight at the right in this question of Secession and Union, recognizing his duty to the Government and disdaining disloyalty.

By the orders of the Confederate Government, General Garnett, about the middle of May, with a force of ten or twelve thousand, took possession of the gaps in the broken range west of the Alleghanies, called Cheat Mountains, and advancing along the turnpike, established his head-quarters at Beverly, a village on the eastern base of a long ridge parallel with the Alleghanies and the Cheat, and known as the Laurel Hill. From this point he sent detachments to various places in the valleys of the Tygart and the Cheat rivers. The detachment stationed at Grafton, which commands the railroad, in a little while destroyed the bridges in the direction of Wheeling. General McClellan, whose department included West Virginia, immediately ordered troops to advance into the disputed territory, and issued proclamations at the same time to his soldiers and to the inhabitants. He declared to the people that his army should respect property of every kind, in no way causing or allowing the institution of slavery, whether among loyal or disloyal owners, to be disturbed. His proclamation to the soldiers closed with the noble sentiment of mercy: "Soldiers, remember that your only foes are armed traitors, and show mercy even to them when in your power, for many of them are misguided." General McClellan was warmly seconded by his subordinate officers, and as warmly by the privates. Every man in the United States uniform, called to West Virginia, understood that mercy and justice were to go hand in hand, and had at the same time a proud satisfaction in marching to the relief of a gallant people threatened with destruction.

May 27th, the First Virginia, a regiment which was raised and offered to the President immediately after the Convention

at Wheeling had resolved that the counties there represented should not secede, and two Ohio regiments, were ordered to drive the enemy from Grafton. After some delay, caused by the necessity of building bridges, they arrived to meet, instead of a warlike, an enthusiastically friendly reception. — The Rebel troops had retreated to Philippi.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING INTO ACTION.

BEFORE Indiana's first brigade has entered upon its career of danger and duty, it may be well to form some acquaintance with the colonels, the men on whom, perhaps more than on any other, privates are dependent for health and comfort, for mental and moral improvement, for success in the day of battle and on the perilous march, and for safety when for safety the soldier may blamelessly strive;—and an introduction to Indiana's first Brigadier-General may not be amiss. They are all men in their prime, although Milroy, the oldest, bears in his gray hair and in the number of his years, fifty-five, tokens that he has passed the line we call the meridian of life; and Wallace, the youngest, does not yet count thirty-five, and in his buoyant step and lithe form gives no indication of the insinuating influences which in the maturity of years seldom fail to steal away the spring and gush of life.

THOMAS T. CRITTENDEN, Colonel of the Sixth, was born in Alabama, educated in Kentucky, and had his first experience as a lawyer in Missouri. In 1846, when war was declared between Mexico and the United States, he threw aside his books, left a lucrative and rapidly increasing practice, and enlisted as a private in the Second Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, then commanded by Colonel Sterling Price. He remained in the service until near the close of the war, received promotion to a lieutenancy, and was afterwards selected by his superior officers to write a history of the regiment. He became a citizen of Madison, Indiana, in 1848, and pursued the practice of law with energy and success. His Southern training gave him such an insight into Southern character and views, that, while almost every other individual in the State ridiculed the idea of rebellion, he acknowledged the danger, and endeavored to rouse a general anxiety. As early as January 1861, he organized a company and offered it to Gov-

ernor Morton. On the 19th of April he went to Indianapolis with his company, and shortly after was elected and commissioned Colonel of the Sixth Regiment. Crittenden is stout and ruddy, frank, genial, and cheerful, with the comfortable, friendly aspect and manner which distinguish the Kentucky gentleman.

Colonel DUMONT, of the Seventh,—sallow, lean, and small, with an irascible, melancholy countenance, lighted up by a keen, deep-set eye, and sometimes additionally illuminated by flashes of dry humor,—is not only strikingly unlike the good-humored, hearty Crittenden, but is a sort of contrast within himself, and consequently has earned an unenviable reputation for eccentricity. Few men laugh so heartily, yet few look so morose; few are so tender, almost none so harsh; not many are so generous, yet many are more kind. He has attacks of devoutness which would lead one to think him most reverent and pious, yet his most partial friends do not call him religious. As lawyer, politician, and banker he has shown shrewdness, industry, and remarkable uprightness.

He was born in Indiana, in Vevay, a little Swiss town on the Ohio,—was taught principally by his mother, a woman of genius, who, if she had not been absorbed by the cares of a large family, and worn by the privations of a new country, would have won enduring fame as a writer,—and studied law with his father, a man also of ability, education, and refinement of feeling. Almost the first act of the son, however, on arriving at maturity, was to announce himself a Democrat in a public meeting, to the great disgust of the old Whig, his father, who immediately rose and stalked out of the house. Although not a man of military habits and tastes, and so under the influence of passing emotions that tactics and army discipline can be anything but agreeable, he volunteered even before the present war, and served honorably and usefully under General Taylor in Mexico. Such of the circumstances of war as touch a poetic fancy no doubt warmed his enthusiasm, but patriotism was the main incentive, and he then was as eager for the growth and glory of his country as he is now resolute for its preservation. He was prominent among the speakers the night of the announcement of the surrender

of Sumter; and his eloquence, made up of mingled pathos, wit, and denunciation, and uttered in a voice so peculiar that it seemed to mock at his own feelings, drew tears and laughter and shouts from his excited audience. He led the list of offerings to the Government that night by the contribution of a horse with a man on his back.

Colonel MILROY, of the Ninth, is also a native of Indiana. His father was so strong a Democrat in theory and practice, that he had an unconquerable aversion to colleges, and obstinately refused the earnest entreaties of his son Robert to be allowed a liberal education,—entreaties to which the son added an offer to relinquish all claim upon the paternal estate. The boy was obliged to content himself with books at home, with which his father, with an inconsistent liberality, supplied him, until he was twenty-four years old; when, taking advantage of a visit to some relatives in Pennsylvania, he pursued his way to a military institution in Norwich, Vermont. A generous uncle gave him pecuniary assistance until the sturdy Democrat at home relented. In 1843 he graduated, taking the degrees of Master of Arts, Master of Military Science, and Master of Civil Engineering. He travelled several months in New England, teaching fencing and acquiring an acquaintance with Yankee landscape and character. In 1845 he went to Texas and took the oath of allegiance to the Lone Star, but after a few months returned to Indiana and settled down to the study of law. He was a captain in the First Indiana Regiment in the Mexican War, and when his term of service expired, endeavored unsuccessfully to procure the acceptance of himself, with a company of mounted infantry, to serve during the war,—making application first to General Taylor, afterwards to the Governor of Texas and the Secretary of War. Repeated refusals left nothing to the disappointed captain but to return home and continue the study of law. He attended lectures in Bloomington, received a degree, and was admitted to the bar in 1849.

Early in 1861 Milroy was convinced that war was inevitable, and February 7th issued a call for the formation of a volunteer company. Up to the fall of Sumter he succeeded in getting but two recruits: Gideon C. Moody, now captain

in the Eighteenth Regulars and member of General Thomas's staff in the Army of the Cumberland; and Albert Guthridge, now captain in the Forty-eighth Indiana regiment. While it was still dark, on the morning after the announcement of the surrender, with the Court-House bell, a drum and fife, he roused and assembled the town of Rensselaer, his place of residence, and completed the number before breakfast. The same day he reported to Governor Morton in Indianapolis.

There is something in the majestic figure of ROBERT MILROY, in the erect head, held often as if watching or listening, in the fearless, restless eye, and gray hair turned back from the narrow forehead, so suggestive of the cognomen his soldiers have bestowed on him, that one is tempted to wonder why even in peace he was not called the "Gray Eagle."

LEWIS WALLACE is very American in appearance. His deep, flashing, black eye, straight, shining, black hair, and erect figure, would be no discredit to the haughtiest Aborigine; and the boldness and sharpness, vigor and delicacy of his features, the insatiable yet controlled mental activity pervading the whole man, and still more the shade of sadness, tinged with scorn, resting on his face, and seeming to indicate a sort of self-pity, perhaps because of the contrast between the transitory nature of the goods of ambition or business, and the ardor employed in their pursuit, decidedly stamp him of the Anglo-American race, which, as a late English traveller says, "loses in the second generation all trace of European parentage," certainly the quiet and apparent stolidity of the genuine Englishman.

Lewis Wallace handles the pen and brush with ease and taste, and the lawyer's tongue, in his mouth, has lost none of its accredited skill. But his genius is military. The clash of arms enticed him, when he was scarcely past his boyhood, to the fields of Mexico; and the years spent in the exercise of his profession found their choicest recreation in the drill of a company of home-guards, to which he taught the manœuvres of Napoleon's Zouaves. Like Dumont, he was educated in the Whig party, of which his father was a prominent and able member, and adopted Democratic principles when

he arrived at an age to vote. Colonel Wallace is a native of Indiana.

MAHLON D. MANSON, Colonel of the Tenth, was born in Ohio. He had few opportunities in his youth for intellectual cultivation, and is a self-made man, possessing that accuracy, ingenuity, independence, and self-satisfaction which he, who battles unaided with fortune and knowledge from his youth, is almost certain to acquire. He has spent the most of his life in mercantile pursuits; but he left the counter and the ledger in 1846 to engage in the Mexican War, and there received the instruction and the discipline which were to prepare him for a more responsible position in a more important conflict. In politics he was always an uncompromising Democrat. He is a solid, substantial, good-humored man in appearance, with very pleasant and popular manners.

WILLIAM P. BENTON was educated at Farmer's College, Ohio. He studied law early, and is a well-read lawyer. He showed his devotion to his country by sacrificing a large practice in the wealthy and pleasant town of Richmond to accept the charge of the Eighth. He is a safe, reliable man, unostentatious and earnest. He has the ruddy hue and rotund form of John Bull.

Indiana's first Brigadier-General is a man so quiet, so grave, so almost stolid in countenance and demeanor, with features so blunt, and coloring so dark and dead, that the eye of the observer, after resting with pleasure on the gallant, or animated, or thoughtful, or dignified colonels of his brigade, might turn to him with something like displeasure,—displeasure however to be swept away by a sure if slow recognition of the reserved power in the steady eye, of the gentleness and modesty eye and lip and life alike express. He stood high as a West Point student, being mentioned with honor in the report of the graduating class of 1834; and as a business-man, a gentleman, and a Christian, his reputation is unspotted. Indiana fondly and proudly speaks the name of THOMAS A. MORRIS, although his military history is suggestive only of him who is immortalized in the reflections of the royal misanthrope of Scripture,—the poor, wise man, who by his wisdom delivered a city, yet was remembered of none.

The Volunteers expected to be led off to battle, to a battle-ground at least, as soon as they enlisted; in consequence, they bore with extreme impatience the delay and the confinement and preparation in Camp Morton. Nothing was easier with their stalwart limbs and brawny fists than to fight; nothing harder to practise or endure than the monotonous manœuvres of dress-parade. Officers were not less impatient than privates, and earnest solicitations were forwarded to the President and General Scott for permission to move the Indiana forces toward the East. At length General Scott gave orders for the immediate removal of the Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth regiments to West Virginia. It is impossible to describe the delight afforded to the designated regiments by the announcement of these orders. The long tedium broken, the dull monotony dispelled, the door to action opened and the way made clear, life seemed to have a greatness hitherto unknown. The Volunteers felt that they were born for this day, and for the proud work of redeeming their country.

May 29th, the Seventh and the Ninth left Indianapolis. The Seventh was composed of men chiefly from the river counties. The Ninth was generally from the northwest. One of the privates in the latter regiment was a senator, and several were representatives in the legislature. May 30th, the Sixth followed. The Sixth was from the east and south-east counties; some Kentuckians, attracted perhaps by the name of Crittenden, one of their favorite statesmen and the old friend of their especial pride, Clay, had joined the standard of his nephew. It is said that one walked a hundred and twenty miles for the purpose. When the friends and relatives of the Volunteers in Madison were shaking hands and bidding good-bye, he said, sadly: "I've no one to say, 'God bless you!'" Instantly a hundred hands were extended, and a hundred "God bless you's" were uttered.

As fife-major in the Sixth went an unmusical young physician who had performed the duties of surgeon in camp, and had expected the position of assistant-surgeon in the field. But while he was practising in the hospital, somebody else practised in the Governor's mansion and obtained the

place. Disappointed, but with undampened resolution, he applied to each regiment for admission as private, without being able to find a single vacancy. At last Colonel Crittenden kindly discovered that the Sixth was in need of a fife-major, and, without a very scrutinizing examination, introduced the applicant to the situation. The talents of the young doctor soon made his services in other quarters not only acceptable but needful, and he had but one march at the head of his regiment as fife-major.

On the route through Ohio, the troops met with welcoming honors, which would not have been inappropriate if bestowed upon returning victors. Dinners, breakfasts, and suppers were prepared for them; flowers were showered on them; speeches were made to them; ladies wept at the sight of them; old men with outstretched hands called down blessings upon them; infants were held above the heads of crowds to look at them. No act that rapturous enthusiasm could prompt was omitted.

The Ninth reached Grafton on the evening of the day on which the Ohio and Virginia troops arrived, and participated in the noise and joy of the welcome. The Seventh came the next morning; the Sixth was delayed by broken bridges, and Colonel Crittenden reached Webster, a few miles west of Grafton, not until the evening of June 2d. But four companies were with him, the remainder of the regiment having been left on the Ohio, to attack a little town where a muster of Rebels was reported.

From Grafton the Confederates had retreated to Philippi, a little town on Tygart's Valley River, and surrounded by hills capable of being easily and strongly fortified. With the policy of exaggeration they have never hesitated to pursue, they gave out, and their friends industriously spread the report, that their number amounted to not less than three thousand. It did not in reality exceed fifteen hundred. General Morris arrived at Grafton on the evening of June 1st, and found that Colonel Kelley had organized an expedition for that night against Philippi. After a full conference with Colonel Kelley, he deemed it advisable to postpone the attack until the following night. The next morning Colonel Kelley received orders to take six companies of his own regiment,

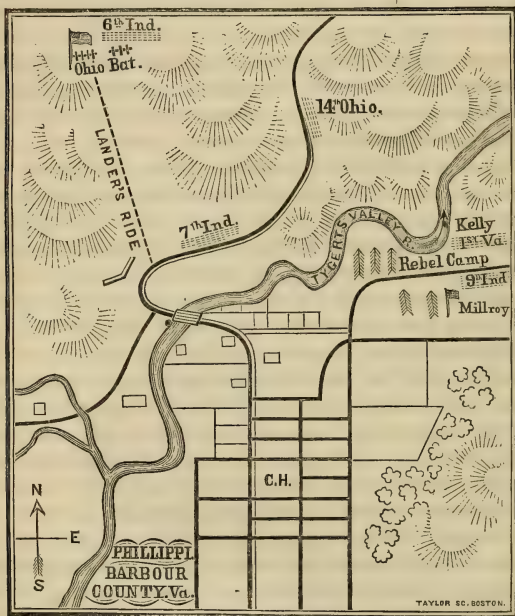
nine companies of Colonel Milroy's, and six companies of Irvine's Sixteenth Ohio, to proceed on the railroad to a point six miles east of Grafton, and to march by the shortest and best route to Philippi. He must arrange his rest at night in such a manner that he could be sure of coming before the town at four o'clock next morning. Accordingly, at nine in the morning Colonel Kelley moved off in the direction of Harper's Ferry. The spies, who were numerous and active in Grafton, understood the movement to be against Harper's Ferry.

General Morris then organized another attacking column under Colonel Dumont. It consisted of eight companies of the Seventh, to be joined at Webster (a point a few miles southwest of Grafton) by five companies of Ohio Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Steedman, and two field-pieces, to be under the especial charge of Colonel Lander,* who volunteered his services; also by four companies of the Sixth Indiana. They were directed to reach Philippi at precisely four o'clock. This column left Grafton after eight in the evening, and at Webster found the expected troops, Colonel Crittenden having just arrived from the west. The darkness was intense; rain poured down in torrents; mud was deep in the ravines, slippery on the hill-sides; the distance was twelve miles. Circumstances could not be more untoward. But it was the long desired moment for action, and the troops started out gayly. All night they trudged up-hill and down, drenched and dripping. The last five miles were made in one hour and a quarter. Many men fainted and were left on the road. Others threw away their haversacks and provisions, and with desperate exertions kept from falling behind. At daylight Colonel Dumont was heard shouting, "Close up, boys! Close up! If the enemy were to fire now, they couldn't hit one of you!" The order was well-timed; — the boys closed up and cheered up.

As they approached Philippi, they could perceive no evidences of the arrival of Kelley's detachment on the other side of the town. The infantry was ordered to halt, the artillery to advance and get the guns into position. Scarcely had this

* Colonel Lander was Aid to General McClellan.

disposition been made when the pickets of the enemy commenced a brisk fire from the heights immediately above the town, and from the woods and bushes on both sides of the road. Colonel Lander opened fire. The pickets ceased. Nothing now obstructed the way. The troops waited a moment for orders; and as they waited, perhaps there was not a man whose eye did not glance with admiration upon the rare beauty of the scene spread below, — a green valley, encircled



by forest-crowned cliffs and watered by a winding river, a little scattered village, and a snow-drift of tents on the dark sward. The pause was but momentary. With a wild, ringing cheer, the infantry, the Seventh in advance, rushed down the hill, through a narrow bridge, three or four hundred feet in length, which spans the river, dashing aside a barricade of boards as if it were of wicker, and poured on towards

the Rebel camp. Unable to withstand the fascination of the shout and the race, the spirited, though moody, Lander left the artillery and urged his gallant gray down the rocky heights in front, with a temerity rivalling that of the old Putnam of Revolutionary times.

At this moment an answering shout was heard, and Colonels Kelley and Milroy were seen on the brow of the hill southeast of the town. In spite of a twenty-five mile march, the last few hours through mud and rain and darkness, down dashed the new-comers straight on to the Confederate camp. Unfortunately, their delay, though of not more than fifteen minutes' duration, left open one road. Toward this only door, out of the trap, without one attempt to get into line of battle, the whole body of Confederates turned face and foot.

"Great on a run, if not much for a fight!" muttered Colonel Dumont, as he reined in his horse and cast his eye over the scene.

Pell-mell, helter-skelter, without boots, without hats, without coats, without pantaloons, through the town, up the southern road, over the wall of hills, away they fled, incontinently, ingloriously, ignominiously. "Shirt-tail retreat!" No other thing with so mean a name ever inspired so glorious a pursuit. On, on came the Union troops, so tired an hour before they could scarcely lift their mud-encumbered feet, now fresh as pointers starting up the game. On they came, shouting and yelling, pell-mell, helter-skelter, up the height, down the height, and scattering through the wood. Peremptory orders at length recalled the unwearied Seventh, and stopped the ardent Ninth. The Sixth, too much fatigued to join in the pursuit, had quietly taken possession of the camp.

The immediate results of this affair were the capture of twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods, including a train, which had just arrived, with fifteen boxes of flint muskets; a number of banners, one of which was a splendid blue silk, presented by the ladies of Bath County two days before, and still redolent of exhortations to bravery and vows of fidelity;—killed to the number, it was supposed, of forty; a few prisoners; and such an inauguration of the campaign

as greatly discouraged one side and proportionably encouraged the other.

One of the prisoners was taken in a somewhat singular manner. Some half-dozen soldiers were thrusting their sharp bayonets into a pile of hay, when a lawyer by the name of Martin, the private secretary of Colonel Porterfield, the Confederate commander, issued from under it in mortal terror. Assuming a composed and candid countenance, he declared that he had been thinking very seriously within the last few minutes about this secession movement, and was now ready to take the oath of allegiance. No Union soldier was killed, and but two wounded, — Colonel Kelley and a private.

More than three fourths of the inhabitants of Philippi had fled, but their property was scrupulously guarded. A beautiful watch, found in a hastily-vacated house, was returned to the owner, who was a lady, with the following note: —

“Our soldiers love and admire women. We come not to plunder, but to protect, and to crush rebellion. My kindest regards.” Signed, “A soldier of the Ninth Reg. Ind. Vols.”

The tidings of the affair of Philippi excited an interest in Indiana, as the first encounter, if encounter it could be called, with the Rebels, scarcely less intense than that produced later by the important battles of Stone River or Gettysburg, and penetrated with little delay to isolated farms and dwellings whither letters and newspapers seldom find their way.

One day in June, a lady with her family was slowly ascending one of those long, lonely hills which the Bloomington road through Morgan County so often climbs, when she was accosted by a pale, sad-looking woman, who asked for a newspaper. “I have none,” said the traveller; “but why do you want a paper?” “I want to read about the battle of Philippi,” answered the anxious woman; “I don’t know the particulars yet, and I have two sons in the Seventh.”

The traveller immediately gave the stranger a seat in her carriage, and as they drove leisurely along, related all she knew of the battle and of the regiment. In return, the country woman gave an account of her sons, how they were away from home at work on a neighbor’s farm when the call for soldiers came. It was on a Saturday. The younger put his

name down first. He was a good boy, but he was thoughtless; then, too, he had a weak chest, and who knew what he might have to bear of cold and hardship! So the elder, part for his country but part for his brother, enlisted too. He was twenty years old, steady and religious. She was not uneasy about him, nor about the younger either, for had n't he his brother to take care of him, and was n't it in a good cause? They did not come home Saturday nor Sunday; she reckoned they could not tell her; and they went away Monday without ever saying good-bye, — only in a letter which somebody brought her the same morning. From Indianapolis they sent her their "profile"; and they wrote another letter, which the mother repeated word for word, beginning with the date, and ending with, "Yours till death."

"I wander around these hills," she said, "day and night, thinking about my two boys, for they are all I have, and wondering if they will ever come home again."

The travellers had now reached the woman's house, a little cabin, near a hazel thicket by the roadside, and they left her there; but many a time since they have recalled the plaintive voice and lonely wanderings of the soldiers' mother.

General Morris hoped to atone for the escape of the Confederate force from Philippi by resuming the pursuit, and continuing it until the enemy had either been defeated in battle, or driven beyond the mountains. But with a force of little more than six thousand, a large portion of which must guard the railroad and its two branches; with insufficient funds; without quartermaster or commissary; and under the necessity of giving a careful and impartial trial to numerous prisoners; it was impossible for him to make any movement. Assured that the troops in Camp Dennison and Camp Morton were suffering from inactivity and disappointment, he requested reinforcements. General McClellan, embarrassed by the want of wagon-trains and by his want of confidence in undisciplined Volunteers, felt it impossible to comply. Morris therefore continued at Grafton, and did all that was possible under the circumstances. Mounted scouts, few in number, but active and efficient, scoured the country in search of Rebel citizens and spies. Captain Tripp,

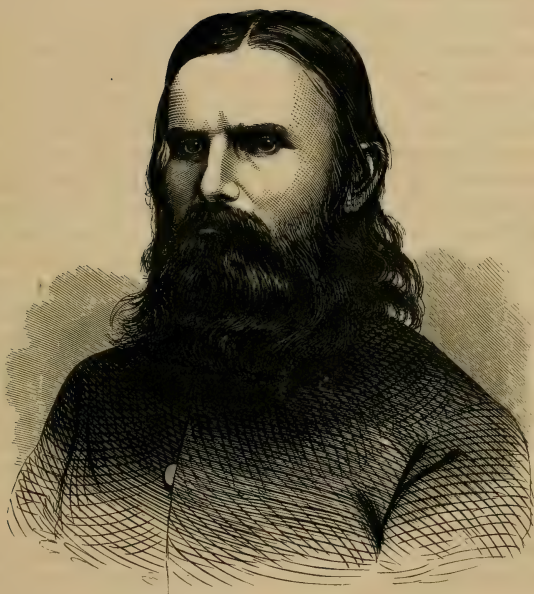
of the Sixth, headed a particularly efficient body of scouts. Forces of fifty or a hundred were frequently sent to disperse parties gathered for muster. Prisoners generally professed themselves willing to take the oath of allegiance; and they received without compunction the forgiveness of the lenient Government. They were also often the recipients of simple and earnest instruction in regard to their duty.

The Confederates were thoroughly dissatisfied with the inauguration of the campaign in West Virginia, but they saw with surprise and pleasure, and proceeded at once to take advantage of the enforced inactivity of the Federal troops. They brought reinforcements through the Cheat Mountain passes, and rapidly concentrated at Beverly and at Huttonville. In the Laurel Hill Range they built fortifications of great strength. The northern and principal, called Laurel Hill Camp, formed the head-quarters of General Garnett. The southern, under the command of Colonel Pegram, was established merely for the protection of Garnett's rear. The forest from one camp to the other, and stretching away along the mountains, was almost unbroken, and so dense that an army supplied with provisions might lie here months undiscovered. Even this wilderness was penetrated and its depths revealed by Morris's scouts: horsemen, where the thickets were accessible to horse; footmen, through every glade and glen, in every copse, on every rock, scanning the enemy's strength from overhanging cliffs, listening to the talk of Rebel sentinels, and entering the very precincts of the Rebel camp. The following narrative illustrates, better than any description of a third party, the danger, daring, and toil incident to a scouting expedition.

SCOUTING.

NARRATIVE OF W. B. F.

June 27th, a man was wanted who would visit the Rebel camp at Laurel Hill Mountain, to get the position and number of the enemy,—also the fortifications, of which we had heard much from the country-people. I volunteered and was accepted by Colonel Dumont, then in command. I left head-



quarters at nine P. M., with a rough but honest specimen of Virginia backwoodsman for a guide, De Hart Wilson by name. His father was then a prisoner for Union expressions. We were clad in the guise of farmers. Colonel Crittenden furnished us with horses as far as Buckhannon Bridge, where we were to leave them with our scouts who were out on that road. The moon was bright. At eleven, two hours after we started, we were halted at a little church by our scouts. We asked for an escort as far as the bridge, but the officer in command refused it, saying the bridge was full of Rebels. One of his men rode up and said, "Captain, I will go with them to the bridge, and bring back their horses." "All right. If you were not an independent, I would not let you go. But don't go beyond the bridge with the horses."

The brave and kind offer of the stranger touched my heart. I had never before seen him. He had a well-worn hunting-shirt, belted about his waist with a raw-hide thong, from which hung a long duelling-pistol. An old felt hat, full of holes, was thrown on his head as if by chance, and seemed ready to fall off. His little black eye was sunken beneath a heavy eyebrow and a massive forehead. His black hair was cut short. His blacker moustache and beard were heavy, but neatly trimmed. Above all, his riding was peculiar, easy, and balanced as if he were part of his horse, and light and graceful as the swinging of a canary bird in the ring that hangs in its cage. He said not a word until we arrived at the long dark bridge. Here he stopped. "I am sorry; but my orders. Look out, friends. Enemy near. Lose your heads."

"Don't fear for us," said I, "the d—l take the hindmost!" "Good-bye! God bless you!" returned he. I felt queer at this from so rough-looking a man. "What's your name?" I asked. "Len' Clark," he answered, as he turned his horse toward Philippi.

Wilson and I crossed the bridge, and hurriedly pursued our way along the road, occasionally stopping to listen for Rebel scouts, but not speaking a word. The moon still shone, lighting up the gloomy arches of the forest. After walking six miles, we left the road, and without pausing took a western course through the wilderness. On we went, in pathless

woods, through ravines tangled with azalea, whose perfume hung heavy on the midnight air; up the craggy mountain-side, saturated to the skin with cold dew; on through the laurel thicket, scaring the whippoorwill from his home; over the mossy trunks of fallen forests; down the steep bluffs; wading cold streams; on we went all night long. Near morning the guide hesitated, and at length acknowledged that we were out of our course. We threw ourselves down on the pine logs, and took an hour's rest.

Just at daybreak we heard a cock crow, and following the direction of the shrill clarion, we found a little farm-house. We roused the frightened farmer, and Wilson inquired the direction to Coon Carpenter's. We learned the course and were off at full speed, for Coon Carpenter was a Union man, and it was necessary to reach his house before sunrise. In passing over a farm, two men saw us, and immediately hid themselves in the woods. The Rebel camp was within seven miles of us, and the people who professed Union sentiments were very shy, sleeping in the woods in the daytime, and only at night daring to come out of their mountain hiding-places to visit their families. Everybody was suspicious of strangers.

We crossed the farm of an old Dutchman, by the name of Rohrbach, and, wanting further information, we concluded to make a halt at the rear of his cabin. Two half-black, half-yellow, half-starved Virginia 'coon dogs came at us. Their barking brought Mrs. Rohrbach to the door, where she took up a position she seemed inclined to keep, while she with frightened look surveyed us. She was six feet long, with an ugly, angular face, the color of putty. Her nose was long and thin. Her mouth was like a gash in a frost-bitten squash; flopping open, it revealed three long front teeth, blackened with smoke and calomel. On each temple were three little, flat, blue-colored curls, which seemed to have been made and put there under the pressure of a ton to the inch. She had no other hair or hairs on her head. A black clay pipe, with a long cane stem, was held tightly, upside-down, between her snags. Her eyes resembled two large pewter buttons, dipped in lard. Her frame was the only

thing she retained of what may once have been a good-sized body. I describe Mrs. Rohrbach so minutely, because she is rather a type of a West Virginia wife at middle age. We asked for her husband; she answered, interrogatively: "I reckon you don't want to hurt him?" We didn't wish to hurt him. She pointed to a field with her long, bony finger, and there we soon found Rohrbach. He was a quiet old Dutchman, as ugly as his wife, whom, he said, he married for "use, not looks." It was now only half-past four in the morning, and he had been ploughing some four hours by moonlight, with his oldest boy. Two smaller tow-heads, dressed in dirty homespun shirts and ragged pants, were stationed on the fence at either end of the field, to tell the old man if any Rebels or strangers were approaching, when he would make tracks for the woods.

After some conversation, in which we learned that the road to Carpenter's was scouted by the Rebels, and that they had been at his house last night, we proceeded with caution on our journey, and arrived within an hour at Coon Carpenter's. Coon lived five miles from his nearest neighbor. His farm is a specimen of the middle class of Virginia farms. It is a small opening in the forest, from which the trees have been "deadened," and is secluded from all the world. A few acres of Virginia wheat, a few of corn, and a tobacco patch, are surrounded by a rickety rail-fence, in the corners of which weeds most do flourish. Another space, fenced in and called the "Dead'nin," is used to pasture two or three old horses; one or two colts; mane and tail matted with burs; half a dozen sheep; and a cow. A few long, land-pike, blue pigs run at large. The cabin of Coon is, like all Virginia cabins, composed of rough logs, sticks, pins, and mud.* Inside are two huge feather beds, under which are a trundle-bed, boxes, and all the odds and ends of the establishment. The window (there is not always a window in these mountain cabins) is small; the fireplace large. A gun-rack, made of antlers, is over the door. A shelf of rough boards supports the meagre store of blue or red china.

* Many of the backwoods cabins are built without the use of iron fastenings, such as nails, screws, &c.

Coon Carpenter and son are both Union men. Coon is tall, and about fifty years of age. His son much like him, and half his father in years. Both were barefooted, unwashed, homespun men. Not a member of the family can read or write, and no books or papers are seen about this primitive house. The boy calls the father "dad," and the man calls the boy "sonny." The mother and daughters are wild, shy people, say nothing, but stare suspiciously. Women never enter into conversation, in the company of strangers, and never sit at the table with them.

We took breakfast, ham and ash-cakes, and after procuring some tobacco, completed our journey in another five miles, making a distance of thirty-five miles in ten hours, including the rests. We were now a mile and a half from the Rebel camp, at the house of Mr. Stephens, a good and remarkably shrewd Union man; and Wilson left me to visit his mother, who lived some two miles north. Mrs. Stephens called her two little boys from the cornfield, and directed them to keep a sharp lookout. If they saw any one coming, they were to whistle, but not to run to the house. She sent two wild-looking girls to watch from a neighboring hill. They were to pretend to pick strawberries, and if they saw any of the Rebels coming over the river, they were ordered to walk slowly homeward. After these directions were given, I was shown to an old gum,* into which I crawled. Overcome with fatigue, I soon fell asleep. At three p. m. I awoke refreshed, but sore from my hard journey. My guide had not returned, neither had Stephens, who was hid in the woods; so, after eating some corn-bread and wild honey, I started with a little boy seven years old as a guide to Wilson's house. We were obliged to keep in the woods, away from all paths, for fear of meeting strolling parties of Rebels. Such a thing as a wagon-road could not be found on that side of the Beverly pike. A slight fall of rain had made the leaves damp, and we could walk with less danger of attracting attention, which was important, as we were now within the line of the Rebel pickets. I noticed that my little guide broke twigs from the

* A section of a hollow tree, as large in circumference as a hogshead, but higher, used by country people to put grain in, or to stow away meat.

overhanging boughs to mark the way, so that on his return he might not get lost. He left me near the home of Wilson, which was a very good double log cabin. I climbed into a service-tree, and gave the signal we had agreed upon: three deep, hollow hoots like an owl. An answer came from the woods back of me. It was well for me that I did not approach the house, for in it was a company of Rebel officers at dinner. Wilson had fled at their approach, and was hid in the woods, waiting their departure.

It was growing late, and we went off through the valley to the east, and climbed a bluff on the banks of Valley River, from the top of which I could look into the Rebel camp. I saw tents and horses and men,—men drilling, men working; I saw rifle-pits and fortifications, on which I could distinguish guns mounted; and I saw the flag, the stranger and traitor to my soil, flaunting freely in the mountain-breeze. Now, first, did I realize that war existed in my own country.

My guide left me to make observations, and to keep watch. He was to come back at sunset. The Rebel camp was perhaps five hundred yards in a direct line below and to the east. The rain caused a fog in the valley, and put an end to my observations for the night; so I returned to the woods below, hooting occasionally, but getting no reply. It now began to rain very hard, and grew quite dark. I took shelter on the dry side of a leaning oak, not far from a bridle-path, and sat quietly listening to that lonesome mountain warbler, the wailing whippoorwill, whose notes send a peculiar thrill through the heart of the wandering scout. Soon I heard the tramp of a horse; nearer, the occasional clank of a sabre; nearer still, voices: "I say, Sergeant, this is a wild-goose chase. Hart Wilson left these parts more than a week ago." "We are in for a wetting to-night." "No danger of Yanks along these roads, anyhow."

Soon the sounds grew indistinct and died away altogether in the valley below. Six Rebel horsemen had passed within ten steps of me. I feared they might find Wilson at home, for they hated and dreaded him; and I renewed my hooting. No answer but the dropping rain on the thick roof of leaves overhead. I started off in the dark, forded the

river up to my arms, and followed up a little creek till in full view of the smouldering camp-fires. I could hear the sentinels, relief-guards, whistling and laughing at the guard-house. I could see a light in the house, Mustoe's, which I supposed was used as a hospital. I was about to go nearer, when a sentinel passed me, yawned, and struck his musket on the ground.

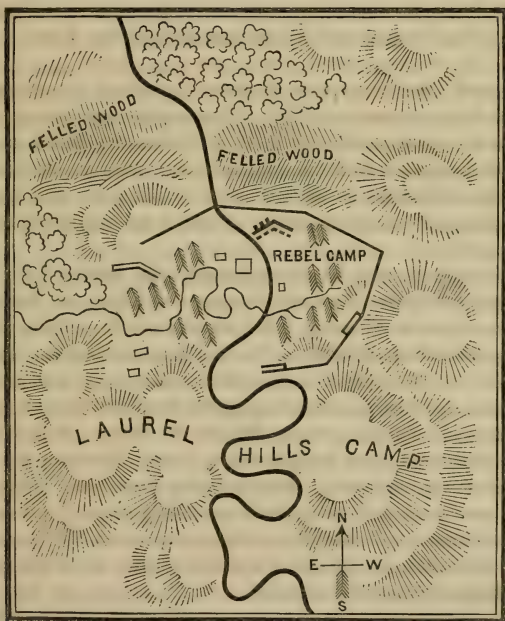
This trip cost me many hours, and brought me nothing; for although almost in among their tents, I could see nothing of importance, and it took me until daylight to get back to the cliff. In the early dawn I found my way to Wilson's, and hooted him out. He invited me in, saying that he was hid near the house till two A. M.; that from the action of his dogs he thought some one was watching him, but when day dawned he found the coast clear. I went in, took some breakfast, and was soon sound asleep; but, for the first time in my life, in a cellar!

At nine A. M. I went once more to the bluff, climbed a tree, and made drawings of the camp and country. At half-past ten started with my guide to Coon Carpenter's, where we found that the Rebels were on our track. We also learned from a Rebel woman, who had been through the camp that morning, as she came from mill, that a train of a hundred wagons had started on the Moorefield road for corn. We made ourselves good Rebels to our informant, and she appealed to us to confirm the news she was telling to Mrs. Coon and her daughters, evidently thinking we were just from camp. Coon was away: so was his son, — hid, I suppose.

Wilson and I now started by a new route to Philippi, on the double-quick. Seeing Rebels on our road, we followed down the Valley River, frequently crossing it. The way was very rough. My clothing hung in tatters. My feet were very sore. When within six miles of camp, I procured a horse, and leaving Wilson, arrived in camp at ten P. M., and reported to Captain Benham, U. S. E., and General Morris, who had arrived the day before from Grafton. I was forty-eight hours on this trip, and marched over sixty-five miles, with little sleep and food.

General Morris sent Major Gordon with despatches, and

me to report in person, to the Commanding General at Buckhannon. We started with an escort of six, led by the man who had taken my horse, and bidden me God-speed at the bridge, — Len' Clark, with his deep, intelligent eye peering from beneath his ragged hat. We arrived at Buckhannon without accident, just as the Major-General, with his splendid troops, was entering. Colonel Lander received the despatches



for General McClellan, and, while we were eating dinner at the hotel, came for me. We rode to a fine undulating plain, south of the town, where head-quarters were situated, and I was introduced to the little General. He was dressed in a fatigue-cap, a loose blouse, without marks of office, and light-blue pants. He was covered with dust, and was sitting at a little camp-table, on which was a topographical map of Virginia. He looked at me from head to foot before he

spoke ; then asked every particular in regard to my visit to the Rebel camp, the names of persons whom I met, the route, the hills, trees, streams, &c. I drew for him on a sheet of paper a map of the Confederate camp.*

After I had left the General's tent, a brisk, pleasant little man began talking with me, and seemed very much interested in all I had to say. I supposed him to be a quartermaster, but Col. Lander coming up introduced me to Gen. Rosecrans. — Here for the present ends the narrative of the Scout.

General McClellan had assumed command in person in West Virginia on June 21st. His head-quarters were first at the venerable and sleepy town of Clarksburg, but removed in a few days to Buckhannon, with the intention of advancing from this point to the rear of the fortifications on Laurel Mountains, at the western base of which the village of Buckhannon lies.

The Eighth and Tenth regiments, the former from the eastern, the latter from the western counties of Indiana, after two months in camp, left Indianapolis the 19th of June to repair to West Virginia. The train containing the Eighth stopped at North Bend, on the Ohio, and the aged widow of the brave old warrior and true-hearted President, whose name is dear to the nation, most dear to the West, advanced to the roadside to meet her grandson, Irwin Harrison, the adjutant of the regiment. As the young man bent before the frail, bowed woman, while with trembling voice she invoked heaven's richest blessings upon him, and upon all her country's defenders, it almost seemed that the dead lips of a buried generation said, Amen !

The cars were crowded and uncomfortable, but the enthusiasm of the people, and the beauty of the scenery in Virginia, — where men were reaping barley and ploughing corn by the roadside and on the hill-sides, and where long and high bridges, tunnels, grades, valleys, and mountains form a succession of picturesque landscapes, — more than compensated. The troops reached Clarksburg at six in the evening, and encamped in the rear of the town, in an almost impregnable

* See preceding page.

position, on a bold hill which commands a circuit of three miles.

There was a rumor afloat that Governor Wise, with an army somewhere between ten and fifty thousand strong, was approaching, and the newly arrived regiments were roused at two in the morning to work upon fortifications. In eight hours a breastwork from four to six feet high was thrown up on the north, east, and south sides, and a half acre of timber felled on the west. But instead of Governor Wise came a despatch from McClellan the next day, ordering an immediate march to Buckhannon. Tents had not yet arrived, but in a half-hour the troops were on their way. That night and the next they lay on the ground in the drenching rain, without any kind of shelter, and received thus their introduction into the hardships of the soldier's life, and their first lesson in the art of grumbling,—the soldier's peculiar and inalienable prerogative. An army, numbering twelve thousand, was now assembled at Buckhannon, and preparations for a speedy attack were unceasing and vigorous.

Meanwhile, the policy of forbearance was adhered to with undeviating resolution. The case of Symmes, the man who shot Colonel Kelley at Philippi, is but a fair example. Colonel Lander struck up the weapons pointed at him by the enraged Virginians of Kelley's command, and thus saved his life. He was allowed to board at the best hotel in Grafton, and to be quite unmolested in the enjoyment of a slightly circumscribed freedom. Avowed and active secessionists, even spies, were repeatedly released with no security for the future. In return, the most murderous and savage warfare was kept up by the enemy. Every forest, gorge, and thicket teemed with lurking foes, who fired without a challenge.

CHAPTER V.

LAUREL HILL, AND RICH MOUNTAIN.

THE Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth, with the associated Ohio and Virginia regiments, lay five weeks at Philippi and along the road to Grafton, idly waiting, while the Rebel troops continued industriously to fortify. The impatience of the soldiers in the preparatory camps was slight in comparison with the impatience of the troops now in the field. They burned with desire for action. They raged against McClellan, because he was weeks at Cincinnati, weeks at Clarksburg, and weeks at Buckhannon, and because his orders were always, *to wait*. But one day, as fretting and fuming they were scattered through the shady grove in which they were encamped, they heard the sound of firing in the direction of the enemy, whose outposts were at the little village of Bealington. At first, here and there; then, thicker and faster. "The Rebels are on us!" "The Rebels are on us!" A cry of joy, a rush to arms, a call to order, and almost instantaneously the line of battle was formed. There was Morris, calm and grave as usual; Love, all animation; Milroy, his eyes shooting fire; Dumont, haggard and ghastly, his uniform put on him by unwilling physicians, tottering to his horse, but now sitting firmly, steadily surveying his command, and saying with spirit: "Let them come; we are ready!" Virginia and Ohio were ready, too. But where was Crittenden? Where was the gallant Sixth? Surely the sound of firing ought to rouse them from the sleep of death! As the question ran from man to man, a reconnoitring party sent out by the General returned with the information that Colonel Crittenden's regiment was drilling on the Bealington road, and at this moment was engaged in a mimic battle. Deep as had always been the disgust of the loyal troops towards the Rebels, it never was so intense as at this moment, when, chagrined and crestfallen, they dispersed to their tents.

At this time, and indeed during the whole year in West Virginia, men were seldom or never detailed for a hazardous duty, unless volunteers were so numerous it was necessary to restrict the number. When a party was ordered to the execution of some undertaking, it was not unusual to find in the ranks double the proper number,—to find Company A, for instance, counting two hundred instead of one, and each man of the two hundred bearing in his countenance, if not on his tongue, an assertion that he was in his proper place.

Colonel Dumont was ill during the greater part of the stay at Philippi,—so ill that at one time alarm was felt, and his officers urged him to be removed to Grafton, where he could be comfortably accommodated. Stretched out on his camp-cot, with no luxury, not even a comfort about him, the suffering man replied: “No, never! When my boys get sick they lie here, and, if it must be, die at their posts. They don’t get off, and I won’t go, either.”

July 6th, the President’s Message was received, and the hearts of the Volunteers, as by the light of the setting sun they read that manly, honest document, responded to the great heart which throbbed in the breast of the ruler and leader of the nation. That night, when they wrapped themselves in their blankets, and lay down on their hard beds, within them glowed the purpose and the enthusiasm which lofty thoughts kindle, and which make the soldier’s pallet nobler than the king’s couch.

Before many hours, the sleeping camp was aroused, and midnight saw the long hoped-for march to Laurel Hill begin. The Ninth, preceded and flanked by skirmishers, formed the van. In order followed the Fourteenth Ohio, Cleveland Artillery, First Virginia, Seventh Indiana, Body-Guard, General and staff, three companies of the Sixteenth Ohio, Sixth Indiana, and Guthrie Grays,—about five thousand in all. Not a word was spoken, except of command, and not a sound broke the silence of the night, but the rumbling of wheels, and the steady, rapid tramp, tramp, of the troops. As the thousands of glimmering camp-fires died away in the distance, a misty moonlight half revealed and half concealed the dangers of the winding road, the threatening forests, the

frowning rocks, and the ravines and gorges in which a thousand men might hide. Day lighted up the shaggy woods, and rugged cliffs, and discovered the blushing laurel and the bright azalea. Vigilance did not relax. The woods were scoured, the rocks explored, the army halted, while the treacherous turns of the crooked road were examined. The mountain farms were deserted, the houses closed, and no signs of life were visible, except now and then an anxious face peering through a curtained window. About half-past seven the enemy's pickets first seemed aware of the approach of our troops. They fired, but immediately fled. Just as the last were driven in, our army came in full view of the position to be occupied. In less than an hour it was successfully disposed on heights, which hemmed in the enemy, and General Morris had established his head-quarters in the house of Elliott, a noted Secessionist, who looked on with trembling rage, while the Stars and Stripes were placed above his unworthy door. In this prefatory skirmish, a private in the Ninth, William T. Girard, was killed.

Garnett's camp was hidden by two conical eminences, which, being densely wooded, furnished a fine cover for skirmishing purposes. It extended over about a hundred and fifty acres, and had a fine position, with a mountain wall behind it as a background and a shelter. General McClellan had already advanced from Buckhannon, and he issued orders to Morris, by all means to avoid an engagement, until the heavy column should appear in the rear. Whatever General Morris's long-tried patience, his troops had no inclination to employ themselves in the culture of a passive virtue, and they engaged in skirmishing with a zeal that threatened to anticipate McClellan's movements. Feats were daily performed, which, years from now, when veterans repeat tales of their youth to eager listeners, will thrill many a shuddering fireside.

Sylvester Brown, a tall private of the Sixth, in the face of six Rebels, who were behind an earthwork of rude construction, carried from a tree, where they had been cooking and resting, a quantity of blankets and some cooking-utensils. Placing them safely, he returned; but, as he was again carrying a

parcel of blankets away, the Rebels stood up, took deliberate aim, and fired. He wheeled around, fired with steady hand, and stepping proudly and firmly as on dress-parade, reached his comrades, who surrounded him with offers of assistance. "I am shot," he said, "but the cowards don't know it!" and he would not be moved down to the hospital, lest they should see that he was wounded.

West of the Staunton turnpike, and not far from the Rebel works, was an old field, with here and there a clump of blackberries, a group of dead trees, or a pile of logs. On the east was a dense wood, with an undergrowth of laurel. One day field and wood were alive with skirmishers. In the wood the Rebels were comparatively safe, but our soldiers in the field must creep stealthily from log to tree, and from tree to bush, take aim with keen glance and rapid hand. A youth, with delicate face and form and light curling hair, lay behind a log near the road. He had in his hand a revolver, which he had taken from a dead Rebel officer the day before. Restless and impatient, he determined to cross the road and penetrate the dangerous wood. With swift step he put the thought into execution, cleared the road, hid in the thicket. A few minutes, and two shots were fired; then on the evening air rose a scream, so awful that no man who heard it will forget it to his dying day. Mortal agony was in that shrill cry. The skirmishers in the field sprang to their feet, and drew instantly together. The hasty and perilous resolve was made to dash into the wood. In the laurel, a few steps from the road, they found the bleeding, lifeless body of the reckless boy. He was John Auten, of the Ninth.

The hill known as Girard Hill, was taken from a regiment of Georgians, by fifteen privates without any officers. In the attack, two soldiers, Bierce and Boothroyd, advanced within fifteen paces of the enemy's fortifications, and here Boothroyd received a wound in the neck, which paralyzed him. His comrade immediately caught him in his arms and carried him and his gun full twenty rods, bullets falling around them at every step.

In the afternoon of the 10th of July, two large bodies of troops were seen from a high hill in the neighborhood, leaving

the Rebel camp. Instant preparations were made to meet them, and in less than two hours the Fourteenth Ohio and Ninth Indiana were actively engaged with twelve hundred Georgians. The Rebels came forward under cover of the woods, holding their cavalry ready to charge whenever our men should attempt to move in anything like military order. Suddenly the Federals advanced, and poured in a sharp volley. The Rebel cavalry, taking advantage of the movement, proceeded to take them in flank. The Federals rapidly retreated, and, as they retreated, threw out a couple of shells. In their turn, the Confederates drew back, shouting, "Now, give it to them!" and springing forward at the same time, the Federals poured in another volley. The enemy wavered and fell further back, but recovered in a moment and dashed forward.

"Rally to your logs!" was now the cry of the Federals, and back they fled behind trees and logs and blackberry bushes. Shells were again thrown among the assailants, and again they fled to their sheltering woods. The Ohio and Indiana boys broke cover, and forward they dashed once more. Further, further they went until Milroy, who had charge of a gun, sprang upon a log and shouted, waving his hat, "Fall back, boys! We're going to fire another shell!" He stood several minutes, his head inclined, listening intently. At length through the tumult he distinguished the shout from his boys: "Fire more to the right!" The enemy scattered before this well-directed shell, and could not again be rallied.

"What troops are you?" it is said a Georgian shouted from behind a tree before any shells were thrown. "Ohio and Indiana Volunteers," was shouted in reply. "Can't make me believe that," called out the Georgian. "You need n't tell me that Volunteers stand fire that way." He was probably convinced they were Volunteers when he heard them, if through the din he could hear, singing out their own orders: "Now give it to them!" "Rally to your logs!" and the like.

John R. Smith, a young, brave fellow, who had walked thirty miles to volunteer, fell in this skirmish.

Milroy's men, like their leader, were madly in love with danger. It is said that one of them took a newspaper, and

marching up the road at the foot of the hill, asked the Rebels if they would n't like to hear the news. "Yes!" they shouted. He unfolded his paper and began: "Great battle at Manassas Gap: one thousand Rebels killed; ten thousand wounded; nearly all the rest taken prisoners. All traitors to be hung, and their property confiscated." Here the bullets began to hail around him, and he beat a retreat.

It was almost impossible to restrain our men from making an assault that night. They had no longer expectation or hope of hearing the booming of McClellan's guns the other side of Laurel Hill. The next day they were early on the alert, eager at every point for skirmishing; but the enemy could not be induced to show himself. Not a gun was seen or heard, while the blows of the axe and the crash of falling timber never ceased. It was surmised that General Garnett had determined to make a last stand here, and was strengthening his intrenchments. Early the following morning, a horseman, without saddle, whip, or spurs, beating his horse on with his sword, came galloping to head-quarters, and announced that the Rebels had evacuated.

Intelligence so contrary to expectation and so disagreeable was received with suspicion, and General Morris ordered three officers, Captain Benham, Sergeant-Major Gordon, and Dr. Fletcher, with a company, to inspect. He also sent orders to Colonels Dumont and Milroy to march without a moment's delay to the enemy's camp. In five minutes both regiments were on the march. Along the smooth mountain road, past the blackberry field, and around the wooded knoll, they went, expecting to meet an open, or to hear an ambushed foe. Uninformed of the reported evacuation, their surprise and suspicion increased with every step. Not with fear, but with some trepidation, they looked towards a turn in the road before them, which might expose them to the raking fire of the enemy's cannon; but instead of bristling guns, the turn revealed a long line of unmanned intrenchments, silent batteries, and deserted tents.

"Where are General Garnett and his men?" asked Dr. Fletcher, who was first to cross the Rebel intrenchments, of a frightened woman in a solitary house. "They's done gone," she said.

He went into an old log house on Mustoe's farm, and found some eight or ten wounded Rebels. They handed him a note addressed to "Any officer of the U. S.," asking that mercy be shown to these wounded men. The men themselves begged him not to have them hung!

The Seventh and Ninth were joined at the camp by two companies of Ohio artillery, under Colonel Barnett, and pushed forward on the road to Beverly. It was now evident that the felling of trees, the day before supposed to be for the purpose of strengthening the intrenchments, was the work of the rear-guard, to delay pursuit. The road was blocked up with every possible obstacle, and strewn with the effects of the Rebels. The pursuit was continued ten miles, without further interruption than was necessary to drag trees out of the road; but at Leeds Creek was brought to an abrupt halt, by the want of a bridge, which the Rebels had broken up. While the bridge was undergoing repairs, a foraging party was sent out to obtain food from the neighboring farmers; but it returned with such a scanty supply, that even after one or two provision-wagons came up, many a man was unable to obtain a morsel. Near night the Fourteenth Ohio arrived. The advance was commanded by Captain Benham, U. S. E., one of those unfortunate individuals who have a peculiar facility for winning dislike; but not hunger, fatigue, nor Benham could cool the ardor of the troops, and they lay down on the ground to sleep with the utmost satisfaction.

General Morris arrived at Leeds Creek some time after dark, and was led among the sleeping forms of tired soldiers to an old log house, in which Captain Benham directed him by his voice, as no light could be obtained. The members of the staff lay on the ground, with the other soldiers, and endured a pelting rain.

Meantime events were occurring at Rich Mountain, which changed the course of the retreat, and consequently of the pursuit. At three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the same morning Morris started in pursuit of Garnett, General Rosecrans, with the Eighth, Tenth, Thirteenth Indiana, and Nineteenth Ohio, left McClellan's camp west of Rich Moun-

tain, and proceeded along the line of hills southeast of the enemy's intrenchments, with the purpose of entering the Beverly road on the mountain-top, and of attacking the camp from the east. General McClellan was to assault the west as soon as the firing should announce the commencement of the attack.

General Rosecrans occupied about nine hours in cutting his way through the woods, climbing the rocks, logs, and stumps, and wading the streams. The guide was David Hart, whose father's farm was on the top of the mountain, and who had escaped from the Rebels by this route. Colonel Lander, who had spent the greater part of his life in exploring and engineering expeditions in the far West, and whose experience in military, mountain, backwoods, and every variety of wild, adventurous, and exposed life, was unusual, accompanied the guide, and declared the difficulties of the march unequalled. The bushes were wet, the air was excessively cold and full of rain; and rain began to fall in the course of the morning. About noon they reached the top of the mountain, but instead of descending and quietly taking possession of the Rebel rear, according to the plan, they were here saluted by a volley from Rebel pickets, whose attack was followed by cannon; and they found themselves in the presence of a large body of the enemy. A courier, sent by McClellan to Rosecrans, had taken the broad Beverly road which led directly through the Confederate camp, and had of course been obliged to give up his despatches. In consequence, a body of twenty-five hundred men, with three cannon, had been sent to the top of the mountain, and had there thrown up hastily some intrenchments.

Rosecrans made an attempt to form his command into line, but it was found impossible, on account of the irregularities of the position; the troops were therefore ordered to advance at intervals and fire; then throw themselves on the ground. The Confederates fired steadily and rapidly, but the screen of bushes prevented their taking correct aim, and they fired generally too low. General Rosecrans attempted again to form the troops into line, and after much difficulty, resulting partly from the nature of the ground, partly from the rain

which was now pouring down, and partly from the eagerness of the men to rush pell-mell into battle, he finally succeeded. The Eighth was ordered to take the right, the Tenth the centre, one half of the Thirteenth (the other half had been stationed at the forks of a road in the rear, with instructions to hold the point at all hazards) the left. The Ohio regiment was the reserve. The Thirteenth immediately advanced some distance to the left and down the hill, to flank the enemy. While directing its movements, Colonel Sullivan suddenly found himself face to face with a Rebel of immense size. The Colonel raised his sword and the Rebel his rifle. The sword bent and the rifle missed, but the Colonel's face was burned with the flash; and if one of his soldiers had not seen his danger, shoved him aside, and brought the Rebel to the ground, his first battle would probably have been his last. Some delay was occasioned by the Tenth, under a misapprehension of orders, taking the right. It marched down to within three hundred yards of the enemy, and engaged him hotly for thirty minutes, unassisted by the Eighth, which, the mistake having been discovered, was ordered to face about and march to the right. Both regiments showed great steadiness in march, countermarch, and actual battle.

At length the three regiments fell back, and the reserve was ordered forward. It advanced to a fence in line with the breastworks, fired one round, then gave three cheers to the Indiana boys, who fixed their bayonets with a clang which resounded along the lines, and rushed forward to charge bayonets. One man alone of the enemy stood his ground. He coolly touched the match to his cannon, at the same moment received a ball in his heart, and fell dead.

A general race now followed, so exciting that our men were with difficulty recalled and reformed in line of battle, to receive the enemy from the foot of the mountain. But instead of following up the attack, the Confederates, as well in the camp as on the top of the mountain, thought all was lost, and sought safety in the woods, leaving their works, tents, stores, cannon, and indeed all they had. The engagement lasted over an hour. On the battle-field was found a sword, inscribed with the testimony of the gratitude of the

State of Virginia to Midshipman Taylor, for his valorous defence, on two occasions, of a United States frigate.

General Rosecrans was very conspicuous in this battle. He was as cool and skilful as he was brave, and no higher praise of his bravery can be given than to say it equalled that of his men. They were all as brave as lions, but inclined to be regardless of orders, unless accompanied by a rap with the flat side of the sword. Even wounds did not quench or cool their ardor; more than one man with a disabled leg crawled to a stone and loaded for a comrade, or himself continued firing. The only banner in the engagement was that of the Eighth, the motto of which was: "ABOVE US OR AROUND US."

The next day, after thirty-six hours' wandering in the woods through rain and mud, without rest and without food, Colonel Pegram and about six hundred of his command surrendered themselves prisoners of war. They formed a melancholy procession. Colonel Pegram wore an expression of the deepest sadness, and the forlorn young faces of many students from Hampden Sydney College appealed to the hearts of the victors. The captain of the students was one of their professors. Did he feel shame, or is that last safeguard of the soul lost to the traitor?

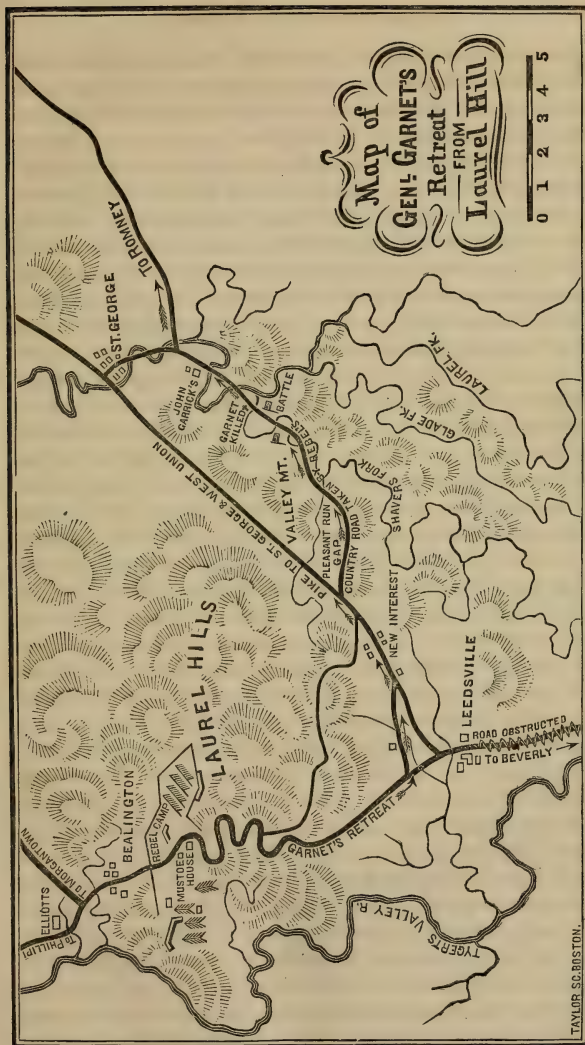
On the day of Pegram's surrender, General Garnett was within three miles of Beverly, on his way either to unite his force — which at the outset of his retreat numbered five thousand, — with that of Pegram, and then to give battle, or to proceed for greater security to the fastnesses of the Cheat Mountains. When he received the unwelcome intelligence, he turned and retraced his march to Leeds Creek, from which point a mountain-road leads northeast through the little town of New Interest, to St. George, Tucker County. He entered this road early in the morning. The rain fell and continued to fall in torrents, making a deep, sticky mud of the clay soil, which the feet of the fugitives worked thin, and left rolling down the hills after them in sluggish streams. Proofs of their fatigue and of the lessening distance between them and their pursuers became more and more numerous to the latter. Knapsacks, trunks, clothes, beds, cards, everything that could be thrown away, marked the route. Rebel axes forming bar-

ricades, and loyal axes, clearing away obstructions, answered to each other. Rebel pickets protecting laborers were driven in. A Rebel banner was taken, and borne back along the whole line. Every step increased the exhilaration of the National troops. As they waded a rocky, roaring stream, some freak of memory suggested the singularly spirited old hymn: "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." A thousand voices joined, and hill, and wood, and rock echoed and reëchoed the exalted strain.

The Cheat River, an exceedingly crooked and rapid stream, crossing the road repeatedly, and always difficult of passage, delayed the enemy. At the first ford, Captain Benham discovered the baggage-train at rest. He proposed an attack as soon as Barnett's artillery and Dumont's regiment should have come up; but the thoughtless firing of a musket gave warning, and set the train in motion. At the second ford, the Confederates were found to have left a few skirmishers. The advance opened a brisk fire, and cleared the adjacent wood. At the third ford, Carrick's, the rear of the wagon-train was standing. "Don't shoot," cried the teamsters, "we're going to surrender!"

The river at this point runs between a precipitous bluff of some fifty to eighty feet on the right, and low meadows on the left. The road on the left passes between the meadow-ground and the river, parallel to the river. The Confederates were strongly posted on the high bank, and hidden from view by a rail-fence and a tangled thicket of laurel.

As the Fourteenth Ohio advanced, a blaze of fire lighted up the bank and revealed the ambuscade. The Fourteenth halted, and, without a change of position, returned the fire. Barnett's artillery and the Ninth Indiana hastened to its support. The latter, being on the left, was obliged to fire obliquely, although the men crowded together, and next to the Fourteenth were thirty deep. The firing on both sides was rapid and fierce. Garnett's men aimed too high, and did little execution. Colonel Dumont, approaching through the meadow, (he had avoided the road on account of the mud,) heard the firing and ordered his men to advance on the run. He was met by a command from Captain Benham to cross the river three hundred yards above the ford, climb the hill,





and attack the enemy in the rear. Without stopping, Colonel Dumont dashed straight through the river, dismounted, and climbed the hill by the aid of bushes and ledges of rock, which it was necessary to grasp at almost every step. Man by man, one company, two companies, almost three companies, followed, and reached the top, when an order was received to bring back the men, and to charge the enemy at the ford and at the guns. Unfortunately, Captain Benham had been told that the ascent of the bluff, except at the ford, was impracticable. His first order, had it not been countermanded, would certainly have resulted in the capture of a large portion, if not the main body of the enemy, without further pursuit or fighting.

Not a foot of ground lay between the river and the almost perpendicular bank. The river-bed was covered with loose rolling boulders. The current was rapid. The water in many places was waist-deep. Artillery was firing from each side. As might be expected under such circumstances, the passage from one point to the other was rapidly made. Guns and ammunition, held at arm's length, were kept dry.

Not until Dumont reached the road and appeared on his right, did the enemy turn to fly. A running fight ensued, and was continued to the fourth and last ford. Here again the enemy endeavored to rally. Through the tumult rose the clear, loud voice of General Garnett, cheering and urging his men to stand. In vain; and he stood with raised hand appealing to them, a single Georgian youth by his side, when a ball entered his back, and he fell. At the same moment fell his companion. They lay together, the General in his gorgeous Southern uniform, and the boy in his rustic butternut, when our advance approached, both dying. Colonel Dumont's pitying heart yearned towards the fallen Garnett, and he requested Gordon, who was always at the point of danger, to stay and guard the body. Gordon obeyed. He closed the eyes, tied up the chin, and straightened the stiffening limbs. No true and loyal man was ever more honorably cared for than this disloyal General. He fell strangely, in the rear of his flying army, and deserted by his own troops. Perhaps he was the victim of mortification and despair.

The sense of honor in the Southern gentleman is keener than the sense of right, and while it arms a man with daring courage, robs him of the nobler qualities of patience and fortitude. It impels him to rush on death rather than bear defeat.

Our soldiers buried the Georgian boy with gentle and respectful hands. The honor they showed him was no conventional thing.

In consideration of the exhausted condition of his troops, who had marched, almost entirely without food, twenty-seven miles, eighteen of which had been over a frightful mountain road, and in a pitiless rain, General Morris reluctantly ordered the pursuit to be abandoned. Colonel Milroy, however, like a man running down-hill, could not check himself short of two miles further. The closing sentence of an address which the General issued the next day, is: "Your cheerful endurance of the privations you have undergone, and are now undergoing, from the necessarily scanty supply of provisions, and the hardships of the march of yesterday over roads almost impassable, and through the storm of rain and battle, is—in the language of the immediate commander of the advance column, Captain Benham—most heroic, beyond all praise of mine, and such as your country only can fully appreciate and reward."

About forty wagons and teams were captured in the pursuit, also the colors of every regiment engaged. A Georgia banner was inscribed with the favorite Southern maxim, "Cotton is King." Eighteen or twenty were killed, and sixty-three prisoners were taken. Of Morris's army, two were killed and six wounded. The bluff on which the Rebel dead lay, was a ghastly sight, and blanched the cheek of the sturdiest.

The prisoners were not guarded, and were treated with cordial good-nature. Yet our men could not restrain their curiosity in regard to the desertion of Garnett, nor tire of asserting that they would stand by Morris to the last. Among the prisoners was a surgeon by the name of Carington. He was captured under a stable, but, even in this trying situation, did not lose his self-possession. He introduced himself as a member of one of the first Virginia

families, happily unconscious that to the rude Hoosier the proud initials F. F. V. signified only fleet-footed Virginian. He also announced himself a descendant of Pocahontas, a fourth cousin of Mrs. General Scott, and an acquaintance of General McClellan. Not at all abashed by the mingled amusement and surprise in the faces of the gentlemen he addressed, he proceeded to accuse one of our surgeons of stealing a case of instruments, and threatened to report him to General McClellan. Later, he actually did report Federal officers to McClellan, and McClellan actually did arrest Federal officers on the word of this braggart.

According to General McClellan's report, the national loss on the two days, July 12th and 13th, was thirteen killed and about forty wounded. The loss of the Rebels was not far from two hundred killed and wounded, one thousand taken prisoners, all the baggage, and seven guns.

In the retreat the Rebel army was more fatigued and dispirited, but in every other respect had the advantage. The lowest number of the enemy engaged at Carrick's Ford was four thousand, while only eighteen hundred of the Union troops were up in time to take a part. Where Garnett was killed, but six hundred were engaged; they were members of the Seventh.

An article, in a heavy army-chest captured, excited some surprise. It was one of our bomb-shells. The prisoners said it fell, the day before the evacuation, about twenty feet from General Garnett's *marquee*, but failed to explode. The General considered his escape so narrow, that he extracted the fuse and preserved the shell as a memento.

The camp-equipage of the Rebels showed long preparation and lavish expenditure. The tents were the best Sibley; the blankets, cots, litters, of which they had hundreds, bandages, and surgeons' stores, were all of the finest quality; while the meagreness of the National tents, the coarseness of the blankets, the scanty supply of all kinds of utensils, the entire want of litters, and even of bandages, witnessed to the haste with which the National troops had been collected, and the unprepared state of the country. The contrast was significant and painful.

At St. George, to which place he proceeded next day, General Morris received orders to return to Laurel Hill. General Hill, who was at Grafton with fresh troops, was directed by the Major-General to intercept the enemy. Though without a leader, and dispirited and fatigued to the last degree, the Rebels eluded Hill and effected their escape.

The march of Morris's troops back to Garnett's old quarters was followed by a stay long enough to insure the destruction of the fortifications. The Eighth and Tenth, which had accompanied McClellan in his pursuit of Pegram to Beverly, assisted at the work. Then the veterans of the three months' campaign turned their faces homeward.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ELEVENTH.

THE Eleventh was the first regiment ready to march. It was trained by Lewis Wallace in the style of Napoleon's Zouaves, and it adopted the name which those fierce Algerines and their French successors have rendered a synonym of victory. Perhaps three fourths of the men were from Indianapolis and its vicinity. They were generally youths, high-spirited, generous, and intelligent, eager to win renown, and scornful of danger.

On the 8th of May they assembled in State House Square to receive two banners from the ladies of Terre Haute and Indianapolis. Tall, erect, in the bloom and vigor of young manhood, and glowing with enthusiasm, their appearance would have been striking without the aid of the showy foreign uniform. Colonel Wallace, who might be called the type of the regiment, received the banners, and turning to the soldiers, said, "Boys, will you ever desert these banners?" "Never! never!" shouted every man. Wallace then spoke of the disgrace cast upon Indiana by the alleged cowardice of our troops at Buena-Vista. "Let us adopt for our motto," he continued, "Remember Buena-Vista!" "We'll adopt it!" responded the regiment. "Then get down on your knees and swear that you will remember Buena-Vista, and that you will never desert your regimental colors!" The regiment kneeled, and with uplifted hand swore to stand by their flag and to remember Buena-Vista.

By a coincidence worthy of note, the same watchword was recommended to the South, through "The Memphis Appeal," one of its leading journals, in the following words: "If the great body of McClellan's forces be Hoosiers and Buckeyes, as reported, the number of our men need give the department little concern. *These fellows won't fight!* We have

history for this. Remember Buena-Vista! One to four, our boys will drive them into the lakes." *

The 1st of May, the Zouaves were ordered*to Evansville.

* The statement already made, that Jeff. Davis is responsible for the unfortunate reputation of the 2d Indiana, is based upon an assertion of General Lewis Wallace. The following note, written by himself, gives his reasons for the assertion : —

" According to history, General Taylor is responsible for the charge against our troops at Buena-Vista. As usual, however, his report was based on the statements, official and other, of subordinate officers, to whose conduct, suppressed and generally forgotten, my charge against Jeff. Davis is traceable.

" About two weeks after the battle, I had occasion to go to Saltillo. The controversy about the 2d Regiment was very warm. Being Hoosier-born, it was natural for me to take interest in it; and the conclusion I came to is reliable exactly in proportion to the reliability of the information it is founded upon.

" According to that information, the story of misconduct proceeded originally from General Jo. Lane and Jeff. Davis. A Court of Inquiry satisfied the former that he was mistaken, not in the fact that a large portion of the regiment retreated in disorder, but in his belief that it had no authority for retreating. The testimony is said to have developed (and it is now my recollection that such was the finding of the Court) that Colonel Bowles had ordered it to retreat in violation of tactical rules. Satisfied of this, Lane amended his official report, and requested General Taylor to do the same thing. General Taylor refused, instigated, as was understood by well-informed Indians at that time, by Jeff. Davis.

" The reasons for this belief may be summed up: Davis claimed the victory for his regiment, the 1st Mississippi; even went so far as to claim that his was the only regiment that did not run that day; all his assumptions were vigorously disputed by officers from our State, who on their part asserted that the 1st Mississippi had turned its back along with the others, and that, in fact, the only regiment which had kept its front steadily to the enemy during the whole struggle, was the 3d Indiana, commanded by Colonel James H. Lane. Out of this dispute very naturally arose a red-hot quarrel.

" When the controversy among the officers from our State culminated in a Court of Inquiry, Davis sided, it was said, with Colonel Bowles. His regiment had formerly presented Colonel Bowles a Mississippi rifle, in token of appreciation of gallantry displayed, and the fact was urged as proof of his partiality. The particular accusation against the 2d Indiana, it must be borne in mind, was *cowardice*; and when in the dispute it was established that its Colonel had ordered the retreat, no doubt was entertained by our officers that General Taylor would officially relieve it from the charge. That he did not do so was at once attributed to Jeff. Davis, whose malignity was well known, while his near relation to General Taylor gave him influence to accomplish the end."

They left Indianapolis with delight at so soon getting into action. Their delight was premature, as the duties they were called upon to perform were no more active nor interesting than those of an ordinary police force. They examined vessels passing down the Ohio, to prevent the carrying of contraband goods, and they guarded Evansville, which was neither attacked nor threatened. The monotony of the camp was unendurable to men burning with the desire to do or die. When the heart is strung to the performance of a great deed, or to the offering of a great sacrifice, it is inexpressibly wearisome to be forced to count the moments, and to fill them with the stiff trifles of military life. The departure of three regiments from Camp Morton to the East added fuel to the fire of impatience.

June 5th, the Eleventh was ordered to Cumberland, in the department of General Patterson. Little time was occupied in preparation. From one o'clock on the morning of the 7th, at which time the train arrived, until daylight, when it departed, crowds of friends in the Union Depot at Indianapolis were uttering last words and last cautions. Danger, death, and grief, all the scenes and emotions of war, have become so familiar to our minds through the terrible battles of Virginia, Alabama, and Tennessee, that it requires some effort of the imagination to appreciate the anxiety and sorrow of the friends of our first Volunteers. Then the form of war was as unfamiliar as it is awful. It blackened the very sky. Many a true-hearted woman, who bade her son or her brother go, shut down her windows and drew close her blinds, that she might not see banners and blue coats, — might not hear the drum and fife.

The interest of the warm-hearted people of Ohio, and the ardor of the West Virginians, had not cooled; and the journey to Grafton was different in no particular from that of the regiments which had gone before. From Grafton to Cumberland the railroad passes through some of the most magnificent scenery in the United States. In winding down the slope of Laurel Hill, it springs over chasms of fearful breadth and depth, and at the base leaps boldly across the Cheat, a stream now dark with the sap of the laurel and spruce and

pine forests in which it has its rise, soon, like many another American river, to be stained with brothers' blood. Almost lost in a savage pass, through which Snowy Creek alone sends a gleam, the rails again appear hanging on the rugged mountain-side, as if at the mercy of a gust of wind; then gliding down from mountain and pass, they cut a straight line through level and beautiful meadows.

Cumberland lies in a noble amphitheatre, with the laughing Potomac at its foot, and sunny slopes rising afar to forest-crowned peaks, all around. The fine old town has a history. Here the British, more than two hundred years ago, wrested an important fort from the French. Here the terror-stricken forces of Braddock found shelter after their disastrous defeat near Fort du Quesne. Here were Washington's head-quarters at one time, when he was in command of the Colonial troops. The stump of the pine, to which, according to tradition, he with his own hands nailed the Stars and Stripes, still stands. Our soldiers were not sufficiently familiar with the history of our flag to observe the anachronism; and they cut many a splinter from the venerable relic, and sent it home as a memento of the past and a token of the present.

The Eleventh was scarcely encamped, before Colonel Wallace had an expedition planned. Romney, a town among the mountains, on the west branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, formed the head-quarters of several hundred Rebel troops. These he determined to disperse. On the morning of June 12th, he went by railway, with about five hundred men, twenty miles, to New Creek Station. From this point it was necessary to proceed on foot over a rugged mountain-road, which afforded rare facilities to an enemy. About four miles from Romney the scouts captured a well-known Secession officer. To men who had been walking twelve hours, the sight of an important prisoner was agreeable. A little more than a mile from Romney they were fired upon by the enemy's advance guard, which then galloped forward and informed the camp. The approach of danger fired the spirits of the Zouaves, and they increased their speed.

The enemy was drawn up on the bluff, on which the town is situated, with two guns planted to sweep the road. Col-

Colonel Wallace called the attention of his men to a large house, about seventy-five yards from the farther end of the bridge, between them and the town; then gave the order to advance. They dashed over the bridge, leaped down an embankment at the farther end, and, as had been expected, received some scattering shot from the house. They rushed to the house and surrounded it, but not in time to prevent the escape of the pickets through windows and doors and up the hill behind. They now rapidly, but in a scattering manner, avoiding the road, pushed up the bluff to the right, with the double purpose of escaping the guns and cutting off the retreat. But "the legs of the enemy, their only trusty weapon of defence," did not fail them now. When the hill was gained, the road beyond was darkened with fugitives, — soldiers and citizens, women and children.

The Zouaves seized a quantity of arms and ammunition, some horses and provisions, then turned and walked back over a road which to footsore and wearied men was doubly dangerous. This expedition occupied but forty-two hours, although forty-six of the eighty-seven miles comprised were performed on foot; the road was rough, and not without danger in the night. Two dead and one wounded Rebel were left on the field. There was no Union loss.

A few days later, the Rebels burned a bridge, six miles from camp, and established themselves in force at Piedmont, twenty-eight miles west, on the railroad. Colonel Wallace's small force was now in a dangerous situation. The only reinforcements he could expect on short notice were two or three hundred Pennsylvania miners, who signified their willingness in case of necessity. Colonel Wallace daily sent mounted pickets, thirteen in all, to different posts along the several approaches to Cumberland. June 26th, the whole thirteen — D. B. Hay, E. Baker, E. Burkett, J. Hollenback, T. Grover, J. Hollowell, T. Brazier, G. Mulbarger, L. Farley, F. Harrison, H. Dunlap, R. M. Dunlap, and E. P. Thomas — were directed to proceed to Frankfort, a town midway between Romney and Cumberland.

In the evening of the same day, as the regiment was drilling on the hill-side, Harry Dunlap, his horse foaming and

panting, was seen hastening toward Colonel Wallace. The word flashed along the line, surmise taken as fact: "All our scouts are prisoners or killed!" Anxiety was not allayed when Colonel Wallace, after rapidly giving some orders to an officer who stood near, called to Dunlap, as he turned: "Get off that horse. There is a horse," — pointing to a fine animal a citizen was riding up the hill, — "take him."

The stranger, seeming to comprehend the necessity for the singular order, quietly dismounted. Dunlap instantly sprang on the fresh horse, and away he flew. Fifty men, under Major Robinson, followed. Soon a covered express-wagon, surrounded by a large crowd of citizens, approached. Corporal Hay, the leader of the scouts, pale and bloody, lay within. The wagon stopped before the hospital-tent. The wounded man refused assistance, although he moved with difficulty. He had one sword- and three bullet-wounds, and had come ten or twelve miles since receiving them. Nevertheless he was able to give a spirited history of a great part of the day's adventures to Colonel Wallace.

The scouts went within a quarter of a mile of Frankfort, to a point from which they obtained a view of the village. To their surprise, they saw large numbers of both infantry and cavalry in the streets. A short reconnoissance was sufficient. They turned their horses' heads in the direction of Cumberland, and having come over the broad and direct road, they now, the better to scour the district, took a different route, which happened to be narrow, winding, and hilly. At a cabin-door they asked a woman, who stood watching them, with an interested and alarmed countenance, if any of the enemy were near. "Yes," she answered, "I counted forty-one, not five minutes ago, trotting along this very road." "Boys, shall we fight, or turn back?" asked the corporal, fight gleaming in his own eyes. "Fight!" responded all, and on they plunged. A man at the side of the road stopped them. "Rebels just ahead!" he said. "How far?" "Not fifty yards; around that bend."

The hour had come for which they had volunteered; the hour of revenge for Buena-Vista, and of glory. They reached the bend. Before them, trotting along leisurely, was a small

body of cavalry. Clatter, clatter on the hill-side! The Rebels turned. Deceived by the bend, or by the furious onset of the approaching party, they fancied a hundred men in pursuit. One glance sufficed. "Neck or nought!" The horses caught the fear or the spirit, and neither whip nor spur they needed as they dashed on. The Zouaves did not even rein up to fire, but fired as they galloped. Suddenly the flying party came upon a deep gully. Several of their horses fell. There was no escape. The pursuers were at their heels. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. Farley and a noted Texan ranger, a man of immense size, rolled down the bank, locked in each other's arms. The Texan cried for mercy. Farley loosed his hold, and sprang up. The Texan caught him by the legs and pulled him down again. Again there was a deadly struggle. Now one, and now the other, had his gripe on the throat of his foe. Both could never rise. Farley's hand failed. His limbs relaxed. One more blow, and the ranger would shake the dead man's hold from his massive body. Just then a bullet. The ranger released his clutch, and Farley staggered to his feet. Harrison had beaten off an assailant, when his eye fell on the struggling form of Farley, and he sent the ball which saved his comrade's life. Eight Rebels fell at this point. The remainder of the party fled on up the mountain. The scouts turned back into the road, and were engaged in binding up the wounds of Hay, when they saw the enemy returning, and in a force not less than seventy-five. One of the Dunlaps had gone for a wagon for Hay, and the scouts were now but eleven. Hay was placed on a horse and had sufficient strength to keep his seat, and to escape to the woods.

The corporal could tell no more. What had become of his comrades, he could not say. They came in, however, during the night, except two, Thomas and Hollenback, and finished the tale.

While Hay was making his escape into the woods, the remaining scouts abandoned their horses and waded to an island in the mouth of Patterson's Creek, which here flows into the Potomac. They could not have found a better position, but the odds were fearful. Eleven men on the low,

defenceless island, more than seventy on the shore. Not a bullet must fail. Not a bullet did fail. With steady eye and steady hand, the scouts aimed at every man who entered the water; and Patterson's Creek was certain death to him who was so bold as to leave the shore. But the contest was too unequal to be kept up long. The water was crossed, the island gained, and yet not won. Foot by foot, inch by inch, it was disputed in blood. It is a fearful sight, men fighting for their lives! Now teeth were set, and fists were clenched. There was firing, and stabbing, and wrestling, and swearing, and praying. There was even pity in the wild fury of this combat. "I hate to kill you, but I must," muttered a Rebel, leaning over a Zouave, with bowie-knife upraised to give the fatal blow. A ball entered the divided heart, and the lifted hand sank powerless.

Twilight came, and under its friendly cover the scouts crept through the bushes, waded the stream, and hid in the woods; all but Hollenback. He lay helpless and bleeding on the island.

The next day Hollenback's lifeless body, shockingly pierced and mutilated, was found. His appearance excited suspicion; and the woman at whose house he was found asserted that he had been murdered. He was buried with the honors of war in the old cemetery of Cumberland, on the shore of that river whose melancholy fame was just beginning.

Hollenback was dead, murdered; and no man knew what had befallen Thomas. He had been seen to fall, but the island, the road, and the woods around had been searched in vain. Perhaps he lay in some dark gorge, perhaps in the river. Perhaps the Rebels had dragged him, wounded, into imprisonment. A heavy gloom rested on the camp.

As the evening sun was sinking behind the mountains, a cry ran from lip to lip, and swelled into a glad shout of "Thomas! Thomas!" On the brow of the hill the figure of a man was thrown in strong relief against the sky. It was the lost soldier. The regiment rushed towards him, and "every man felt as if his own brother had risen from the dead!" Thomas had been knocked down by a grazing shot over the eye. Scarcely had he fallen, when a hand was on his throat.

A shot from Grover delivered him from this second danger. He crept into a thicket and remained quiet until he could, unobserved, get to the hills.

The number of the enemy killed in this encounter was surprising. The woman at whose house Hollenback was found, said twenty-three were laid out on her porch. Neighbors confirmed her statement.

Certainly it was a most remarkable skirmish, whether we consider the number of the enemy slain, or the physical strength and skill, the steadiness of hand and eye, the readiness of thought, the coolness and resolution of the Zouaves, the fiery bravery with which they made the onset, and the patient bravery with which they withstood the assault. Kelley's Island is the least among battle-fields, yet its glory is not small. Here fell the first Indiana soldier.

The Eleventh received many attentions from the good people of Cumberland, but none which they appreciated more highly than a present of a garrison-flag, — with compliments to the bravery, kindness, and courtesy of Colonel Wallace's Zouaves — and a Fourth of July dinner. In honor of the Fourth, the camp was decorated with evergreens and flowers; and the exchange of positions, which imagination sometimes attempts in society, was proposed and effected with no confusion and much amusement. Officers carried guns and walked the rounds, while privates entertained company.

July 7th, the Eleventh received orders to join General Patterson at Martinsburg, and the same evening took up the line of march. The distance, ninety-seven miles, was accomplished in four days and a half. Forty thousand United States troops were now at Martinsburg; and the larger number, deceived by the easy conquest of West Virginia, anticipated a rapid march to Richmond. The superior officers, however, who knew the difficulty of obtaining supplies, and the danger of a sudden decrease of numbers arising from the expiration of the term of enlistment, looked forward to a battle with anxiety, if not with dread. General Patterson was ordered to prevent the arrival of General Johnston with reinforcements at Manassas. He visited the

different brigades in person, represented that a battle was imminent, and urged them to stay a few days longer. Four of the nineteen regiments whose time was expiring, among them the Eleventh Indiana, came forward and announced their determination to remain, but fifteen could not be moved from their stubborn purpose to return to their homes. The fact that many men had left families unprovided for, and that their own clothing was worn out and could not be renewed, forms some slight alleviation to the disgrace of men who could march from the battle-field to the firing of the enemy's cannon.

With such a force as he could retain, and it was not small, Patterson approached Winchester, where Johnston was fortified,—approached, and stopped, and lay on his arms, while all night long the puffing of locomotives announced the departure of Rebel troops toward Manassas. He went to Charlestown, then back to Bunker Hill, and farther back to Harper's Ferry. He was not idle. In one or two warm skirmishes his advance was successful; and if marching and countermarching could have saved the battle of Manassas, then would Patterson have done his duty and won great renown. He was too far off to engage in the disastrous conflict which opened and closed on the 21st of July. Thus it happened that Indiana, in her grief for the national defeat, was spared the additional pang of recognizing her own sons among the sufferers in that strange panic which, for the hour, unmanned the noble and the brave.

The last week in July witnessed the return of the six regiments from the mountains of Virginia and the meadows of Maryland. They were engaged in no great battle in the three months' campaign; they did not suffer with heat nor with cold; they had no experience of malarious swamps and rivers, of thirsty sands, or of Southern prisons; and whatever hardships they endured were made light by the prospect of a speedy termination. The veterans, who have tramped from one end of the Republic to the other, and back again; who have besieged cities, blockaded islands, and bombarded fortresses; who have swept backward and forward, like a surging sea, upon a battle-field, not one hour, nor four, but



J. A. Morris

MAJOR GENERAL U. S. ARMY

all day and all night; may smile at the three-months' campaign, and talk of summer soldiers. But it should not be forgotten that these six regiments were among the pioneers of the war. They first sprang to arms, they first shouted the battle-cry of freedom, they first stood the shock of battle, they baptized the now truly sacred soil of Virginia with Indiana blood; and it is their dead who lead the stately but sad procession of Indiana's heroes.

The laurels won in the West Virginia campaign were not divided. The name of Morris does not occur in McClellan's reports. The nation, rejoiced in its hour of need to find a great man, did not criticise nor doubt, but confidently placed the laurel wreath upon the offered head. Morris, who, in spite of the restraint laid upon him by his slow and strategical superior, had shown himself quick, skilful, and prudent, and had won the greater part of the success unaided, made no attempt to gain public attention. He quietly withdrew to the duties of civil life. His indignant friends obtained for him at length from the seemingly unwilling Government the position of major-general, but could not induce its acceptance. As for the privates who were engaged in the three-months' campaign, hundreds of them, brave, intelligent, patient men, are still in the war, and are still privates.

CHAPTER VII.

RESPONSE TO THE SECOND CALL OF THE PRESIDENT.—TROOPS
STATIONED IN WEST VIRGINIA.

AFTER the organization of the six regiments of three-months' men, twenty-nine companies remained in Camp Morton, and sixty-eight in different parts of the State, in readiness, and begging for acceptance. Governor Morton, convinced that the President would call for additional forces, and that the State legislature, then in session, would provide by law for the organization of troops for the defence of the State, issued orders for five regiments of twelve-months' Volunteers. Camps of rendezvous were established in the following places:—Twelfth: Camp Morton, Indianapolis; Thirteenth: Camp Sullivan, Indianapolis; Fourteenth: Camp Vigo, Terre Haute; Fifteenth: Camp Tippecanoe, Lafayette; Sixteenth: Camp Wayne, Richmond.

The State legislature did more than accede to the proposition of Governor Morton. It provided for the employment of six regiments, and declared that they should be subject to the order of the Governor of the State to fill any requisition made for troops on Indiana by the President of the United States.

For the Seventeenth a camp of rendezvous was established at Camp Morton. Colonel Joseph J. Reynolds was appointed brigadier-general. General Reynolds is a citizen of Lafayette. He received his education at West Point. His name appears attached to the "Army Register of 1840," in conformity with a regulation requiring the names of five of the most distinguished cadets to be reported for this purpose at each annual examination. The legislature also made a law for the organization of the militia, and divided the militia into two classes — sedentary, and active. The sedentary militia comprised all persons liable to bear arms under the State constitution, except those enrolled in the active

militia. The active militia, called also the home legion, consisted of all such citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five as should enroll themselves and take the oath of allegiance to the United States and the State of Indiana. The State furnished these persons with arms, equipments, and ammunition, and paid the expenses of drills. When called into active service, they were to receive the same pay as corresponding grades in the United States Army. They were to provide themselves with uniforms similar to that of the United States troops, and on being taken into the service of the General Government, were to receive compensation for the cost of their uniform.

On the 3d of May the President issued a proclamation, calling for Volunteer forces to serve three years or during the war. Four regiments were assigned to Indiana, accompanied by an earnest injunction to the Governor to call for no more; or if more were already called for, to reduce the number by discharge.

The second call of the President, and also the first, were no doubt limited by the want of arms; as, while Southern traitors were occupying positions in the United States Government, the armories in the Northern States had been almost stripped, and the contents sent South. On the 19th of April, fifteen thousand muskets in Harper's Ferry Armory had been destroyed, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Confederates; and the Springfield Armory, the only other dependence, was capable of producing only about twenty-five thousand muskets annually. Much time must necessarily elapse before arms could be brought from Europe. In addition to the want of arms, the President and his Council were greatly embarrassed by the continued discovery of traitors in high places, and by the state of the treasury, which was purposely reduced to bankruptcy by the preceding administration.

In pursuance of the orders from the War Department, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth regiments were transferred to the United States service in an incomplete state. Governor Morton's policy of getting Indiana's quota for three years accepted before any attempt was made to reorganize the three-months' men, prevented the confusion that

prevailed among the Volunteers of one of the neighboring States, the Governor of which commenced to form the three-years' regiments from the three-months' troops; and had also the effect of giving to Indiana six more regiments than would otherwise have been allotted to the State. The Twelfth and Sixteenth embraced all who declined to enter the United States service for three years.

Before the close of the three months, the Thirteenth was already in the field and actively engaged. The colonel of this regiment, Jeremiah Sullivan, was a young man, little more than thirty years old, but had served some time in the navy, and learned there the importance and value of discipline,—a lesson now to be put in practice to the advantage of himself and others. He arrived in Indianapolis from Madison, and reported to Governor Morton, with a company of one hundred and two men, the Thursday after the fall of Sumter. He was appointed commandant of a post, and engaged in disciplining Volunteers, until, on the 4th of July, he left Indianapolis as Colonel of the Thirteenth. Having arrived at Buckhannon on the 8th, and the next day reached McClellan's camp, twelve miles east, the regiment was in time to join in Rosecrans's morning-walk over the rocks of Rich Mountain. In the engagement with Colonel Pegram's rear, the Thirteenth bore the hottest of the enemy's fire, and suffered loss in proportion. Seven men were killed on this their first battle-field, and just seven days after their hopeful farewell to home. They were buried with tenderness and care. Their graves were covered with green sod, and marked with slabs inscribed with name and age. A simple and transitory tribute,—but their memory will ever be kept green.

The Fourteenth and Fifteenth regiments followed in the wake of the Thirteenth as far as McClellan's camp. These two regiments were made up respectively of Volunteers from the western, southwestern, and northern portions of the State. The colonel of the Fourteenth was Nathan Kimball, a graduate of Asbury University, and a physician in Loogootee. He was a captain in the Second Indiana regiment in the Mexican War, and distinguished himself in the battle of Buena-Vista by the skill with which, during the retreat, he

brought off his men in company form, and the coolness and bravery with which he conducted them back to the battlefield, and fought with them during the day. When Colonel Bowles, who had given the disgraceful order to retreat, made his appearance at dress-parade after the court martial, the spirited captain refused to be inspected by him, and marched his men off the parade-ground. He was court-martialled for this offence, but his sword was soon returned to him.

The colonel of the Fifteenth was George D. Wagner, from Pine Village, a man of energy and nerve, who with few early advantages had made his way to a prominent place in the State Senate, and was President of the State Board of Agriculture.

During the 12th of July, all McClellan's by no means insignificant army stood ready for battle, awaiting the concerted signal,—the sound of firing from the rear of Pegram's camp. They waited in vain, and moved only when a messenger from Rosecrans brought information of the defeat and flight of the enemy. General McClellan then took up the line of march to Beverly, which place he made his head-quarters until called to a wider field. About the same time Rosecrans went towards the Kanawha, which the Rebel General Wise was threatening, and which was important as commanding the road to Cumberland Gap and to loyal East Tennessee.

The Fourteenth and Fifteenth were left almost alone guarding the Staunton turnpike from Beverly to Cheat Mountain Pass, fifteen miles east. In a few days they received a reinforcement of a company of Rangers, and a day later welcomed their new General.

General Reynolds had no staff and no body-guard. A member of General Morris's staff, Dr. Fletcher, formerly fife-major of the Sixth, expressed his desire to remain, and was at once transferred to the new General's staff, which he might be said to form, as for a while there was no other member.

The company of cavalry known as the Bracken Rangers offered itself to the General Government at the beginning of the war, under the President's call for Volunteers; and also to the State of Indiana, under an act of the legislature, passed at the extra session, held in the spring.

The policy of the General Government was not then to raise any but infantry regiments; and the State authorities declined to organize a force as provided by the act of the legislature. In the early part of June, instructions came from the War Department to have two companies of cavalry immediately organized and prepared for the field. On the receipt of these orders, Captain Bracken recruited his company, and went into Camp Murphy. Such was the enthusiasm in the formation of this company, that men too late to find a vacancy offered from ten to two hundred dollars for the situation of private.

July 19th, the company left Indianapolis. The citizens of Ohio were not yet tired of cheering, and the passage through that State was, as usual, like a triumphal procession. Although it was midnight when the train reached Dayton, thousands stood ready with a joyful greeting and more substantial evidences of consideration. At Webster, between fifty and sixty prisoners, taken at various places, were put under their charge and conducted by them to Beverly. While on the route an incident occurred showing the dangers to which travellers and trains are frequently exposed. In a narrow part of the road they met a train of wagons, and the horses attached to a wagon containing fifteen prisoners became unmanageable and plunged off the road, upsetting and dragging another wagon down the bluff. Tumbling and rolling, horses and drivers, prisoners and wagons, fell twenty feet together, without breaking a bone.

On their arrival at Beverly, the prisoners took an oath not to bear arms against the United States Government, and were released. Many of them immediately left for Staunton, some not without returning thanks for the kind treatment they had received.

The battles of Laurel Hill, Rich Mountain, and Carriek's Ford had driven the Rebels out of Western Virginia, and beyond the Cheat Mountain Range. The army of General Reynolds, being only an army of occupation, was divided into three camps, forming an almost equilateral triangle, with a mountain bridle-path forming the base line between the Elk Water and the Summit. The Staunton turnpike finds

its way through Cheat Pass; and a branch-road, connecting Huntersville on the east with Huttonville, a village of some half-dozen houses situated directly in the pass on the west, runs a few miles to the south through Elk Water Pass.

General Reynolds established his head-quarters in the field, near Huttonville, and retained at this point the Thirteenth, and nearly half the Bracken Rangers. A small detachment of the latter was sent under Lieutenant Bassett to Elk Water, with the Fifteenth. Colonel Kimball, with the Fourteenth, already had possession of the Summit. Captain Bracken, with the remainder of his company, was also sent to the Summit. The Third Ohio, and batteries, consisting in all of about fourteen guns, were about equally divided among the camps. The whole force consisted of a little more than four thousand. The Summit and Elk Water, by the wagon-road, were eighteen miles apart; Huttonville, between them, was nearer the latter.

The Bracken Rangers were not again together on duty until the following February. Being the only company of mounted men attached to the brigade during most of this time, their duty as scouts, videttes, guards, and messengers was constant, laborious, and dangerous. No expedition or reconnoissance went out from any of the camps without being accompanied by a detachment of Bracken's cavalry, generally under command of a commissioned officer. The character of the country through which they were operating made it impossible to move off the travelled road, and rendered scouting on horseback extremely dangerous. At night, if not on duty, standing picket with horse in hand or mounted, they slept in their blankets, on pine or other boughs cut for the purpose. Such was their mode of life, and such it still is.

CHAPTER VIII.

GUARDING THE MOUNTAIN PASSES.

GENERAL REYNOLDS was fully aware of the responsibility of his position, as warden of West Virginia, and he immediately fell to work at the intrenchments. Both privates and officers lustily plied spade and axe until this trinity of strongholds seemed invulnerable to any but an immensely superior force. The fortifications on the Summit were built where the road makes an abrupt descent on both sides, having no level land on top. The tall white pines, which here grow very close together, were cut down for several acres, — the branches partially lopped and stripped, and the trees arranged around the camp, with the points out. Inside of this felled timber a strong wall of logs was built, and a deep ditch dug. Breastworks were thrown across the road on either side, in a line with the fortifications, and furnished with cannon, which on the east could sweep the approach more than a mile. In the rear of the fortifications there was no opening in the forest, except, at the distance of a mile or two, an old road, long abandoned and almost forgotten. The fortifications of Elk Water spanned the valley, which was about three hundred yards wide. They consisted of a deep and wide trench, and an embankment thrown up with a regular gradation, that the men might step up, shoot, and step back to load, in entire security. At the ends of the embankment were pieces on batteries ranging diagonally across the valley. The projector was Lieutenant-Colonel Owen.

On a fair day, a veil of blue mist hangs from two massive peaks at the head of the passes, spreads over the jagged outlines, north, east, and south, and lies along the rounded western hills which guard the valley of the Tygart. A small stream, showing in its sweet, transparent water the speckled

mountain-trout and the white pebbles on its bottom, gives its name, the Elk, to the southern pass. A mile and a quarter east of the Summit, the dark cold Cheat dashes along its solitary and pine-bordered way to the Monongahela. Summer never tarries long in the mountain-valleys, and winter is always hovering over the mountain-tops. Even in August snow sometimes falls. In this cold, rugged, yet picturesque and beautiful region our soldiers were destined to remain many months. General Lee had collected Garnett's scattered forces immediately after their escape, and so added to them that in August he had an army of sixteen thousand. He fortified a position which nature had already made strong, on the Staunton road, as it ascends the Alleghanies; and sat down cautiously to watch his foes upon the mountains in his front. Lee is accredited by Pollard, the Southern historian, with a "pious horror of guerrillas." However this may be, our troops are confident that a regularly organized body of bushwhackers, numbering five hundred, was connected with his army, and that, though not acknowledged, they reported to somebody. Their leader was Jim Gum, a man whose appearance was suggestive of Lord Monboddo's theory of the origin of mankind. His matted, tangled locks, wandering eyes, and claw-like fingers,—the mournful expression which settled on his face when he was inactive,—were all like those of some wild, shy, vicious, mountain-creature.

The laurel, growing like a dense hedge close to the path and the roadside, afforded a hiding-place and safe retreat to the guerrilla. The teamster on the wagon which carried stores or mail to and from Beverly, Philippi, and Webster; the cavalry escort of an expedition sent out to buy forage; the picket at his distant post; the sentinel on duty, not out of sight of camp; fell victims to the sure aim of the stealthy murderer.

On the 9th of August, three cavalry men came dashing into the camp on the Summit, with the information, that, as they, with two other horsemen and one infantry man, were driving cattle along the Staunton road toward the Summit, they had been fired on from the bushes. Unable to turn out of the road with their horses, and unable even

to see the enemy, they had fled, leaving three of their number, bleeding, on the ground. Exactly such an incident had occurred the day but one before, except that two men instead of three had fallen. In consequence, the blast which roused the camp explained itself. With no delay, cavalry and infantry followed Colonel Kimball, and traced the steps of the returned party. They had proceeded about four miles, when they met another party, bringing to camp two prisoners taken the day before, near the place of the attack. Colonel Kimball demanded of the prisoners — a sulky, almost idiotic-looking couple — the number and whereabouts of their gang. They refused to answer, — a right which all prisoners but bushwhackers have. Colonel Kimball wasted a few words in exhortations, a few more in threats; then, exasperated beyond endurance, raised his pistol and fired. In the words of one of the Rangers, "Then and there, in questioning them, the Colonel shot one of the prisoners, in order to make him talk. After which proceeding the prisoner talked, and was immediately cared for by a surgeon." The wound was not severe. This man was a murderer, and was captured as he lay in wait for assassination. As a partisan ranger or bushwhacker, he was an outlaw. Yet the generous and conscientious Kimball would surely not have fired on an unarmed prisoner, who had not yet received a trial, had he not been greatly exasperated and excited.

A mile or two farther, the three wounded men were found lying in the road. The guerrillas had appeared, after their comrades had left, and had fired again on one, Harry Cheyne, adding a second to his already mortal wound. They were taken up and carried carefully to camp. One died that night; another in two days; the third, Harry Cheyne, lay in the hospital on the mountain, until he was carried in a litter by his comrades to Beverly, where he lingered two months, an uncomplaining sufferer. His fellow-soldiers still speak of him affectionately and sorrowfully. They repeat that he had no hard feelings towards anybody but the man who shot him after he was down.

Only where the power of the United States Government was forcibly felt, that is, only where guerrillas were seized

and punished without fail, did this sort of warfare become less prevalent.

General Lee is a strategist, disinclined to bold and dashing movements, averse to bloodshed, and fond of planning. He proposed to surround and entrap the Union troops; and to accomplish his purpose, divided his forces, sending fifteen hundred men, under Colonel Rust of Arkansas, along the road to the northern pass, while he himself crept toward Elk Water. While the former should keep the Summit engaged, the latter was to reach the rear and force the three camps, one after the other, to surrender.

As the opposing forces were daily brought nearer, reconnoitring parties frequently, and at many different points, came in contact. The immense forest, the ragged rocks, the winding course of the two roads and of the few by-paths, by obscuring an approach or an encampment, sometimes brought on unexpected engagements, and were conducive to unanticipated successes. One exhilarating day in August, a day inviting to adventure, Captain Hill of the Twenty-Fourth Ohio, which had lately been added to the little army, and Captain Thomson of the Fourteenth Indiana, left the Summit with about two hundred men, and advanced along the Staunton road two miles beyond our pickets. Here they spent the night. At dawn they renewed their march, although they were now almost within the enemy's outposts. Journeying along the still mountain road, they examined every opening and every ravine. Wherever on their return they might be cut off, they left a small force. At Hanging Rock, a dangerous point at the crossing of the Greenbrier, they left ten men, and pushed across the shallow stream with the remainder of their number, now about thirty. A drizzling rain and a heavy mist hid the mountains and obscured the valleys. They saw but a short distance before them, and came unexpectedly upon the Rebel pickets. Taking advantage of the mist, which concealed, if it did not magnify their number, they boldly attacked the pickets, drove them in, and captured three cavalry horses with equipments. They also captured a guard, quartered at a house on the roadside. Audaciously pressing onward, they turned a spur of the hill and came in

full view of a thousand or more white tents, — infantry forming in line of march, and cavalry moving in the meadow below to intercept their retreat. One glance was sufficient. The thirty-two invaders of Rebel territory turned their back to the foe, and with the steady tread of men and the rapid tramp of horses behind them, reached and passed Hanging Rock, which the ten pickets were preparing to defend from a body of cavalry approaching by another route. Suspecting an ambush, the enemy at this point stopped the pursuit.

General Lee considered the attainment of the position he had planned by far the most difficult part of his undertaking; and when, after almost incredible exertions in the ascent of precipitous heights, and almost exhausting endurance of cold, he succeeded in planting himself on both sides of Elk Water, and Colonel Rust gained the crags of Cheat, he hoped to catch in his open hand the fruits of success. The brave spirits within the mountain fortifications were not prepared to succumb, the less so as they were not aware of the immense superiority in numbers of Lee's army. Since the middle of August, reinforcements, consisting of the Seventeenth Indiana and several Ohio regiments, had been received. General Reynolds now moved his head-quarters and all his available force to Elk Water, and prepared for a vigorous defence. The troops had every confidence in their General, their cause, and themselves, and saw the gathering and thickening dangers with delight.

During the second week in September, the mountains swarmed with Confederates. They were in front and in the rear; to the right and to the left. General Reynolds kept up constant skirmishing, kept men sleeping in the trenches, and the Rangers with their horses saddled and bridled.

September 8th, Sunday, Lieutenant-Colonel Owen, with two hundred and twenty-five infantry and four dragoons, to be used as messengers, was ordered by Colonel Wagner to proceed along the turnpike until he should meet the enemy, but to bring on no general engagement. The first night one half of the command slept on their arms, while the other half kept guard. They made no fires and preserved entire silence. Before daylight, they resumed their advance. They

carefully examined both sides of the road; nevertheless they came so suddenly and so close upon a troop of Confederates, that a private of the Fifteenth, almost before he was aware, was engaged in a hand-to-hand scuffle. It was impossible to avoid an engagement, and Colonel Owen ordered his men to fire by sections, then to countermarch, re-form, and load in the rear. A brisk but brief action followed. A number of prisoners was taken. Not a man was lost. The prisoners represented their camp to consist of eight thousand men.

Monday, Colonel Wagner ordered Captain Templeton, of the Fifteenth, to advance with two companies eight miles along the Huntersville road, and hold a point four miles from the enemy's camp. Major Christopher of the Sixth Ohio, with a hundred men, was placed in the rear, as a support. Wednesday morning, Captain Templeton's pickets were driven in. He sent for reinforcements. Colonel Wagner immediately sent the left wing of the Fifteenth, with Major Wood, and orders still to hold the position; but when in a short time a scout, who had been posted three miles to the east, reported a column of two thousand moving with the evident intention of cutting off Captain Templeton and Major Christopher, Colonel Wagner sent orders for the entire force to fall back instantly.

Wednesday night, Captain Coon, of the Fourteenth, was ordered to guard the bridle-path leading from Cheat Summit to Elk Water, a distance of seven miles. Taking with him sixty men, he left the sleeping camp on the Summit and proceeded down the mountain. Near midnight, finding the darkness so great as to render the woods impenetrable, the scouts bivouacked; but rousing at dawn, they set about their duty. During the same night General Lee had thrown into these same woods three regiments; and Colonel Rust, from his position in front, two regiments. These were now making their way to the right and rear of Cheat Mountain, and by this time were on every side of Captain Coon's company of scouts. Nothing however suggested danger, except the aspect of a farm-house, which, although known to be occupied the day before, was now closed and deserted. Cap-

tain Coon halted and sent two men forward. They returned and reported traces of six horses. A corporal, with four men, was immediately sent to reconnoitre more closely. The little squad crossed a narrow meadow, entered a wood, and commenced ascending a hill, before either sight or sound occurred to confirm suspicion. When half-way up the height, a salute of twenty or thirty muskets gave the required intelligence, brought the squad to a stand, and started Captain Coon forward. Several hundred muskets from the rocks above forced a retreat behind the steep bank of a small stream. From this shelter, Captain Coon and his company fired for a short time in safety, and with great effect; but by the threat of a flanking movement on the part of the enemy, they were driven back to several piles of logs. Here again there was a stand, and hot firing; again there was a threatened flanking movement, and again a retreat.

The great body of the Rebels, following the deserted road, had unobserved come between the Summit and the outposts, and concealed themselves within a few feet of the highway, waiting for sufficient light to enable them to make an attack. Not half a mile from camp they seized the supply-train, which left every morning at daylight and returned every afternoon with provisions. Shortly after, a single Ranger, going to his post, discovered the train without drivers and horses, and gave the alarm. Colonel Kimball, with twenty officers and two companies of the Fourteenth, Captains Williamson and Brooks, repaired to the spot to reconnoitre. Discovering the enemy, yet unconscious of his strength, he opened fire. He soon saw that he was opposed by a very large number; nevertheless he ordered his men to hold their ground, and had the pleasure of seeing the whole force of the enemy throw aside guns, clothing, and everything that impeded progress, and fly. Small scouting parties, at different points, engaged the enemy under the same misunderstanding as to numbers. The boldness of these little parties misled the Confederates. They supposed themselves discovered, and were the more easily intimidated.

Meantime Captain Higgins, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, with ninety men, was out in search of Captain Coon. While

pressing through the woods they received a volley from a hundred guns. Two or three volleys were exchanged; but Major Harrow, of the Fourteenth, coming up with two companies, and learning from prisoners the number in front, drew in the men and posted them, as advance guard, two miles nearer camp. Late in the day, Captain Coon and the larger portion of his men came in. They were torn and scratched by briars, and wet from wading numerous streams. They had been almost throttled by vines, had lost their hats and their shoes, and bore in their whole appearance evidence that they had barely escaped with their lives. Their comrades, now fully aware of the dangers they had endured and had escaped, greeted them with cheers and even tears of surprise and joy.

Lieutenant Junod, Company E, Fourteenth Indiana, at a picket station east of the Summit, with a force of thirty-five men, was attacked by five hundred. Junod was killed; as was also a private, George Winder. All the others escaped. One saved himself by throwing up his hands and falling as if lifeless.

In another warm engagement on the west, thirty were able to keep a position against several thousand. The same day, Thursday, early in the morning, General Reynolds despatched Britz and Pulver, two of the Bracken Rangers, and a telegraphic operator, with orders to Colonel Kimball. Not more than a mile from Elk Water, the messengers were warned by pickets of hidden danger along the bridle-path. Glimpses of horses, tied in thickets, confirmed report and suspicion; but Britz, who carried the despatches, was resolved to proceed. His comrades contended that to return would be in accordance with orders. Britz would hear no argument. "Go back, if you will," he said, "but the first obstacle shall not turn me from what I have undertaken. I'll go on if it cost me my life!" With that, he put spurs to his horse, and the spirited animal sprang up the broken path. Unwilling to desert their daring comrade, yet unwilling to proceed, the others followed more slowly. Suddenly the sound of rifles from behind the thickets! Rifles of the unseen foe! The bold Britz fell, shot through the head, and dead on the instant.

In turning, the telegrapher's horse stumbled and rolled down a steep declivity, crashing through bush and brier at least a hundred feet. Two days after, the man came into camp, unhurt.

Alarmed for the safety of Colonel Kimball, General Reynolds determined to force communication with the Summit, and he ordered the Second Virginia and the Third Ohio to cut their way by the path, and the Thirteenth to do the same by the road. The two commands started at three on Tuesday morning. They met with no opposition, and arrived at the Summit to find the camp rejoicing over the repulse of what was supposed to be mere reconnoitring parties.

On this same day, Captain Stough, of the Nineteenth, had a sharp engagement with a small number of horsemen, and carried from the field the body of an officer shot by Sergeant Lieber. That dead officer was a handsome man; but it was not his robust beauty and strength, lying in the helplessness of death, that hushed the group gathered around him in camp; it was his name—Washington. The dead man was John A. Washington, who made the burial-place of the Father of his Country a thing of merchandise. His treason was in accordance with his character, yet it was not in accordance with the laws of nature:—

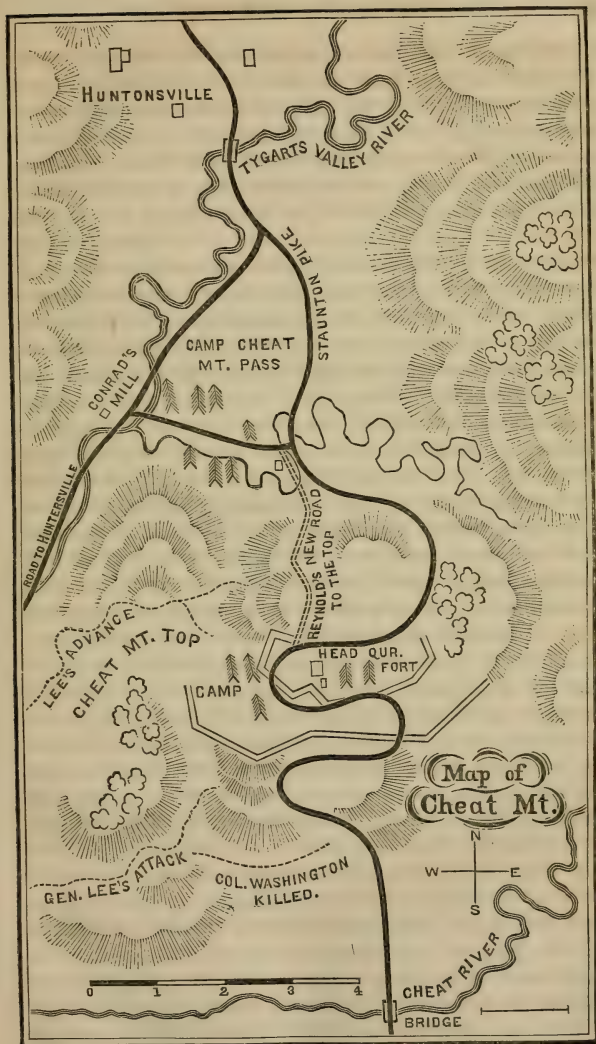
..... "For not at once
Begets a house, a demigod, or monster;
Only a line of evil or of noble
Brings forth at last the wretch to curse, or him
Who showers blessings." *

Men, rough in speech and thought, were conscious of the unfitness of his name. "What will George say to John when he goes up?" one asked of a comrade. "John will never go up," replied the other, gravely.

Saturday and Sunday very strong forces attempted flank

* "Denn es erzeugt nicht gleich
Ein Haus den Halbgott noch das Ungeheuer;
Erst eine Reihe Böser oder Guter
Bringt endlich das Entsetzen, bringt die Freude
Der Welt hervor."

Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris.





movements, but with no better success than on the preceding day. General Lee then gathered up his troops and retired, his rear completely routed on the retreat by the Thirteenth Indiana. The roads were left full of knapsacks, guns, and other proofs of the fatigue and alarm of the Confederates.

Seldom has a plan, so well laid as that of General Lee, so well and boldly carried out to the very last stage, failed so completely.

The mountains were climbed, the rear of the Union camps was gained; the camps were surrounded, and attacked repeatedly from every quarter. Lee's force was overwhelming in numbers; yet he could find no vulnerable point, and did not succeed in gaining a single salute from the batteries within the intrenchments. The communication between the camps was obstructed but one day. His failure was no discredit to him. It was due alone to the sleepless vigilance of General Reynolds and his officers, and the number and the daring of the scouting parties. Meeting armed men at every turn and at every step of advance, the Confederates imagined their number discovered, and their enemy in force; while the Federal troops in almost every instance supposed themselves engaging small scouting parties, and were rejoiced rather than elated at the series of victories.

Colonel Kimball had lost popularity since he had been among the mountains, from an unfortunate use of the word "machine," which, in insisting upon the necessity of discipline, he had applied to the soldier. To the Volunteer, fresh from the unrestrained and independent life of the American citizen, the term was suggestive only of the slavish life and character of the European soldier, and was, in consequence, inexpressibly distasteful. Probably no overt act on the part of one in authority, and certainly no word, could have been equally offensive. But in the hour of danger, Colonel Kimball showed himself so skilful in plan, so prompt in action, so watchful, so brave, and so regardless of his own comfort and safety, that the Volunteers, as generous in acknowledging merit as they were jealous of an invasion of personal dignity, not only forgave the obnoxious term, but gave to the Colonel the most hearty admiration and confidence.

Our loss in the engagements was singularly small — nine killed, two missing, and sixty prisoners. The killed from Indiana, besides those already mentioned, were two of the Fourteenth and two of the Fifteenth.

The ambulance, sent to bring in the remains of Junod and Winder, returned empty; the affectionate sharers of their danger insisting on carrying the dead in their arms.

The funeral ceremonies were performed the day of Lee's retreat. The scene was solemn and was rendered peculiarly impressive by the unusual circumstances and surroundings, — the tall dark firs and hoary rocks, the piercing wail of the trumpet and fife, the parting salute over the graves, and above all that strange feeling of nearness to the Unseen, which comes oftener and more thrillingly to the sojourner on the mountain-top than to the inhabitant of the plain.

Successful as was General Reynolds's repulse of Lee, he was convinced of the necessity of reinforcements, and earnestly represented his need to Governor Morton and to the War Department. Without waiting for orders from the Department, Governor Morton immediately sent to his aid the Seventh and Ninth Indiana, which were barely organized. When Milroy received orders to move, the regiment was not full, but he obtained permission to complete the number from the Twenty-eighth Indiana, which was recruiting at the same place. Orders from the War Department came the day after the regiments left.

During the latter part of September and the first of October, the light showers, common to all mountain regions, gave place to furious storms. Quiet brooks, which in summer wind their rippling way around the rocks, and gently wash the bared roots of pine and oak, now tore rocks and trees from their foothold or dashed over them, sweeping along every less firm obstacle. Summer breezes became roaring, howling, shrieking blasts. The motionless mist was swept away by a dull, driving army of clouds.

The night of September 27th was fearful. Rain fell in torrents. The blast through the narrow gorge of Elk Water was like the pealing of a gigantic trumpet. The trembling tents started from their foundations. The Elk rose, and

dashed down a great part of the fortifications, and threatened to carry away blankets, clothing, and men.

None were so exposed in these autumn storms as the pickets at their distant and solitary posts. A little party of soldiers sometimes watched for days together in some untravelled bridle-path or on some ledge of rocks, where the stillness of day was not less than that of night, and was never broken except by the rattle of the creeping snake, the stealthy step of the mountain-fox, or the cry of some more savage animal. The squirrel and rabbit live in milder regions; birds also seek a warmer climate. There could be few severer tests of physical courage than the dreary beat of these distant sentinels. One night, a single Ranger was riding along the mountain, through a forest which added its shade to the darkness of a moonless and cloudy sky. Unable to see, and therefore unable to pick his way, he proceeded slowly, his horse's hoofs, now crushing a dead limb, now starting a loose stone, alone breaking the stillness. Suddenly a rustle, a gleam, the quick springing and trampling of feet! Almost before the thought of bushwhackers could form itself, a line of motionless figures stood before him. That creeping, icy terror, which in a moment of awful danger is not unknown to the stoutest heart, froze his blood. He waited the deadly click of the rifle. A minute, and no sound; another, still no sound. Then, to the equal amazement and relief of horseman and horse, the foe turned, and swiftly leaping back into the forest, revealed a body of startled deer.

The storms of September converted the turnpikes into long and deep stretches of mud; and wagons were three and even four days coming from Webster, fifty miles, whence all army stores and mail-matter were brought. Government horses suffered sadly, drivers, in their impatience, neglecting alike the dictates of humanity and honesty.

With the first week of October, the storms passed away; and the sun—shining over forests lighted up with the glorious hues of autumn, the dying leaf only the more brilliant from its proximity to the fadeless needle of the evergreen—revealed a magnificence double that of summer.

During the summer and the greater part of the fall, the

troops suffered for want of proper clothing. They had scarcely built their fortifications before they felt the necessity of a warmer dress, July though it was. General Reynolds sent a requisition for overcoats, but it received no attention. A second requisition met with no better success. He applied to Governor Morton, but it was long before even Governor Morton was able to elicit anything but despatches from neglectful officials. Agents asserted that clothing had been bought; clothiers, that it had been sold; railroad-men, that it had passed over the road. The information and reports seemed satisfactory and accurate. But no clothing reached the Cheat Mountains, and no railroad official could ever trace its route. Three messengers, sent on an exploring expedition, returned unsuccessful. A fourth, while burrowing in a warehouse on the Kanawha, to his surprise and delight, came upon several boxes of United States uniforms. They had been soaked in a freshet, and had lain until they had rotted, and were now useless. But the discovery added the impetus of hope to the search. More boxes were found. Yet thousands of suits were not discovered and not accounted for. Though there never has been an exposure of all the circumstances, it is certain that greedy men caused much suffering to our faithful and patient soldiers that summer and fall.

During the search and investigation, the Volunteers continued their acquaintance with mountain breezes and storms, their tatters flying like flags, their blue fingers showing the grip of ague, and their bare feet steadily pursuing the guard's rough round. Not until November was passing into December did rags yield to whole and comfortable garments. He who would rob our Government or our soldiers, is capable of any crime, and incapable of any virtue.

General Lee went to the Kanawha region, immediately after his unsuccessful attempt upon the Federal fortifications, and left General H. R. Jackson with a large force strongly intrenched ten or twelve miles southeast of Cheat Mountain Summit, on a series of natural terraces, which form the slope of one of the Alleghany Mountains, and which offer an extraordinarily advantageous position for defence. The valley at

the base of this slope is almost oval in form, encircled by hills, and terminated at the northwest extremity by the Cheat Mountain, on the Summit of which had so long been Colonel Kimball's head-quarters. Its width varies from two miles to half a mile; its direct length, from the foot of one range to the foot of the other, is little more than six miles. At the base of the Cheat the road crosses a branch of the Greenbrier; at the foot of the Alleghany it crosses the Greenbrier. On the road at the river-crossing stood a tavern called the "Traveler's Repose," and at a little distance a mill. The fortifications began immediately behind these houses, the mill-race serving as a moat for parts of two sides, and extended into the forest which crowned the Summit and which stretched down to the water's edge, completely concealing a great part of the defences, especially on the left flank. Particulars in regard to the position and strength of this camp, called Camp Bartow, were unknown to General Reynolds, and, as the valley was held by Rebel pickets, their line extending to the very base of the Cheat, could be obtained only by a reconnoissance in force.

In consequence, he determined, in the latter part of September, to make an armed reconnoissance, and sent the Ninth and Fifteenth in advance from Elk Water to the Summit. The commencement of the expedition was not auspicious. Having been ordered not to encumber themselves with baggage, the men were without tents, and, during four days' detention on the bleak Summit, were exposed, entirely unsheltered, to fiercely inclement weather. Crouching amid rocks and brush, in water and mud, they endured a rain which poured down forty-eight hours without a moment's cessation. The cold was so bitter, and the want of sleep so exhausting, that some of those brave and patient men, uninured as they yet were to hardship, wept like children; and the officers, Milroy especially, full of affectionate concern and sympathy, often felt their own eyes blinded with tears during those terrible hours. A number sank under the exposure and were carried to the hospital. The suffering was not confined to the men, — several horses and mules died from the cold.

At midnight of October 2d, the movement towards Green-

brier began. The force consisted of about five thousand: three Ohio regiments, two batteries, and a part of a third; three cavalry companies, Bracken's Indiana, Greenfield's Pennsylvania, and Robinson's Ohio; and the Seventh, Ninth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Indiana. The four last-named regiments had been greatly reduced by exposure, hard service, and sickness. In September, when Lee made his onset, the few sick threw down their blankets, snatched up their guns, and ran from the hospitals to the ranks; but now about half the men, as they were roused at midnight, lay and listened to the heavy tread of the departing force with only a languid interest. The Ninth led the advance. The night was dark. The march was in silence, except when trees had to be chopped from the road. At daylight they arrived at the bridge over the north branch of the Greenbrier, about four miles from the Confederate Camp. A lively skirmish took place here between Confederate pickets and two companies of the advance. One of the Ninth was killed, and another slightly wounded. The pickets retreated rapidly; and the Ninth dashed after them, not stopping until ordered to halt, within two miles of the Rebel camp, for the artillery.

The front of Camp Bartow was hidden from view by a densely wooded hillock, which in its thickets now sheltered between six and eight hundred of the enemy. Colonel Kimball was ordered to clear a place on this knoll for Loomis's Battery, Colonel Milroy and Colonel Dumont to march along the river to the right, and be prepared to give assistance if needed. With a shout, the ragged Fourteenth rushed up the hill-side. A warm contest ensued. The Confederates fought with a spirit they had not before shown, and yielded the ground only as they were driven. The Ninth and Seventh pouring on their flank, they were forced to the left, their own right, and back to their fortifications.

Within about seven hundred yards of the intrenchments, the National troops halted, and throwing themselves on their faces, lay nearly an hour, while an artillery duel took place over them. It was a singular situation, at least for raw troops, — Loomis and Howe and Daum in their rear, Confed-

erate cannon booming in their front, the mountains echoing the hollow roar of guns and multiplying the shrill shriek of shells. Yet in spite of novelty, tumult, and danger, some of the men were so weary that they fell asleep.

During the hottest of the firing, rockets were observed to go up from the camp; and soon after reinforcements of perhaps five thousand were seen coming down the road behind the enemy. General Reynolds, who stood on a knoll in a line with the batteries, was able to observe the movements of both armies without a glass. He thought the Confederate force, before the arrival of the reinforcements, amounted to about five thousand; and he did not consider it prudent to continue the attack, especially as he had gained the information he desired. But some appearance on the part of the enemy of a movement on our left flank, and the urgent entreaty of the officers who surrounded him, induced General Reynolds to give orders for an attack on the enemy's right. For this purpose the troops supporting the batteries were hastily summoned; and the Rebel troops were met by the Seventh, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Indiana, and the Twenty-fourth Ohio. The Seventh, a raw regiment, which had as yet scarcely heard the sound of cannon, was put in the van, and received a furious storm of balls. Some say it hesitated, others, authority as good, assert that it not only held its ground, but advanced. Certainly it did not run; and when, after a short but fierce contest, orders to retire were given, the Seventh, as well as the other regiments engaged, retreated in good order.

The desire to resume the attack was loudly and universally expressed, but the orders were peremptory, and the troops were obliged to turn their back to the enemy. They marched away slowly and sullenly, the Ninth bringing up the rear, and burning with indignation as cannon-balls and traitor cheers were hurled after them. They seized every pretext for lingering, in the hope of being pursued and forced into a decisive engagement. But the Confederates could not be enticed from their stronghold, and the Union troops reached Cheat Mountain Summit in safety and unmolested. They had marched twenty-four miles, and had been under fire four hours.

The National loss was nine killed, six of these were Indians ; thirty-two wounded, — an extremely small loss for so severe a combat. It is affecting to see in the list of the killed, after the name of J. Urner Price, a member of the Fourteenth, the simple remark, " He died a Christian as he had lived one."

The Confederates had three guns disabled, and lost, according to their own account, fifty men. General Reynolds, whose estimation of numbers is always very moderate, reckoned their loss over two hundred.

On the return the Seventh discovered, to its consternation, that its banner was missing. The color-bearer, called to account, was obliged to confess, that, when the troops supporting the batteries were ordered to throw themselves on the ground, he had put the banner, for safe-keeping, in a fence-corner, or against a tree, and having fallen asleep, had forgotten it when roused to join in the attack on the enemy's right.

This ridiculous incident gave to the Seventh the title of Banner Regiment, — a title given in mockery, and received in some mortification, but fitting to be worn now in all honor by the men who fought at Port Republic. The battle of Greenbrier closed the campaign.

Milroy had been appointed Brigadier-General, September 3d ; but a brigade was not assigned to him until the second week in October, when he was given the command of the brigade at Cheat Summit. He at once commenced an active system of daily scouting, particularly in the direction of Greenbrier, which place he supposed General Reynolds would attack again. Milroy's scouts several times passed around Greenbrier Camp, and had skirmishes with the Rebels on all sides of the fortifications. The enemy began to think their position unsafe, especially as Jackson, who had now withdrawn from the Cheat Mountain region, had greatly diminished their number ; and they fell back nine miles, to a point on the Alleghanies, which they strongly fortified.

General Milroy, with a portion of his forces, followed them up the day after they fell back ; he found a large amount of camp equipage about the deserted fortifications, with several pugnacious epistles addressed to him and his troops. He followed to the immediate vicinity of Alleghany Summit,

where he captured a Georgia soldier, from whom he learned the situation and strength of the forces there.

General Milroy gave his personal attention to every duty, and frequently hastened a lingering job with the strength and skill of his own arm. On one occasion, thinking that his men were long in repairing a bridge, he got off his horse and went into the water up to his waist, to assist in arranging the logs. While he was at this work, a teamster came along and commenced cursing the men for their tardiness. The General looked up and said, "You look pretty stout; suppose you give us a lift." "See you damned first!" was the surly reply. "Look here," said the General, "if you give us any more of your abuse, I'll come up there and pummel your head with a stone." The teamster went on, and soon met with an acquaintance of whom he inquired, "Who is that gray-headed cuss back there at the bridge? He's mighty sassy." "Why!" exclaimed the acquaintance, "that's our Old Gray Eagle!" The teamster, who already had had some misgivings, returned to apologize.

Much time was spent in building substantial cabins. The sound of the axe and the saw, accompanied by joke and song, enlivened the forest, and gave promise of comfort to the coming winter. The last week in October the troops were inspected by Major Slemmer, of Fort Pickens' fame. He gave them high praise, not only for the cleanliness of their camps and clothes, and for the brightness of their arms, but for the superiority of their discipline. He ranked them among the best drilled in the service.

October 28th, the Thirteenth left camp on a reconnoitring expedition through the southern part of Randolph, and through Webster county. They took no baggage, carried their provisions, which consisted of four days' rations, on mules, and were prepared with axes to chop their way. They plunged, almost at once, into a pathless wilderness, through which they were five days journeying. They were frequently obliged to cut a passage through dense thickets; and once could find no place for their feet except in the bed of the Holly, which they traversed eight miles. They slept nightly on beds of moss, which were softer than the finest mattresses,

but saturated with rain. The 1st of November, at noon, while they were at the foot of a steep mountain covered with trees and underbrush, a heavy volley was poured on them from above. Two companies immediately charged up the mountain, although no enemy was visible. They soon discovered the ambush, and drove the enemy back about three hundred yards. At this distance the Rebels rallied, and again seeking shelter, continued the fight for a very short time, when they fled. The Thirteenth, being already weary with a march of eighteen miles, encamped on the spot for the night. Beyond the Little Kanawha they discovered a block-house, evidently newly built. They approached with some caution, but found, to their surprise and delight, that the garrison, consisting of nearly a hundred, was loyal. The mountaineers of the region, who were faithful to the Government, had found it necessary to defend themselves from the Moccasin Rangers, a military company sworn to exterminate Union citizens, and had just finished the fort, in which they expected to find protection until they could call for and receive assistance. The spectacle of sturdy patriotism afforded by these honest mountaineers repaid the soldiers for many a weary mile; and the hearty sympathy and admiration they bestowed was not less grateful to the Virginians. They met and parted with the cordiality of brothers.

The Thirteenth took the Rebel mail, on the line of communication between two portions of the Rebel Army, a large quantity of Confederate money, and thirteen rancorous Secessionists, four of whom were bushwhacking at the time of their capture. The remaining seven belonged to the military company of which mention has already been made. The prisoners were preposterous specimens of humanity, savage and snaky, like Indians, — but stupid in countenance, drawling in speech, lathy in form, and dangling in movement. They evinced no distress, nor anxiety, nor curiosity, nor regret. They seemed passionless, yet they had shown themselves fearfully blood-thirsty.

The Thirteenth reached camp, hungry, haggard, and dilapidated, but well satisfied with having explored in nine days one hundred and eighty miles of the wildest region in West Virginia.

General Reynolds and the larger number of his troops were ordered to leave West Virginia about the first of December. General Milroy was put in command of Cheat Mountain district, embracing the posts of Beverly, Huttonville, Elk Water, and Cheat Mountain; and one regiment was assigned to each post. Being left to himself, with the Ninth Indiana, the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-second Ohio, Second Virginia, and Bracken's Cavalry, Milroy immediately commenced preparations to attack the Rebel works at Alleghany Summit. The Thirteenth Indiana, although under orders to leave, had not yet left Beverly on the 12th of December; and General Reynolds, who was also still at Beverly, sent up about three hundred of the Thirteenth, and one hundred of the Thirty-second Ohio. These, with the Ninth Indiana, (five hundred,) Twenty-fifth Ohio, (four hundred,) Second Virginia, (two hundred and fifty,) and about thirty of the Rangers, moved on the 12th toward the Confederate camp. At Greenbrier, the old Camp Bartow, about eleven o'clock at night, Milroy divided his forces, and sent Colonel Moody with the Ninth and the Second Virginia to make a *détour* to the right for the purpose of reaching the left flank of the Rebels, which commanded the Staunton turnpike. Milroy left Greenbrier about an hour after Colonel Moody, and going on the direct road, reached the vicinity of the Confederate works about daylight, a little later than the concerted time of attack.

He sent his detachment to the left up the hill. At the top they fell in with a strong picket-guard, which they endeavored to capture, to prevent discovery, as they were directed to remain in the woods until they heard firing from Moody, at the other side of the camp. A part of the pickets escaped and gave the alarm; and when Milroy's detachment emerged from the woods, it was met by the whole Confederate force, about two thousand strong. After a desperate engagement of about half an hour, the enemy was driven into his works, which consisted of huts, built so that they formed fortifications with a hollow square. Milroy's men charged gallantly in after them, and for a time held part of their works. They were forced back, but repulsed the Rebels with great loss to

them every time they attempted to advance beyond their works. The fight was thus kept up until the Union troops had no more ammunition, and hearing nothing of Colonel Moody on the other side, became discouraged. General Milroy was reluctantly compelled to retire from the conflict. He carried with him his wounded, and thirty prisoners, and retired in good order.

Scarcely had Milroy reached the base of the hill, when Moody arrived at the top on the other side. He had been detained, first by the wretched nature of the roads, afterwards by obstructions of trees and brush. Near the camp the obstructions were so great, it was almost impossible to advance. The sound of cannon seemed to restore the exhausted strength of his men. They made their way over breastworks and through ditches until the very last line was reached. There they fought four hours with fiery and desperate energy, but neither the valor nor skill of so small a force could avail against the whole Confederate power massed at this point; and baffled, overcome, they were at last obliged to turn and retreat.

Could Colonel Moody have attacked simultaneously with Milroy, there is little doubt that the assault would have been a complete success. As it was, it was a melancholy, an utter failure.

Costly blood sprinkled that Rebel hill; and not the least precious was that of Joseph Gordon, a beautiful, brave youth, whose culture, talent, and lofty aspirations gave promise of a noble career. Shot in the forehead, he fell almost at the cabins of the enemy, and while his clear, young voice, calling to his comrades to "Come on!" was still ringing through the woods.

The number of National troops killed was twenty-four; wounded, one hundred and seven; missing, ten. The exact amount of the enemy's loss is not known.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BRACKEN RANGERS.

DURING the months of August and September Bracken's Rangers were employed night and day, — nearly all the time on half rations, seldom on full, frequently without any. Hay was furnished as it could be procured in the neighborhood; corn and oats from Webster by wagon, a distance of over fifty miles. Early in October they were sent to Beverly to rest and to pasture the horses. In November they were recalled, excepting a small number, and scattered about among the different posts. Those remaining in Beverly had the county jail — a large, comfortable, two-story brick building — assigned them as winter-quarters. They had charge of the prisoners captured, conveying them from time to time to Grafton, for transportation to prison at Columbus, Ohio. This duty was severe, as it was performed in midwinter, when the roads were almost impassable. A progress of a mile an hour was "on time." When from necessity the speed was increased to a mile and a half an hour, both prisoners and guard suffered and complained.

The efforts of the members of the company to be Rangers not only in name but in fact, fully succeeded. They were to be found wherever there was "forage and rations," and sometimes where there was neither. They made an unusual number of acquaintances. Even the Secesh girls, who had "cousins" in the Rebel Army, did not hesitate to give them a bright smile. This happy disposition to wander led to the discovery of the hiding-places of wild turkeys, geese, ducks, and such other animals as are accustomed to make sudden attacks on soldiers, biting them severely. Their quarters, New-Year's eve, were filled with these dangerous animals, the Rangers intending to guard them till high noon, when they would take ample satisfaction for all past sufferings. But

the General had prepared a different feast. Daylight found them mounted, their horses' heads turned southward toward their old camping-ground at Huttonville.

An expedition had been planned against Huntersville, a rendezvous and depot of supplies for the Rebel Army and guerrillas. Detachments from the Second Virginia, Twenty-fifth Ohio, Bracken's Cavalry (under Lieutenant Delzell), in all six hundred men, under the command of Major Webster, of the Twenty-fifth Ohio, formed the expedition. They encamped that night at Big Spring, — so named from one of the large and beautiful springs common in these mountains. No one in that command will forget the darkness of that night, or the terrible wind which swept down the mountain gorges.

Taking a soldier's breakfast, the troops pushed on, not only success but their safety depending upon their reaching Huntersville before reinforcements could be sent there. The second night they encamped at the commencement of a blockade of the road made by Lee's army on its retreat from Elk Water the previous September. It was formed of felled trees, was a mile in extent, and in some places twenty feet high. It formed a complete defence, impassable even to a footman. Gathering pine boughs for beds, the troops clustered around the fires which lighted the gloomy aisles of the pine forest. The Rangers, as usual, faring better than their comrades, had saddles for pillows. Leaving the wagons the next morning, they scaled the mountain sides, the cavalry horses being led over untrodden paths. By ten o'clock they had reached the open road. At the bridge over Greenbrier River, the enemy was first discovered in strong works, prepared to dispute the passage; but the cavalry fording the river above the bridge, the enemy fled without firing a gun.

Major Webster pushed on to Huntersville, six miles distant, meeting with no resistance, until reaching the valley in which the town is situated. The Rebels, strongly posted, opened fire upon the advancing troops, who instantly formed into line and charged into town. The Rebels retreated. It was but the work of an hour to destroy the village and a large amount of army stores. Major Webster immediately

started on his return. He reached camp the seventh day, without the loss of a man.

The Rangers resumed their usual occupation of scouting, guarding prisoners, and carrying messages, when Captain Bracken was ordered to proceed, *via* Buckhannon and Clarksburg, to Parkersburg. The place was reached about the first of February. Comfortable quarters and sufficient forage were for the first time furnished the horses.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO SCOUTS. BY W. B. F.

ON the morning of the 26th of July, General Reynolds and staff left the little town of Webster, and took up the line of march southward along the Staunton 'pike. The day was hot and dusty. A few straggling soldiers were found along the road,—and occasionally an army-wagon came lumbering down the hills. One day's rations in our haversacks prevented our stopping by the way for dinner. So we rode steadily onward till we came to Philippi, where Clark and I called upon some of our old acquaintances, who were much surprised to see us, as they had bidden us good-bye only a few days before, expecting never to see us again. We told them that we had made up our minds to serve under the new General during the war. Philippi had resumed its business-looks, and we passed through, going on some six miles, and reached our camp on the farm of Mr. Thompson, — or the Half-way House, as it is called, being half-way between Philippi and Bealington.

Early in the morning, as we were striking tents, Old Thompson came down and presented a bill of ten dollars for camping on his farm. General Reynolds asked if he was a Union man. He said he was; but nevertheless demanded damages for our lodgings; and received a damning at the hands of Captain Keyes of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry who was acting as escort to the General.

We resumed our march, stopping a few moments at Eliott's, and at the old Rebel camp at Laurel Hill, where we took in a stranger, who proved to be Larz Anderson, brother of Major Anderson, (of Fort Sumter,) who was going to Beverly to see his sons, who were in the Sixth Ohio. We had quite a pleasant ride over a good road, through a picturesque country, not thickly inhabited, and at four P. M. arrived

at Beverly, where we made a halt of an hour, while General Reynolds gave some orders. Here we found the Sixth Ohio and First Virginia regiments, and Bracken's Indiana Cavalry.

About five we started on southward, crossing and recrossing Tygart's Valley River, which grows smaller continually and more crooked, and more cramped in among the mountains. The scenery was grand and imposing. The narrow valley was locked in by mountain barriers, which seemed piled up, roll upon roll, away into the blue mists of the summer evening. We advanced along narrow passes, turned and crossed the river repeatedly, — and went on, — locked in by steeper, more wild and wrangled heaps of land and rock and woods: such was the journey on to Huttonsville.

Huttonsville consists of a bridge, a barn, storehouse, mansion, and stable, — all but the bridge belonging to Mr. Hutton. Crossing the river, and proceeding some three miles, we come to what seems the end of the valley, where we see in the twilight the flickering of a thousand camp-fires. We pass the sentinel, cross Tygart's Valley River once more, and find ourselves in camp at Cheat Mountain Pass. We ride down the clean wide streets, and halt before the tent of Colonel Sullivan, Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, where we dismount from our weary horses, and partake of the Colonel's coffee; and after listening to the band which serenade our General, we roll ourselves up in our blankets, and are soon dreaming as only a tired soldier can dream.

July 28th, we were up early, trying to draw rations for our men; but General Sleigh, who was then in command, would not sign a requisition. In fact, he would n't "attend to any d—d business" before nine in the morning. I did not feel like waiting for General Sleigh that long. I knew General Reynolds would take command that day, so I informed him what my opinion was of a young General who would lie there in his tent and keep fifty men hungry. He swore he would have that fool arrested, but did n't come out of his tent. I went to a wagon and took what provisions were needed, and at last we had our breakfast. In looking around the camp, I found several Indiana boys, all looking well and full of life.

Camp Cheat Mountain Pass seemed shut in from all the world, for the mountains, with their tops lost in the cloudy mist, stand up on every side.



On the east side of the camp was the pass out of the valley. Upon the highest peak, from the tallest pine-tree, waved the Stars and Stripes.

On the 28th, by order of General Reynolds, Clark, Johnston, and myself explored the mountains on the east, to find if it was possible for the enemy to make any approach from that side. We found this wilderness of woods uninhabited and inaccessible, except to deer and bear, or the most energetic scouts.

In the evening I examined a few men who resided southward among the mountains, and who were fleeing from the Rebels, as Union men. I drew from their description a map, giving every house, and the name and supposed sentiments of the inhabitants.

On the morning of the 29th of July, General Reynolds and staff went up the mountain to the camp and fortifications situated on the top. The day was very pleasant. The road is good, — winding, serpent-like, up the mountain-side. Large trees, overhanging, shut out the sky above, and looking downward, we see tree-tops pointing upward to us. We can see the camp of Cheat Mountain Pass, like a map, in the valley. The river winds away into the hidden passes that give it outlet to the country beyond. The flag which, at the pass, seemed so high above us, now is a speck at our feet, which we can scarcely discern as it plays in the wild breeze. Up higher yet among the mist, and we arrive at the top. Here we find a level, where some bold farmer has located. Yes, on a mountain-top we find fertile fields and springs. This peculiarity of this branch of the Alleghany Mountains has given it the name of Rich Mountain Range. We spent some hours reviewing the works, and went to the very front and watered our horses in Cheat River. I thought what a pleasant trip it would be to start at its head-waters, and follow its foaming current to where it empties into the Monongahela.

I asked Clark where it came from. He replied it came from the "Big Spring," to whose waters were added a thousand other mountain springs, but the Big Spring, or "dividing waters," gave it birth.

"We will take a trip up that way some day," said I.

July 30th, Clark and I were arranging our tent, when Gen. Reynolds called us to him, and informed us that the enemy were supposed to be somewhere in the neighborhood of the Big Spring, and he wanted us to go out on the Huntersville road and learn the situation of the enemy. He ordered us to ride our horses as far as the pickets, and then go on foot, and to report to him by the next evening. It was then about 7 A. M., and one of the pleasantest days we had had. We were

soon mounted. With a little hard bread in our pockets, and our revolvers in our belts, we were ready for a two days' scout. Clark had on a pair of dark pants, an army shirt, and a green flannel frock,—formerly a part of the uniform of the (Rebel) Washington Battery, which had been given to him by General Morris after the battle of Cheat River,—and a black felt hat, the worse for wear. I had put on a dark frock-coat of Clark's, a felt hat belonging to our ambulance-driver, and a pair of gray pants, also captured among Rebel uniforms at Cheat River.

After starting, Clark says, "Fletcher, I don't like this going on foot. Suppose we ask to go all the way, or as far as we choose, on our horses." "I am in the habit of obeying orders just to the letter without questioning, but will venture to ask a change in this case." So we rode back; but the General did not change his order, and away we went. On the road leading southwest from camp, and right up Tygart's Valley River, which we cross and recross any number of times, we saw some men lounging by Conrad's Mills, and asked a few questions, which were answered in a manner that led us to think they were "Secesh." An hour's ride and we came to the picket, six miles out. We gave an officer of the picket General Reynolds's order to move four miles further and take charge of our horses.

We left our horses with the picket, by a little log house, which had long been deserted, or perhaps had been built for a country school-house, and so little used that trees had grown up under the eaves, hiding it from view.

After firing off our revolvers and reloading, we started off down the road. Passing a few deserted farms, we found the country more broken, the valley narrower, and the river crossing and recrossing the road every few yards. Soon we came to a little farm-house, where a young man was mending a harrow near the door.

"Can we get dinner here?" I asked. "I reckon," was the reply. We then had some conversation about the country. He said the "Yankees had taken his corn, and paid him for it in Ohio money, which he could not use. But he did not seem inclined to speak out his Rebel feelings, as he did not

know how we stood. His wife came to the door; she was of the dish-rag and broomstick sort.

"How long will it be till we have dinner?" Mr. Clark asked. "Jist when you git it," said she, going into the house, saying something about "nasty Yankees." We moved on, giving up all idea of dinner at that house. Some two miles brought us to another cabin, where we found a native, with a wife and nine children, — the oldest about sixteen, — and all living in one small room. Each had a corn-cob pipe; — even the baby was playing with one.

The old lady made us some corn-cake, and fried some salt pork, to which we did full justice.

This man lived on neutral ground, which neither Yankees nor Rebels frequented, and he seemed to have no opinions himself; in fact, he knew as little as most of the wild men of West Virginia, — nothing but what some cross-road stump-speaker had said. He knew nothing of the country beyond; a high bluff near the house he had never been on, and thought there might be a "heap of rattlesnakes" up there. We paid for our dinner, and once more bent our steps southward. The scenery was grand, the valley lonesome, the road and river winding across each other at the very bottom of the narrow valley. We met no one, and saw but one man, who, of course, knew nothing by nature and less by cultivation, till we came into a little settlement, at Mingo Flats, where we saw three women standing in the door of a rather respectable-looking frame-house. It was near 5 P. M., and we were quite tired, — I, at least. I asked if we could stay all night. They told us that we could find a good place a few miles further on. They asked if we were soldiers, and from which army, and seemed very kind. We asked if any of the Confederates had been there lately. They said, none for two weeks; they had all gone into camp at Huntersville; and, in answer to our inquiry, it was four miles to the Big Spring, where we could stay all night.

Bidding them good-night, we trudged on up a high hill, leaving the valley to our left. Our road was over mountain-spurs, and very tedious travelling. Some two miles further on, we noticed the tracks of horses, — fresh ones, too, — and

the mark of a pistol-ball on an oak-tree. We now began to look sharply about us, for we knew that Rebel Cavalry had been there.

The sinking sun had now cast the mountain-shadow upon our path, and the way was more gloomy. I was so tired, it was only by slow walking and great effort I could follow, — stopping here and there to listen, or still oftener to drink from the springs which all along come gurgling up from the rocks. A fever seemed working in my veins. My companion and I had talked freely all day, but now both were silent. We had stopped for a moment, when we heard a horseman coming toward us; and, looking up the narrow road, saw a native, with an old horse, and a green hunting-shirt on, coming up. We stopped him and asked the distance to the "Big Spring." He thought it was about two miles. He said he had seen no one on the road; no soldiers had been in these parts for more than two weeks.

We started on, my companion wishing to go from the road and take to the forest; but the craggy appearance was uninviting to my weary limbs, and I said, "No; let us keep the path till we come to a more level spot." So on we went. I thrust my staff into the damp ground, wondering if I would take it up again in the morning. The road was beginning a gentle descent; the last gleams of the sun tinged the high mountain-tops and the clouds before us. A death-like stillness pervaded the scene around us, broken only by the note of a solitary whippoorwill and the sound of our own steps, which seemed to fall heavy on the damp ground. Directly in front of us, at a distance of a hundred yards, stood a large oak-tree.

My companion came to a halt. "I saw a man move behind that tree. Let us take to the woods, and go around." "No; I think you are mistaken. I can make out any form I wish to on dark and shadowy evenings. I think it's imagination."

He fell back near me, and we approached the spot, I almost heedlessly; and just as we neared the oak, — "Halt! Halt! Halt!" greeted us from every bush, tree, stump, and stone. My companion, who was watching for this very thing, leaped backward, with his revolver drawn, ready for battle.

The ambuscade was well laid, for just here was an open space, where it was much lighter than any place along the road. "What are you stopping citizens here for, in the public highway?" said I. "Surrender!" said a tall Rebel, who seemed to be in command, and who had a long deer-rifle, with hair-trigger, levelled at my breast. (I could hear my companion saying, in a low voice, "Run, Fletcher, run!") "What do you want of us? What will you do if we surrender?" "Only take you to camp; and then, if you are all right, let you go." "Run, Clark, run!" said I: "I can't." "Just you stand still. If your friend moves, I'll blow you to h—l!" said the tall Alabamian. I looked about me; bayonets and old rifles were looking at me. I felt too tired to attempt a leap into the bushes, and saying, "I surrender!" threw my revolver on the ground. Clark lowered his, which had been pointed at the tall man all the time,* and said, "I'll go with you, then."

Approaching me, he said, in a whisper almost, "What shall we tell them?" "Truth only, and as little as possible." So, under guard, without arms, we were marched down a winding way, a mile perhaps, when we heard laughter and singing, and soon came in sight of a two-story log house, with steps up the outside to the first floor. We were at the "Big Spring," our intended destination; but this was not our intended condition.

"Who is you all?" said a half-dozen voices, and a crowd of homespun fellows crowded around us.

We refused to answer questions except to the commanding officer, who soon made his appearance in the shape of a plain, honest-looking man, Captain Bird, of the Sixth Alabama Regiment. "Where are you from, men?" "We are soldiers from the Federal Army, — were out scouting under orders, — and walked into your ambuscade." I gave also my real name and rank. Turning to Mr. Clark, he asked his name and what State he was from. "I am from Wood County, Virginia. My name is Leonard Clark. I am a soldier in the

* Mr. Clark did not fire, because he knew it would cause my death; and gave himself up, — "For," said he, "I never could live happy had I left you in that time of trouble."

Union Army." "Don't you know, sir," said a Rebel officer who stood by, stepping up in an excited manner,—"don't you know you are guilty of the most damnable treason, taking up arms against your native State, and leading the Yankee Abolitionists to our homes, to burn our houses, and rape our women, and steal our niggers? I'll cut your damned heart out!" and he made a pass at Clark with his drawn sword. "I am your prisoner. I demand to be treated as a prisoner of war." "You do not deserve to be treated as a prisoner of war—but as a black-hearted traitor to your State. Did n't you know, sir, that your State was voted out of the Union? and you have no right to serve against her."

"I know," said Clark, standing like a statue, firm and fearless, with an eye fixed on his accuser, which made him fear and tremble,— "I know Virginia—free Virginia—is now said to be out of the Union; but Virginia is only ruled by despotism, and was voted out by force." I shall never forget the tableau which ensued after this speech. The crowd which seemed ready to tear him to pieces was only held back by the iron face which showed no change, and the eye that flashed truth and fearlessness. But a pang of sorrow came, for I saw that Clark's position was one even worse than my own;—he would find persons who knew him, and enemies who would like to condemn him; but I was unknown, and did not fear meeting any one.

We were taken up the old wooden stairway, and put into the room which was occupied by the soldiers. Captain Bird said they could not give us much to eat, as they had just come there, and their baggage had not come up. Some corn-bread and a tin-cup full of coffee were given us. I remarked I'd rather have Lincoln bread, and took some of our hard bread from my pocket, which amused the fellows very much; they wanted a bit of it, to keep as a trophy. My papers, map, &c. were still in my pocket, and weighed on my mind. On the fire-shelf was a corn-cob pipe. I filled it, and drawing my papers out, stripped them through my hand slowly, as though to make a lighter, and, touching them to the blaze, puffed away till all were burned, without attracting any attention. We were surrounded by a crowd of curious ques-

tioners. I talked with the intention of amusing, and created quite a laugh occasionally. Clark was silent.

Two women came in to see the Yankees, — wives of officers, I suppose. They were quite bitter in their remarks. They knew we were spies, and had no doubt our capture prevented our poisoning the spring, and murdering the babes of women whose husbands were gone to the war.

Two guards were stationed at the door. The soldiers threw themselves on the floor each side of us, and all became quiet within; but outside I could hear the clatter of horses and the striking of sabres and stirrups. I saw Captain Bird pass through the room with papers, and heard him order the guard to be doubled, and every man be on the lookout. And then I heard the horsemen dash off. All became still again, except occasional crackling of the dying embers in the huge old fireplace, and the low whispering of the guard at the door. I could hear them speculate as to our future, — whether we were really spies or not, — and if we would be shot or hung. “I would like to put a hole through that d—d fellow in the green jacket,” said one. “I’ll bet I could whip ten Yankees like that smart fellow that thinks he can laugh it all off. I’ll bet he’ll swing.” Such was the conversation of the night, whenever I roused up from a sleep made horrid by dreams. But, thank God, morning came at last. I wanted to be moving. What I dreaded most was time, — like a boy dreading a whipping, — more dreadful by delay. I wanted events to transpire with rapidity.

Early morning, and everything seemed like a dream. I was taken out by a guard of three men to the Big Spring, which gushes out of the rocks in a stream as large as a man’s body. I bathed my aching head in its cold waters. As the bubbles danced under my eye, I thought, O that I could dance and whirl on the sparkling stream down Cheat River, where I stood two days before with Clark, asking where the Big Spring was. I saw that we were to be closely watched, — three or four guards with each of us wherever we went. I noticed a Rebel lieutenant in the house as I returned, who had been our prisoner a few weeks before; he had been paroled by McClellan, and was now here, apparently on duty.

After a breakfast of cold corn-bread, we were marched out in front of the cabin, and Captain Bird ordered a squad of men to guard us. "It's customary," said he, "to tie our prisoners; but if you will promise not to attempt to escape, you shall not be tied." "It is not customary," said I, "to tie our prisoners; your men captured by us were hardly guarded; but if you think six armed and mounted men can't guard us, you must have little confidence in them." After searching us, and taking every article from us except a small drinking-cup which I had, and our clothing, we were told that we were going to be sent to head-quarters, — that we were captured under very suspicious circumstances.

He (Captain Bird) then charged the mounted guard, who were to take us, to march us between them; not to let us talk; and to shoot us if we attempted to move from the road. Thus we left the Big Spring, — six horsemen, armed with old horse-pistols and double-barrelled shot-guns, as an escort. We found the country very wild, as we went southward, and noticed that we were almost constantly descending steep hills, while the day before we were constantly ascending. During the forenoon we met long trains of wagons and hundreds of soldiers, all going on up toward the Spring.

Clark and I both felt our situation was one which would need great patience, for the insulting remarks of many as they passed were almost unbearable. Sometimes we were permitted to ride a short distance behind some of the men. At noon, after we had descended a very steep hill, we came into a beautiful valley, where we found a large camp of about four thousand men. The situation of the camp was most beautiful, and the grounds were kept very clean and closely guarded.

The sergeant marched us around to the south side, where we were halted before the tent of Colonel Lee, — a son of Major-General Lee. The sergeant dismounted, went into his tent, and the Colonel came to the door with some papers in his hand, from which he read, and then looked at us sharply for a moment, while I looked as sharply in return. He was a man of medium size; hair and beard a little sprinkled with gray. His face indicated great sternness. He gave some

orders to a major, who said to me, "I shall be obliged to put you in irons." At the same time an orderly produced a pair of those unbecoming and uncomfortable jewels, which he began to unlock to put on.

"Is it customary to put captured soldiers in irons?" said I.

"You have heard of the battle of Bull Run, have n't you? Well, these irons were captured by our men from you Yankees. You intended to put them on our men and march them to Richmond, but we intend to make every Yankee wear them that we capture."

While I put out my wrist for the cursed fetters, I told the major that I did not believe one word of any handcuffs being captured.

He assured me it was so, and that all the officers of the Yankee army had their baggage marked "Richmond, Va." He also informed us that General Scott was captured, and his fine carriage, etc., etc. All the Southern brag that could be brought up, he furnished on this occasion.

This camp is, or was, known as Edri, — half-way between Big Springs and Huntersville.

After our irons were secure, Clark and I both wristed together, we were taken by a guard to a brick house, which was quite large, and put in an upper room, on the outside of which two sentinels were placed. We sat on the floor some moments, when a man came in with some cold corn-bread and milk. He took off the irons, that we might eat. He then retired.

Soon we heard a noise outside, as though some one was fighting, or trying to get away. The sound grew louder, and our door was unlocked, when a tall, well-dressed Virginian, heavily ironed, was thrown into our room, with apparent force. The door was again shut, and we three sat for a moment in silence; when our new fellow-prisoner said, "Don't give it up, men! I was captured at the same place you were, last night. I'm not going to back out for these d—d traitors; it a'n't my way. I've been leading Rosecrans and General McClellan, and I am not done yet! Where are you from, boys? Don't look down. We'll be even, by —."

Come, be social. You don't say a word; you're scared, I suppose."

"We are not very badly scared," said I; "and as I have seen first-class players, real stars on the boards, I can't compliment your acting; you overdo it; and, besides, we are not trying to make many new acquaintances down here."

This seemed to act like a cold shower-bath. The sergeant (who, with others, had evidently been listening to us at the door) now came in and abused our new prisoner, in all the rough Southern cant phrases, for being a Union man; and finally took him out of the room by great force, as though to carry him to his execution. "Clark, we won't be caught by stool-pigeons."

About two P. M. we were ironed and put in an old wagon, with soldiers on each side, besides an escort of mounted men; and thus we travelled down the mountain slopes, through a wild country. We met two or three regiments marching up, and at the crossing of Greenbrier River some large wagon-trains,—all going one way, viz: up towards the Cheat Mountains. At last, just as the sun went down, we came through the pass into the little town of Huntersville, county seat of Pocahontas County.

Our escort seemed at a loss what to do with us, or where to leave us. So, driving up through the streets to the hotel, he gave us a good view of the camp, which was very large, situated all about the village. I think not less than seven thousand men must have been in this camp.

After we had been waiting some time in front of the hotel, where we were the centre of a crowd of curious questioners, and where Clark was recognized by some old acquaintances, we were driven back the road we had come, about a mile, to a camp of the Forty-second Virginia Regiment, Colonel Gilham* commanding; and here Clark and I were taken from the wagon, and marched off in different directions. I saw no more of him for several days. As for myself, I felt now miserable indeed to lose my companion in trouble. I had little time to grieve, however, before I was ushered into the

* Formerly Major Gilham, U. S. A., "of Indiana," alas! Author of a *Manual for Volunteers*, &c.

presence of Colonel Gilham, who, I believe, was in former years a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. He was a gentlemanly, kind-spoken man, and asked me many questions about the three-months' campaign. He then told me the latest news of the Bull Run battle, how badly we were whipped, &c. He informed me that news of our capture had been sent down the night before, and that we were to be examined as spies. He spoke very kindly; said he was sorry that one so young should be found in my condition. My only reply to all he said was, "I am perfectly satisfied, and don't need any sympathy." Colonel Gilham wanted me to tell him plainly what I was doing when I was captured, and what my rank was in our army. I answered that those who took me could answer his first question, and as to the latter, I had no rank. I was a soldier, on a scouting expedition. It was now quite dark. A storm was brewing in the mountains, and I was in hopes of being sent to some comfortable cell in the jail, but Colonel Gilham ordered a guard to take me up to headquarters. So a tall fellow, real F. F. V., in a gray uniform, which had any number of yards of gold lace and buttons on, marched on one side, and a soft-clay-eater, from Georgia, on the other. I was marched up to the centre of the town to the hotel, up an old stairway to a large room, where sat an Orderly, who informed some one in the inner room, in rather a loud voice, "That Yankee spy is here, General." "Send him in: send him in. Put a strong guard at the door, also at the windows outside. Take off his irons, too, and let no one in till I call." I was taken in. At a long table, covered with maps and papers, sat a little man, a Malay in form and complexion, and a demon in countenance; he had but one arm, black hair, and dead eyes looking out from withered eyebrows. Placing a large revolver before him, he motioned me to sit down on the other side of the table. I did so.

"What is your name, young man?" I told him, and asked, "Whom have I the honor of speaking with?" "You, sir, are in the presence of General Loring, late of the United States Army, but now of the Confederate Army."

General Loring kept me some two hours, questioning me

and trying to puzzle me; he was particularly anxious to get from me some knowledge of our strength and position on Cheat Mountain,—at times persuading, at times threatening. He said, “Before to-morrow’s sun goes down, I’ll hang you both. Your only hope for mercy is in confessing *all, all* you know.” “General, you have the hanging power, I admit; but wouldn’t it set a bad example to our army to begin hanging soldiers who fall into your hands?”

General Loring was unkind, insulting, abusive, with nothing of the gentleman or soldier in him. Late in the night he ordered the guard to take me back to camp. Tired, foot-sore, and hungry, I reached Colonel Gilham’s quarters, where he ordered a negro to give me some corn-bread and meat. After eating, I fell asleep. I was roused up by falling from a log on which I had been sitting. I found three men guarding me, and the rain pouring down. How long I had been asleep, I can’t tell; but a new guard came on duty, and brought an old tent, which they put up for me; and into which they thrust me. Without straw or cover, I lay on the soaking ground.

Since the days of the deluge, I do not think it has stormed so hard and long; rain either fell by night or day, for the next six weeks; seldom more than two or three hours of sunshine, till the torrents came down. Colonel Gilham’s camp was in what had been a cornfield, and the water came pouring down the old furrows, and through the tent above. I was most terribly cold all night, the more so as my feet were tied with a rope, which was held by the guard at the door. The night was passed in as great mental as physical agony. In the morning, at about ten o’clock, a negro brought some corn-bread and fried pork, which made me very sick. Crowds of men stood there in the rain, looking in at me and making all sort of remarks about my personal appearance, and conjecturing what my feelings were. None could talk with me, except officers who got permits from General Loring. A few came in, only to provoke me into saying something by abuse, as by reading the outrageous lies about Bull Run.

The topic which all the officers and soldiers seemed in-

clined to talk about was, when, how, and where we were to be executed.

The second day at Huntersville, I was taken again before General Loring. This time General Robert E. Lee was in command; he had arrived that day. General Loring began by asking the direction in which we had come, and many of the same questions asked before. General Lee then said,—

“Young man, how long have you been soldiering?”

“Three months, General.”

“Were you persuaded to go into the army, or did you choose it?”

“I went in *because of the cause*.”

“Have the people of Indiana confidence in Governor Morton? Can he get those six regiments into the field again?”

“General, what I say to you, I know is true. Governor Morton had to turn off thousands and thousands of men, at the first call for Volunteers. The six regiments have gone home, to be sure, but it is only to be better armed and equipped, and to spread the fire, the military patriotic contagion, into every heart.”

“How many men from Indiana are in the field?”

“As I said before, General, I was a three-months’ man. I do not know how many are in the field now; but if the men of Indiana were to see me here in irons, and then remember the treatment of prisoners at Cheat River and Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain, a hundred thousand men would be in arms to-morrow, and Governor Morton at their head.”

“I shall not let you talk so,” said General Loring.

“Remember, you were not taken in battle,” said General Lee; “if you were, you would not be in irons.”

After a long conversation about Generals McClellan, Rosecrans, Morris, and Reynolds, in which he desired a minute personal description, he said,—

“Young man, we will have to keep you very close, very safe, until we can get the evidence of those who captured you.”

When I was marched back to the tent, a mile off, I got a good view of Huntersville; and if a sheep-skin, just taken

off, were spread on the ground, with the tail southwest, the head northeast, it would convey a very good idea of the shape of the valley, in which the town is situated. The mountains rise on all sides, leaving but four gaps, through which pass the roads. It is impossible for any one to come into or go out of the town without going through these passes, or climbing the rough mountains. The town contains a few old frame buildings, one church, now used as a hospital, (in fact, every house almost was a hospital at this time,) also a brick hotel, now head-quarters, a brick courthouse and a jail, two-stories, side by side, and not unlike.

In the valley, and up the mountain-slopes, were camps; and every day new men were coming in. Alabama had two or three regiments; Tennessee had the Seventh, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth; Virginia, the Forty-second and others, — I could not get the number; Georgia, the Sixteenth and others, — number not ascertained; also the Rockbridge Cavalry, and a company of Mississippians, mounted as Rangers. In all, my estimate of General Lee's forces amounted to over eleven thousand men. This knowledge, and the fact that General Reynolds had but a handful at Cheat Mountain, with his works unfinished, made me fear that Lee might advance immediately; but, thank God, our capture had this one good result, of delaying his advance for more than six weeks.

Both Clark and myself had refused to answer questions in regard to our numbers and our artillery force, except that we admitted having seen some ten or twelve large guns, and a few howitzers, but knew nothing of the number of infantry, beyond "some ten regiments which we saw on the road."

After more than a week at Camp Gilham, the Forty-second Virginia Regiment was ordered to the front, and I was moved to the camp of the Fourteenth Tennessee, where I was happy to be once more in prison with Clark. We were in a tent by ourselves, very closely guarded, with orders not to speak to each other nor to any one else, except when permitted to do so by the officer of the guard. We found the Tennesseans much kinder than the Virginians. Nothing of importance

transpired here. The usual remarks and brag, so characteristic of Southerners, were gone through by almost every man. Some of the officers were gentlemen in their deportment, but the men were ignorant and sometimes unkind; although when our feet were to be tied at night, almost every man who had the duty to perform, apologized, saying he was sorry, but it had to be done, as he was obeying orders.

One Sunday, the chaplain of the regiment came in to talk with us in regard to our spiritual state. He asked us if we were "prepared to die." "As far as we knew, we had no further preparation to make."

"Did we think we were doing right to come down South to lead the Yankees to murder Southern innocence?" We thought he was partly mistaken as to our purpose; nevertheless we thought we were doing right. "Did we know the end that awaited us?" "No, not exactly; we did n't know just how cruel and barbarous it might be, but supposed that it would be all right, whatever it was." In fact, we expected nothing good of any one, and did n't seem to object to being hung, either. So our chaplain left us.

I do not remember how long we were in this regiment. We were poorly fed, but had good water; no covering was given us, nor straw to lie upon. We were transferred to the safe-keeping of the Sixteenth Georgia Regiment; and a meaner, more cowardly, ignorant, and infernal set of heathen were never assembled together. My friend Clark had been sick for more than a week; I could see his health failing; he was so weak he could hardly walk; he had fever night and day;—yet these villains tied him hand and foot at night, and caused us to lie upon the wet ground. They furnished us with rations unfit for dogs, and brought us water that the filthiest hog would shrink from wallowing in.

One night I said to the officer of the guard, "Please, do not tie this man to-night; he has been too ill to rise all day, and the surgeon refuses to come."

"He's a d—d traitor, and has said he could whip any two men in our camp; and d—d if he shall have any favors of me!"

"I know, sir, this is false: we are not allowed to speak;

and I know he did not make boast or threat of any kind. I will ask to be doubly ironed and tied, and if Clark should move or do or say anything displeasing, just hang me in the morning."

"No more of your d—d nonsense," said he, coming in with the rope, and beginning to tie Clark.

"It is my opinion, sir, that the boast of manliness and generosity and noble feeling in the South is all humbug. There is not a man in the North so mean and cowardly as to do this act."

"D—— you! Perhaps you think I won't tie you, too?"—for as I was not considered physically dangerous, and as they supposed I knew nothing of the country, they often left me untied.

"I don't care what you do," said I, excitedly, losing my temper for the first time. "You are mean enough to do most anything." He did tie me, and that tightly, from head to foot, so that the marks were on me for two days.

Hundreds of Confederate soldiers died at Huntersville, of measles and camp-diarrhœa. Clark and I suffered with the latter.

To add to our misery, two lousy Georgians, who had been found asleep on picket, were put in prison with us, where they cried and whimpered like sick girls, day and night, for fear of being shot. Thank heaven, the Sixteenth Georgia were ordered on, and we once more changed camp. We inquired what State our new regiment was from, and were delighted to learn it was the Sixteenth Tennessee, Colonel Savage commanding, and that it was now the only regiment in Huntersville. We were put into the guard-tent, along with three or four West Virginia men, who were charged with disloyalty.

Many unpleasant restrictions were removed. We could talk; we could stand outside the tent, and enjoy various other small liberties. But this state of things did not last long. A mean little lawyer came around and got the supposed Union men released. Having nothing further to do, he must hurry up Clark's case before the authorities. 'Squire Skeen was prosecuting attorney for the State.

One evening, near sundown, I was taken under guard to General Donelson's quarters; for he had arrived, and was the commanding officer. His tent was pitched in a beautiful grove. The venerable old man, with his gray locks combed behind his ears, sat in the door, smoking his pipe. He was exceedingly polite. He talked with me a long time. He had been at Indianapolis, attending some Democratic convention. He knew that Indiana had a majority in favor of Southern Rights. Yes, he remembered a young man there, who was a remarkable man, too,—a genius; he met him at the Palmer House; he knew he must be on the right side.

"What was his name, General? Perhaps I know him."

"I think," said the General, "his name is Ryan, — Richard Ryan."

"Yes, General, he is on the right side," said I. "I heard him make the hottest war-speech I ever listened to, the very night Fort Sumter fell."

"How uncertain men are!" said the General, thoughtfully.

Mr. Skeen then questioned and cross-questioned me in regard to Clark. There were two men, strangers, writing down my answers. Several men were examined who had known Clark at home, for years; and, with one voice, they said he was, at home, a steady, honest man, intelligent enough, but a strong Union man, and they had no doubt could do, and might have done, great harm to the Confederate cause. After this examination, I was taken over to the tent, accompanied by General Donelson's adjutant, whose name I think was Elliott. He was formerly connected with one of the Nashville papers; — I am not certain in regard to the name.

The moon was at its full, and had just rolled up over the eastern mountains, lighting up the valley with a pale glow, almost sufficient to read by. When I reached the tent, Clark asked me where I had been. I told him Skeen had brought some strangers there, and I had been examined as to my knowledge of him.

"They are going to kill us, Fletcher, — me, at any rate."

"Oh, no! don't get gloomy; they will not dare to kill us."

While we were talking, General Donelson and staff, and Colonel Savage and his staff-officers, rode up to the tent and

ordered a guard to conduct the prisoners out into the field, beyond the camp. We went out. A crowd of men were watching, and followed as far as the guard-lines permitted. Clark and I stood side by side. Oh, how brightly the bayonets glitter in the cold moonlight; how heavily the soldiers tread; and how cold and uncheering is every sound!

We were halted in the middle of a large field. The officers stood, in consultation, fifty paces off. I looked up to the moon, that perhaps others, who had not forgotten us, might look at, too; — all the rest of the scene was ours alone.

Colonel Savage came up and said, "Prisoners, if you have anything to say, you must say it now, as you will never have another opportunity. You must hold all conversation in the presence of these officers."

I turned to Clark. "Well, Clark, I am sorry to part with one who became a prisoner to save my life. Your life as a prisoner, under all your trials and tortures, has shown you to be ever the same brave, unwavering, honorable man. Whatever may be our future, I respect and love you. We shall meet again, but till then good-bye. If you ever have a chance, let some of our men know where I am; and if I have a chance, I will do the same."

Mr. Clark said: "Fletcher, I am not sorry that I gave myself up to save you. I feel that you are a true man. If you ever get home, see my wife and children; tell her to do for them as I intended to do. I am not afraid to die for my country. This is all I wish to say."

"Return these men to separate quarters, Colonel," said General Donelson; "and do not permit them to speak to each other."

Colonel Savage did not separate us, however, but ordered the guard doubled; and we promised to be quiet. Neither of us slept that night. Clark felt that we were going to be sent away to some other prison. I told him I thought the whole thing was foolery, to get us to say something which would condemn us.

But morning came, and just as we were getting our breakfast, four mounted men rode up, hurried Clark out without allowing one parting word, and I saw them bind him to the

horse with chain and rope. While I stood there, my heart almost sank within me, but it roused up enough to heap a heavy and audible curse upon the proceeding, which caused me to be kept inside the tent and tied likewise. I now became cross and sick. I gave few kind words to any one who spoke to me. I made up my mind to escape. Twice before I might have done so, but for leaving Clark when he was sick; now nothing kept me back but guns. I could get out, and I would. Next day, after making this resolve, our camp was moved up on higher ground on the mountain-side southwest of the town. Here I was so poorly fed, or so sick, that I began to think I would die of fever. All day long I lay at the door of the tent. Across the mountain-tops, wrapt in clouds and Indian-summer haze, was my dream-land. Oh, how I longed to cross the wilderness, to give Reynolds notice of the foe that was threatening his front and crawling in his rear; how I prayed in feverish dreams that some spiritual communication might reveal to him his danger! I fixed in my own mind how Lee would draw Reynolds out for battle on the 'pike, near Cheat River or Greenbrier Bridge, and then fall with his larger force on the flank and rear. So, after days of waiting, I slipped my irons one stormy night, and making my way out of the tent by lifting the curtain at the back, I followed a little path down through the now almost desolate camp, for all but one regiment had gone on. I was just making my way cautiously along, between two tall pines, when I ran against the sentinel, who was standing there to keep out of the rain. He was more frightened than I, but he was kind enough to keep still. He told me I was a fool for trying to get away; I would die before I could get to our lines. I gave it up for that night, got into my tent the way I got out, and no one was wiser in the morning.

Next day an old man was put in prison with me; he was one of the wealthiest farmers in Greenbrier County. He was seventy-two years old, and was imprisoned because, at the time the vote was cast for testing Virginia's choice as to Secession or Union, he voted for the old Union. The old man was very cold at night and had a terrible cough. I wrote several notes to General Donelson, telling him that

we had no clothing, little food, and no way to cook it. He answered, in the most polite manner, that he would order the evils remedied, but he never did. This old gentleman, Alexander Mann by name, was released a few weeks afterwards, upon his sons coming over and joining the Rebel Army. One of the young men came into the tent to see his father, and as a gift brought his pocket full of potatoes, which I think were the only vegetables I tasted in Western Virginia.

Perhaps it was two weeks before I made another attempt to escape. I succeeded in passing the Rebel guard-lines, and was well round the valley toward the place where I intended striking into the mountains, when I heard signal-guns firing, which were answered by shots all along the outposts. I knew no pains would be spared to retake me, for they had often told me that any attempt to escape would be followed by a speedy hanging as a spy. They knew well the damage I could do.

On I went, through the tangled laurel-bushes, over broken ledges, up slippery steeps, down through tangled ravines, cold streams, and marshes, the rain pouring down in torrents, and only a dim ray of light through the midnight sky. At length I dragged my weary and chilled limbs up the mountain which so long had seemed to shut my view from the old flag waving on Cheat Mountain. Some pickets or patrols, who were kept out on these mountains to prevent negroes from running off, came down not far from me, and I think either saw or heard me, or perhaps their dogs scented me; at last, I heard them returning. 'Tis painful to write the tortures of that night, toiling up the ascent, which in the daytime, from a distance, seemed so smooth, like a sugar loaf, rising from a broad base, sloping gently to a round apex, but which I found to be as rough and wild as any other mountain. Till morning I toiled like one in a horrid nightmare, trying to get over the Summit, away from my pursuers, but always coming back to the same place. As daylight dawned, I stretched my wearied and torn limbs in a thick jungle of laurels, upon the moss-covered rocks; and there I lay all day. I could look southwest into the camp, across the little

town. I could see convalescent soldiers crawling about in the sun, like flies after a frosty morning. But from headquarters I could see mounted men dash off by every road, and scouts coming toward the very mountain I was on.

Looking northeast, the scene was one unbroken wilderness of wood and cloud-capped mountains. I formed my plans for the next night's march. I had saved enough fat pork (which I had tied round me with my shoe-strings) to keep me alive, with the help of wild fruit, for four days' travelling.

I was to descend the mountain northeast at its base. I was to follow up a brawling stream which had cut its bed through the rocks. I was to follow it for six miles; then strike across another mountain to Greenbrier River, which I expected to follow up for some twenty miles; until I could strike north to Cheat Mountain.

When night came, dim but starlit, I made my way down the mountain, and keeping in the water of the little stream, had gone perhaps two miles when I heard "Halt, halt!" from the bank above, followed by two or three shots. This only increased my speed up the slippery rocks, fighting the dashing water. I climbed like a madman. Just as I turned under a shelving cliff, "Halt!" said a strong voice,—"Halt!" A sentinel fired,—so near, I could have touched the end of his gun; but on I went up the rocks as if up a stairway, the foaming current dashing against me,—the sentinel close behind me with fixed bayonet. I turned with a spring, threw myself down upon him, hoping to throw him down and get his arms. I was received on the point of his bayonet, which penetrated my left hip, striking to the bone. I fell to the water. He grasped me by the clothing and lifted me to one side, saying, in an excited manner, "Fletcher, are you hurt?" "Yes." "Can you get up?" "No." My only thought was, What will become of our men at Cheat Mountain. What a fool was I for trying to get out of the valley that way! Why didn't I start out in some other direction?

While I thus reflected, the other men came down and, making a litter, carried me back in triumph to my old quarters. As I passed by the tent of a sneaking second lieutenant, he stood, with a torch in his hand, to have a look at

me. "Did you wound him?" said he to the guard. "Yes." "Well, you might as well have killed him, for he knew, if he ever attempted to get away, he would be hung." This was too much for me to take from the insulting scoundrel, and for the second time I let fly at him,— "Hang and be d—d to your whole cowardly crew!"

Next morning I was visited by Colonel Savage, who questioned me as to why and how I made my escape. The getting off my irons he could not understand,—thought some one did it for me, and wound up by saying, "If you don't tell the clean thing, I'll send you to the jail."

"Colonel, I have desired to go to jail ever since I came into this cursed community. I have had to sleep for two months, almost, without clothing or straw. I have never had water enough to wash hands or face. I have had to eat uncooked rations very often,—and only the meagerest and meanest rations at that."

"Take him to jail, Lieutenant. See how he likes his change of quarters."

In half an hour I had an opportunity of examining one of those tight institutions which some men build to put other men in. In the centre of the two-story brick building was a heavy oak door. We walk into an entry or hall. At our right is an oak door filled with spikes, and furnished with a large hasp and padlock. The jailer is an old man, with long white hair, which he combs upward to cover the bald crown. He has on a dirty white shirt, a pair of jean breeches, and a pair of old shoes, cut down at the heel and out at the toes, which only half hide his stockingless feet; his face is as wrinkled as the crumpley skins on boiled milk; and his nose and chin approach each other so closely, I venture to say, although he is evidently a shoemaker, he has no need of pincers. He is sitting at his bench when we come in, pegging an old boot; he looks up, lays down the boot, looks at me, wipes his nose on the back of his hand, and then performs the same motion on his leathern apron.

"Well, you got de Yankee, did you?"

"Yes. Where shall I put him?"

"Oh, I'll fix that. There is the debtors' room empty.

Better put him in there. The cell's full already: got a run-away nig' and Moses in there. They expect the Yank' in there; but he's so sick-looking-like, I hate to."

"Never mind," said the Lieutenant; * "that's just the kind he likes. Them Abolitionists don't mind sleeping with niggers; and 'Mose' is as good as he."

The old jailer took down two keys from a nail in the wall, unlocked the padlock, threw back the oak door, and then a door, made of heavy iron cross-bars, presented itself. I tried to see into the cell, while he fumbled away at the lock, but it was too dark within. "I hardly ever unlock this door, and it's mighty rusty." Soon the door swung back, shrieking on its rusty hinges. Putting irons on was hard, but I shall never forget my repugnance at passing into that cell, and hearing the iron door slam, and the lock grind. And on this disgusting period it is painful to dwell. Hundreds came to look through at me, but I kept myself hid as much as possible.

By kindness I soon won the confidence of the negro "Jim," and the poor idiot "Mose."

Jim waited on me: he brushed my clothes with an old broom, and tried to black my rusty old shoes by using soot from the flue. When the jailer thrust the old wooden tray under the trap-door, Jim set it before me, and he made Mose wait till I had eaten. Mose was a poor idiot boy, nineteen years old, who had been in this filthy place for months.

The cell was about fourteen feet long and twelve feet wide; two small double-grated windows let in the little light we enjoyed by day; but early in the evening the heavy shutters were closed, and all was dark as pitch. At this time, I felt much like the fish that jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, for when I was in the tent, although I suffered from cold and rain, I could not complain of being stinted in the article of pure air; but I now suffered for want of it. It was my custom to lie on the floor with my face as close to the very small crack under the trap-door as possible.

* This Lieutenant was shortly afterward captured by our men. He told them that I was well treated and on parole in Huntersville, for which information Lieutenant Delzell and all the boys in Bracken's Cavalry paid him every kind attention.

In the morning, the guard came and opened the shutters, and life was tolerable till evening.

Many citizens — men, women, and children — came to see me. On Sunday I was more than crowded with visitors, who stood at the iron door, gaping like so many moon-struck toads. Very seldom would I talk with them; and I asked the guard, who were detailed from the militia, not to allow so many fools in the hall. Jim used to take his stand at the door and do all the talking, as the keeper of wild animals stands by their cage and explains where they were caught, how trained, and their habits. So Jim told about the Yankee, often spreading on to the story, which he manufactured, some of the most wonderful traits that a man ever had.

Jim was anxious to get out: so was I; and we began to work on the east window. When people came about, Jim talked to them, and whistled and sung, to deaden the noise of cutting and sawing with my knife, which I was using as cold-chisel and file on a bar of iron. We worked some every day, but the knife was worn out before the bar was half off.

Part of my time I spent in teaching Jim and Moses their letters, by drawing them on the floor with bits of charcoal. Jim learned very quickly, but Moses made no progress. The jailer's daughter let me have a few books. "Paul and Virginia," "Elizabeth; or the Exiles of Siberia," "John Wesley's Sermons," "A History of Marion and his Men," etc., etc., were all eagerly devoured, for they were more than companions to me now. Every book was a friend.

During all this time I was growing thinner and weaker every day. I could not sleep at night, for the foul air was poison to me. My head ached and my heart burned. In one of these sad midnight hours, dark to me but bright moonlight outside, I heard the guard, who were off duty, sing out, in full, rich strains, an old Methodist tune which I had heard years ago at camp-meeting, commencing with —

"There is a place where my hopes are stayed;
My heart and my treasure are there."

With this song the flood-gates of pent-up feeling burst, and

for the first time tears washed down my fevered cheeks. Thoughts of home and friends occupied the rest of the night.

At length, my days at Huntersville came to an end. One Sunday afternoon I heard that a big battle was going on at Cheat Mountain, and that thousands of Yankees had been killed and captured the day before. The prisoners were to arrive at Huntersville that afternoon. Crowds of people occupied the court-house yard and the streets, waiting to see the "Yanks." I stood with my feet on the back of a chair, and my hands holding to the iron bar above me, peering out, trembling with excitement. Just at sunset I could see men coming through the mountain-pass, and, as they came nearer, I beheld the blue uniforms of the Union soldiers. On they came, and were drawn up in line, about two hundred yards from the jail. Would they be sent on without my having a chance to speak with them, to find the truth? Would I be sent on with them?

I walked back and forth. I pounded on the door till the jailer came.

"Who is the officer in command of this town, this jail? What am I left here for?"

"I don't know anything about it. I was told to keep you till called for."

"I wish you would send the commandant of this post this note,"—and I handed him a scrap upon which I had asked to see the commandant.

In an hour a captain, in the Confederate service, who had once been in the regular army as lieutenant, came in, asked my name, rank, and regiment, and some other questions; then he ordered me to be put in a better place, the debtors' room, and said I should be sent on to Richmond the next morning, with the other prisoners. I did not sleep that night. I wanted to move—anywhere, anywhere, so that I was not lying still. I prayed that wherever Clark was, I might be sent, for since the day he was sent off, I had had that one desire above all others, to know where he was and be with him.

Next morning I was taken out to the table, breakfasted with the jailer's family, and then was returned to my quarters. How long that day seemed. At four p. m., a guard

came. The door was thrown open. I walked across the hall, and shook hands with Jim and Moses. Both, with tears in their eyes, wished me good luck, and I was off. Oh, how soft and balmy seemed the air; how quiet and free everything seemed! I was surprised to find that I could hardly move my limbs: a walk of two hundred yards seemed like as many miles. I said nothing, for I was bound to leave Huntersville. We came to an orchard, where the Yankees were drawn up in line. They were ready to march. I dragged myself along as fast as possible. I looked each man in the face, in hopes to get one glance of recognition. One or two of the Sixth Ohio boys I recognized, but they didn't know me. Every one of them looked at me with wondering eyes. The end of the column was reached, where I was to march, when a young man stepped up to me, looking me in the face. "My God," said he, "is this Dr. Fletcher?"

"Yes," said I: "it is what remains of him."

Captain Bense came up; and Corporal Frank Kistler, of the Thirteenth Indiana, who had recognized me, introduced me, saying "that he had heard of me before."

"Fall in! Fall in!" shouted the Rebel lieutenant, who had us in charge. "Forward, march!" and away we went, Frank Kistler by my side, — who told me that only a picket party had been captured, and that Reynolds would "lam the Rebs like h—l." Then he told me the late news, but in few words, for no talking was allowed. In another hour, Huntersville was at our backs, and we were plodding along through the mountain-roads, wading deep, cold streams, and climbing up steep hills. My feet were a mass of blisters, and I was so weary that I would have given up; but I knew I would be sent back. I told Kistler my condition, and he put me on his shoulders, carrying me with as much ease as if I were only his knapsack. That night we camped in a swamp, without blankets ourselves; but Kistler soon captured one for me. A little raw meat was served next morning, and we were off, — I so sore, that only by bringing up the very utmost of my powers I travelled on.

That day at about two P. M. I could stand it no longer, for our road was up, up, always up the mountain. I threw

myself down by the road, telling the lieutenant they might leave me, parole me, or shoot me, I had no choice, but to walk one step further I would not. He told one of the guard to stay with me till a government wagon came up, and then bring me on to the Warm Springs, where he would camp till next day. So all marched on. My guard was an ignorant Tennessean; and after talking to me a little, I pretended to sleep. He was lying near me, a little off from the road, in the woods. I soon noticed him sleeping, even snoring. I took his gun in my hand and thought how easy I might put an end to him. "Murder," responded my conscience, "to kill a sleeping, ignorant man." I knew that for me to go away would be folly: I could not walk the fourth of a mile. In an hour, the wagons came up, and I was put in with three wounded Rebels. At dark we came to the Warm Springs, and found our boys in camp by the side of a brick church. Flour had been given them, but nothing to cook it with. So we mixed it up with water into thick paste, wrapped it on sticks, and held it over the embers till cooked.

Next morning, we were paraded by the drunken lieutenant before the large hotel, for the criticism of the guests. After going through this disagreeable inspection, we were marched over the Warm Spring Mountain, to Bath Alum Springs, where we were once more paraded, for the amusement of the fashionable first families. Resuming our march, we came to within five miles of Millsborough Station, which was our destination; but as it was climbing mountains all the time, I gave out, once more refusing to walk; so a guard was left with me, with orders, after I rested, to walk slowly on, and if we got to Millsborough after the train had gone, to put me in the jail and leave me. This was sad, for I wanted to go on with Captain Bense, Lieutenant Shafer, Lieutenant Gilman, and Kistler, with whom I had formed such pleasant acquaintance, and from whom I had received so much kindness. While we sat by the way, a spring-wagon drove by, with two Rebel officers sitting on the front seat. We asked to ride. They said they were taking the remains of Colonel Washington to Millsborough, and could not make time for the train if they took us in.

As they passed by, a negro, driving three galled and broken-down mules, came up.

"Where are you driving those mules, boy?"

"Gwine to pastor 'em at Millsborough, massa."

"I must ride one of them, then," said I.

"I got no 'jections, massa. Mighty 'fraid dat animal can't hold you up, though."

The guard put me on the bare-backed and bridleless mule, and walked behind, urging him up with his bayonet occasionally. We were soon up with our men, who all laughed and cheered as I passed by them. I heard Captain Bense say, "It's hard to tell who looks the worse for wear, the man or the mule."

At four P. M. we arrived at Millsborough, and in half an hour, sixteen of us were put into a box-car, in most uncomfortable quarters, and at ten P. M. we were in the city of Staunton, where we were marched to an old depot, into which straw had been put for our accommodation. I had no sooner touched the straw than I was sleeping soundly; but I was soon awakened by the noise of a drunken Rebel officer, who was swearing at a great rate, and waking up the prisoners, to ask them where they were from, and what they came down here for. This first-family man flourished a huge knife, and told how many men he could kill with it. At length he disturbed the wrong man, when he got hold of a red-haired sergeant of the Sixth Ohio Regiment, who drew himself up in Heenan style and told the F. F. V. in strong language, that, if he did not let him go to sleep, he would kill him. The F. F. V. did not use his knife, but swore vengeance next morning. But when we marched out at daylight, I suppose this Confederate officer was sleeping off his drunk; and we marched to the depot, and were off to Richmond, where we arrived at six P. M. of, I think, the third day of October. We were marched down Main Street amidst the hooting of soldiers and the shouts of ragged little boys. "D—d Yankee!" was all the sound we could hear. At the lower end of Main Street is situated several tobacco-factories. We were drawn up in line in front of the officers' quarters, which at that time was in Ligon & Co.'s factory. Here the roll was called, and a

drunken lieutenant put down the names, rank, when and where captured, charges, &c.

My name was called last. I was just going to give my regiment, when the lieutenant who had come with us said, "That man was captured several months ago as a spy, and has been in jail at Huntersville."

I was heart-sick, for I thought I was free from that charge. We stood there in the street till it was quite dark, when we were marched into a factory opposite. The guards threw up their guns, and we walked in amid the noise and bustle of a soldier-prison. The rooms were very large, and the gas burning brightly. Here were men from every State, in all sorts of uniforms, laughing, singing, playing cards, and seeming very happy. We soon scattered through the building. Each new-comer was the centre of some questioning crowd. Before we had been in half an hour, I heard some two shots fired at the new prisoners who had foolishly gone near a third-story window. In this way they told us several had been killed within two weeks.

Next morning the sergeant came to call the roll, and ordered all new prisoners to stand on the east side of the room. He then commenced to call our names. But he found that his roll, written by the drunken lieutenant, was not readable, and he called up one of his sergeants to copy it for him on a blank, which he had with him. When he came to my name, Captain Bense, who read the names off, instead of reading my name as "captured in July as a spy," read, "captured in September, at Elk Water; belonging to the Sixth Regiment Indiana Volunteers." The sergeant now called the roll; then said, "All commissioned officers step two paces to the front." Captain Bense, Lieutenant Gilman, and Lieutenant Shafer went out. Bense looked back, seeing me, and said, "There is Dr. Fletcher, Assistant Surgeon of the Sixth Regiment." I took the hint, and was marched off with them to the officers' quarters.

We found some sixty Federal officers just at breakfast. Good bread, beefsteak, and coffee seemed to abound; and I for one did justice to these rarities; and the result was that in half an hour I was deadly sick. I found no one to talk

to. All our officers shunned me, for I was lean, long-haired, ragged, and dirty. They were fat, slick, and in their new uniforms, which they had worn on the Bull-Run field.

But in time I became well acquainted with all the officers, received money from home, and spent as agreeable times as a prisoner could be expected to. I used every endeavor to learn if Clark was in Richmond; but he was not there. I heard that a man of that description had been sent to New Orleans.

CHAPTER XI

INDIANA MUSTERING HER FORCES.

"It is so universal to go with joy, that no one can make a boast of it. To betray the contrary feeling would bring disgrace."—*Niebuhr's Life*.

AFTER the departure from Indiana of the six regiments organized in accordance with the second call of the President, there were left several companies and detachments, which, on being assembled at Camp Morton, and re-organized, formed a battalion of five companies, and received the name of the "Eighteenth Regiment in part."

For any future calls the War Department might make, companies from all parts of the State continued to offer their services, often coming to the capital to use the influence of their presence with the State authorities. When they returned to their homes, it was with disappointment, sometimes with mingled anger and grief.

One day, in the ardent summer of Sixty-one, a member of a rejected company, which was sullenly marching towards the Union Depot, started the spirited hymn, "I'm going home to die no more." It struck the fancy of his comrades. They all joined lustily in the singing, and regained their good humor either by the influence of the music, or the odd fitness of the words.

Governor Morton, and other Indiana gentlemen, urged upon the Cabinet the danger of dampening enthusiasm by persistent refusals of the offers of volunteers, and represented the necessity for more troops than had been called into the service. At length, on the 11th of June, Governor Morton obtained authority to accept six, and on the 22d four more regiments.

The Secretary of War desired that the troops raised under the auspices of James W. McMillan and William L. Brown, who had previously made application, should be organized

among the accepted regiments. He afterwards added the regiment of Solomon Meredith.

The ten regiments formed in consequence of this permission were—Nineteenth, under command of Solomon Meredith, and rendezvoused at Camp Morton; Twentieth, William L. Brown, Camp Tippecanoe, Lafayette; Twenty-First, James W. McMillan, Camp Morton; Twenty-Second, William G. Wharton, Camp Jefferson, Madison; Twenty-Third, William L. Sanderson, Camp Noble, New Albany; Twenty-Fourth, Cyrus M. Allen, Camp Knox, Vincennes; Twenty-Fifth, James G. Jones, Camp Vanderburg, Evansville; Twenty-Sixth, under the auspices of several gentlemen, Camp Sullivan, Indianapolis; Twenty-Seventh, under different individuals, Camp Morton; Twenty-Eighth, Conrad Baker, eight companies organized in camp, near Evansville, and six companies near Madison.

The last was a cavalry regiment, which the Government was induced to accept only after repeated solicitations. Cavalry had not been an arm of the service during the revolutionary struggle; it had been little used in 1812, and not much employed in the Mexican war. With all respect for that aged servant of his country, it must be confessed that General Scott had no love for innovation, and to this fact, probably, was due the hesitation and delay with which cavalry was called. He was convinced that the war could be conducted to a safe issue without incurring the enormous additional expense.

In July a call for five hundred thousand volunteers was issued by Congress. At this time the Secretary of War ordered that the six regiments of three months volunteers should be re-organized to serve three years, and that ten additional regiments should be accepted.

The Germans and Irish of Indiana proposed to form regiments to be composed exclusively of their own nationality. Their propositions were accepted. The Germans selected August Willich, the Irish John C. Walker, to engage in the work of recruiting.

In August all restrictions on volunteering were removed.

The six earlier regiments were re-organized: Sixth, Colonel Crittenden, Camp Jefferson; Seventh, Colonel Dumont, Camp

Morton; Eighth, Colonel Benton, Camp Morton; Ninth, Colonel Milroy, in camp at Westville; Tenth, Colonel Manson, Camp Tippecanoe; Eleventh, Colonel Wallace, Camp Morton.

Under the call for five hundred thousand, fifty regiments of three years troops were raised, and eighteen batteries of artillery.

A number of regiments formed at that early period of the war did not represent any particular Congressional District, being hastily organized of such troops as were first on the ground, without reference to their locality. The generality, however, were from particular Districts.

The Twenty-Ninth was organized from the Indiana Legion, for the Ninth Congressional District, by John F. Miller.

The Thirtieth was enlisted in the Tenth District, and was placed under the command of Sion S. Bass, of Fort Wayne.

The Thirty-First was organized in the Seventh District, and placed under command of Charles Cruft.

The Thirty-Second (First German) was organized by Colonel Willich, and was composed of men from almost every part of the State.

The Thirty-Third, from several Districts, was placed under the command of Judge John Coburn.

The Thirty-Fourth, called also the "Morton Rifles," was organized at Camp Anderson, in the town of Anderson, and was mustered into the service under the command of Colonel Asbury Steele.

The Thirty-Fifth (First Irish) was somewhat delayed in its formation. It is said there was no difficulty in getting recruits, but that as the new recruits entered the camp, the older volunteers, by a singular fatality, disappeared from it, and, in consequence, for some time the number remained at a fixed point. An attempt afterwards made to form a second Irish regiment failed, and the recruits obtained were added to the Thirty-Fifth, and filled up its numbers. The regiment was under the command of John C. Walker, of Laporte.

The Thirty-Sixth was raised in the Fifth Congressional District, under the auspices of William Grose, of Newcastle, and organized with no delay.

The Thirty-Seventh was formed from the Indiana Legion in the Second Congressional District, and placed under the command of George W. Hazzard, a Captain of artillery in the regular army.

On the application of Benjamin F. Scribner, of New Albany, special orders were granted him, dated August 20, 1861, to raise the Thirty-Eighth regiment. His success was rapid, and upon the completion of the regiment, he was appointed its Colonel.

Thomas J. Harrison, of Kokomo, and other gentlemen, offered their services, and were authorized by special orders from the War Department to raise a regiment of Sharpshooters. The regiment was soon formed, and Mr. Harrison was commissioned its Colonel.

The Fortieth, from the Tenth District, was not recruited so rapidly. William C. Wilson was appointed Colonel.

Under orders from the War Department, authority was conferred on John A. Bridgeland, of Richmond, to form a complete regiment of cavalry, to be mounted and equipped in the best style. This regiment was the Forty-First, or the Second Cavalry.

The Forty-Second was raised in the First and Second Congressional Districts, and organized at Camp Vanderburgh, Evansville, by virtue of orders issued to James G. Jones, as commandant. On the completion of the regiment, he was commissioned its Colonel.

The Forty-Third was raised in the Seventh District, and organized at Camp Vigo, Terre Haute. Special orders had been issued to Hon. W. E. McLean, as commandant. General George B. Steele, of Rockville, was commissioned its Colonel.

The Forty-Fourth was from the Fourth District, and collected under the auspices of Hugh B. Reed, who was appointed its Colonel.

The Forty-Fifth regiment was formed of the six companies of the Twenty-Eighth, which were detached from the other portion, united with four companies organized a month or two later. Still later two other companies were added, to bring the regiment up to the full standard of twelve companies required for cavalry.

The Forty-Sixth was organized in the Ninth Congressional District, at Logansport, under special authority issued to Hon. Graham N. Fitch, who was appointed Colonel on its completion.

The Forty-Seventh was raised in the Eleventh District, and organized at Anderson, under special orders to James R. Slack, as commandant. He was afterwards appointed its Colonel.

The Forty-Eighth was furnished by the Tenth Congressional District, under special orders issued to Erastus W. H. Ellis, as commandant, and Dr. Norman Eddy. The latter was commissioned Colonel.

The Forty-Ninth was chiefly from the Second District, and raised under special orders issued to John W. Ray, Esq., of Jeffersonville, as commandant. He was appointed Colonel.

The Fiftieth was raised in the Second and Third Districts by Hon. C. S. Dunham, who was appointed its Colonel. It was organized at Seymour.

The Fifty-First was authorized by special orders to Abel D. Streight, and organized at Camp Morton. Mr. Streight was appointed its Colonel.

Special orders were given to W. C. McReynolds, of Rushville, to raise the Fifty-Second, and about the same time to James M. Smith to form the Fifty-Sixth. The latter was to be a Railroad regiment. They progressed slowly, and were united into one, called the Fifty-Second Railroad regiment. James M. Smith was made Colonel, and Mr. McReynolds Lieutenant-Colonel.

The history of the organization of the Fifty-Third and the Sixty-Second is similar. Walter Q. Gresham, of Corydon, who endeavored to raise the Fifty-Third, was commissioned Colonel, and William Jones, of Rockport, who was active in efforts to form the Sixty-Second, was made Lieutenant Colonel.

The Fifty-Fourth and Fifty-Fifth were raised and organized under special orders, for three months, to guard the rebel prisoners at Camp Morton. D. Garland Rose was the Colonel of the Fifty-Fourth, and John R. Mahan Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-Fifth.

John S. Mansfield was selected to raise a second German regiment, but enlistments were tardy, and the companies gathered for it were afterwards united with the Fifty-Third.

The Fifty-Seventh was authorized on the application of Rev. John W. T. McMullen and Rev. Frank D. Harden, in the Fifth Congressional and adjoining Districts. The regiment was organized at Richmond, and the two Reverend gentlemen were given command, ranking as their names are mentioned.

Dr. Andrew Lewis, of Princeton, received orders to form the Fifty-Eighth regiment in the First District. It was organized without delay, and the Colonelcy offered to the Doctor, but he declined it. Captain H. M. Carr, of the Eleventh regiment, was then appointed Colonel.

The Fifty-Ninth, or "Noble Rifles," was formed by Jesse J. Alexander, of Gosport.

The Sixtieth was raised under orders granted to Colonel Richard Owen, and rendezvoused at Evansville.

The Sixty-First, or Second Irish, never reached its full number, and was consolidated with the First Irish.

A camp of rendezvous for the Sixty-Third was established at Covington, under James M. Manomy. When only four companies were enlisted their services were required at Lafayette to guard prisoners, and the full regiment was not organized under the call for five hundred thousand.

It was intended that the Sixty-Fourth and Sixty-Fifth regiments should be formed of batteries of artillery, but orders from the War Department prevented their organization, and announced that artillery would be received only as independent batteries.

The Sixty-Fifth was organized in the First Congressional District, under Dr. Andrew H. Lewis, commandant. Major Foster, of Evansville, was commissioned Colonel.

The Sixty-Sixth was furnished by the Second Congressional District, and organized at New Albany, under Roger Martin. DeWitt C. Anthony was appointed Colonel.

The First Battery of Artillery was organized August 16, under Captain Martin Klaus, of Evansville; the Second Battery, September 1, under Captain David G. Rabb, of Rising

Sun; the Third Battery, August 24, Captain Walton W Frybarger, Connersville; the Fourth Battery, September 30, Captain Asahel R. Bush, Michigan City; the Fifth, November 22, Captain Simonson, Fort Wayne; the Sixth, or Morton Battery, September 7, Captain Frederick Behr, Evansville; the Seventh, December 2, Captain Samuel J. Harris, Columbus; the Eighth, January 24, 1862, Captain George T. Cochran, Evansville; the Ninth, February 25, Captain Noah S. Thompson, Crawfordsville; Tenth, January, Captain Jerome B. Cox, Lafayette; Eleventh, December 17, 1861, Captain A. Sutermeister, Fort Wayne; Twelfth, January 25, Captain George W. Sterling, Jeffersonville; Thirteenth, February 22, Captain Ben. S. Nicklin; Fourteenth, March 11, Captain Meredith H. Kidd, Wabash; Fifteenth, April, Captain John C. H. von Sehlen, Indianapolis; Sixteenth, May 26, Captain Charles A. Naylor, Lafayette; Seventeenth, May 20, Captain Milton F. Minor, Rochester; Eighteenth, August 20, Captain Eli Lilly, Greencastle.

The mere enumeration of regiments and batteries is sufficient to show that it was no evanescent enthusiasm which roused Indiana at the outbreak of the rebellion. The patriotism, which then seemed to spring into existence, not only did not cool, but kept on warming, widening and deepening. The recruiting drum and the recruiting officer summoned men everywhere to consider the claims of their country.

The Annual Cyclopedia, for 1861, reports:

“As renewed calls for troops were made, Indiana responded with a promptness and patriotism unsurpassed by any State in the Union. She sent into the field considerably more than her quota of troops, and they were admirably equipped and provided. The forces raised in the State and sent to the front before the first of January, 1862, were, in round numbers, about sixty thousand. Of these, fifty-three thousand five hundred were infantry, four thousand five hundred were cavalry, and about two thousand artillery. During the year, fifty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six muskets and rifles, and ten thousand four hundred and fifty-nine cavalry arms, were distributed by the State to the different regiments.”

Adjutant General Thomas, who, with General Cameron, Secretary of War, visited the State in October, says in his report:

"We found that the State of Indiana had come nobly up to the work of suppressing the rebellion. She had raised and equipped a larger number of troops in proportion to her population than any other State in the Union. The best spirit prevailed, and it was manifest that more troops could easily be raised."

In his efforts to arm and equip the troops, Governor Morton was ably seconded by all the good men in the State who were in authority; nevertheless the work had peculiar difficulties. The Governor's manner of action and his degree of success are shown in the following extract from his message written for the Forty-Second regular session of the Legislature of Indiana:

"When the war began the stock of arms on hand, belonging to the Government, was small, and generally of a very inferior quality. It was due to the lives and honor of the brave men who went to the field, to the character of the State, and the success of our cause, that our troops should be furnished with the best arms that could be procured. Accordingly, I sent my agents into the market from time to time, and purchased the best arms that could be obtained upon fair terms, and this I continued to do until such time as the Federal Government requested the States to desist from the further purchase of arms, alleging that it increased the competition and raised the prices, and declaring that it would supply all troops, and would pay for no more arms purchased by the State. With the exception of a few thousand, all the first class arms in the hands of Indiana troops were purchased by the State; but it has been a source of great trouble and mortification that a large portion of our troops, despite of all efforts made, have been supplied with arms of an inferior quality.

"When our first regiments were ready to take the field, they were unprovided with ammunition, and as none could be readily procured, it became necessary to have it prepared. Mr. Sturm, now Lieutenant-Colonel Sturm of the Fifty-

Fourth regiment, was engaged for that purpose. He had studied the art in Europe, and was thoroughly instructed in all its details. He succeeded well in the enterprise from the beginning, and his ammunition was pronounced the very best in use. Thus was the arsenal established, and as the demand for ammunition daily increased, and the necessity so far from passing away, became constantly greater as the war progressed, what was first intended as a temporary convenience, became a large and permanent establishment. Colonel Sturm continued to be at the head of the establishment, managing it with great success and ability, preparing ammunition of every description for artillery and small arms, not only supplying our own troops when going to the field, but sending immense quantities to the armies of the West and South. In several emergencies, the armies in the West and South were supplied from here, when they could not procure it from other arsenals, and serious disasters thereby avoided.

"Shortly after the arsenal was fully established, it was brought to the attention of the War Department, and the ammunition having been thoroughly tested, the Government agreed to pay for what had already been issued, and to receive and pay for what should be prepared thereafter, at prices which were mutually satisfactory. These prices were generally below what the Government paid for ammunition, but such as it was believed would fairly indemnify the State for all costs and expenses incurred on that account. Every effort was made to conduct the operations of the arsenal with great economy, while paying a fair price to the many operatives employed. Persons have been employed, sometimes to the number of five hundred, and profitable occupation has thus been furnished to many who otherwise would have wanted the means of support. My direction to Colonel Sturm was to give the preference to those whose relatives and supporters were in the field. Up to the first day of January, 1862, there have been prepared at the arsenal ninety-two thousand rounds of artillery ammunition, and twenty-one million, nine hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred rounds of ammunition for small arms."

Although Governor Morton used every exertion to fill up our regiments, and to provide the troops with ammunition and arms, he did not regard the men in the ranks as mere fighting material. Their needs and pains and grievances were real to him. Perhaps his efforts to relieve the sufferings of the soldiers, and to lessen their hardships, are more remarkable than his exertions in any other direction. One more passage must be extracted from his message, which is simply a report to his employers, i. e., the people of the State, for the sake of showing an outline of his course for the relief of suffering. Here, as everywhere, he was ably and warmly seconded by all the Christian and patriotic community.

"Shortly after the war began, it became apparent that our sick and wounded soldiers, when all had been done for them that could be by regimental and hospital surgeons, under the regulations, must, in very many cases, suffer greatly from want of attention, and necessary supplies. Accordingly, I very early adopted the plan of sending agents to look after the condition, and as far as possible supply the wants, of the Indiana troops. These agents had their instructions to follow the track of our armies, to pick up the sick and the wounded who had fallen by the wayside, visit the hospitals, report the names of the sick, wounded and dead, afford relief whenever it could be afforded, inform the State authorities what kind of supplies were needed and where, visit the troops in the field and ascertain their wants and condition, and aid in having their requisitions for supplies promptly filled. These agents have generally performed their duty well, and, I believe, have been the instruments of saving the lives of hundreds of our gallant soldiers, and of relieving a vast amount of suffering and destitution. Many of their reports are descriptive of sufferings, sorrows and death that would melt the stoutest heart, and show better than can be learned in any other way the dreadful horrors of war. The labors of these agents were not confined to any particular duties, but extended to every kind of relief that soldiers might need. They aided in procuring furloughs for the sick and wounded, discharges for such as would not be able to serve again, in furnishing transportation at the expense of the State for such as had not the

means of travel, and getting home; receiving the soldiers' money and distributing it to their families; hunting up descriptive rolls for such as had been long confined in hospitals, but for want of their rolls could not be paid or discharged; visiting the battle-fields, bringing home the wounded, and distributing sanitary stores. In some cases I directed the chartering of steamboats for the transportation of the sick and wounded, and, in general, instructed my agents to incur such expenses as were absolutely necessary to enable them to execute their missions. But, notwithstanding all that has been done, I have to lament that the efforts have come far short of the mighty demand; that much suffering has gone unrelieved, and that many of our brave sons have languished and died among strangers, in destitution and neglect, with no friend present to soothe their last hours, or mark the spot where their ashes sleep.

"I have employed and sent to the field many additional assistant surgeons, to remain until the emergency they were sent to relieve had passed. After severe battles the regimental surgeons, worn down by fatigue and exposure, were found to be inadequate to the care of the wounded, and additional aid became indispensable.

"Many times all the surgeons of a regiment were either sick or absent on detached duty, and their places had to be supplied by temporary appointments. They have generally discharged their duty with ability, and to the satisfaction of those to whom they were sent, and for the promptitude with which they left their business and responded to the sudden calls, are entitled to the thanks of the State."

CHAPTER XII.

MISSOURI.

NEXT to Virginia, Missouri was dragged into the war. Her Legislature would not vote for Secession, and the Convention elected by her people voted decidedly against it. The Governor of the State, a violent and servile adherent of the South, was able to promote revolutionary measures only by the most high-handed assumption of authority.

To the Confederacy, it was a matter of special pride to gain and hold a State which had been snatched from liberty, almost with battle, on her entrance into a political existence; it was also the plainest wisdom, not simply because of the value of territory and numbers, but on account of the natural endowments of the State. Her rolling prairies, of unsurpassed depth and richness of soil; her dense forests; her mountains burdened with ore; her rivers, many and broad, gave rich and rare promise; and her population, mingled German and American, insured, the one by its bold and ready ingenuity, the other by its faithful industry, the development, or the application of all this power. Moreover, the acquisition of Missouri would involve the destinies of the Indian Nation, Arizona, New Mexico, and even Kansas, all, indeed, of the vast territory to the West and South-West.

But Missouri was not Southern. In geographical position, and in all material interests, she was more nearly allied with the North than with the South; and she was so fortified, with slave-hating Kansas for her western bulwark, and loyal and liberal St. Louis on her eastern border, that she could not, without a mortal struggle, be drawn into Secession; neither could she, without Secession, be long retained in the bonds of Slavery.

The loyalty of St. Louis was due to the extraordinarily mixed character of her population. In the shops and offices of the city lives another New England. In the streets walks all Europe, from the stubbed Hebridean to the tall Tyrolese, to whom their native rock, denying everything else, gives most bountifully of loyalty, the one luxuriant mountain growth.

A large majority of the population of the State, at the beginning of the Secession movement, spoke out in favor of continuing the old relations. All the Germans, of whom there were many thousands in the agricultural districts, and the most of the intelligent native Americans were patriotic.

Slavery formed a strong bond to the South; stronger to the rich slaveholders, whose farms lay along the Missouri River, than the ties of trade, friendship, family or religion. Moreover, not only the Governor, but all the chief executive officers, in 1860 and 1861, were Secessionists, and were unscrupulous in the choice of means for the furthering of their ends. They schemed at home and with each other: and they had personal and epestolary correspondence with the leaders of the Cotton States, who exerted all their not insignificant powers of diplomacy to win so valuable a territory.

While other States, in the same latitude, roused with enthusiasm at the call of the President for seventy-five thousand troops, Missouri replied to the demand in the following terms: "The requisition is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman, diabolical, and cannot be complied with. Missouri won't furnish a single man for such an unholy crusade."

In the name of Missouri the reply was given, but the voice was Jackson's voice.

It is not unwise to observe the contrast in the tone of the Confederate authorities, and of the Colonial Representatives at the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle. The one grave, dignified and self-respecting, as became men who honored authority, and regarded the interests of the people; the other fiery, spiteful, piping, the voice of mutinous, ill-bred children.

The struggle which a man makes for independence that he may control himself, and the struggle which a man makes for independence that he may control others, differ not only morally, as De Tocqueville says, but rhetorically.

The Missouri Legislature was too cowardly to come out plainly in favor of Secession, but it was decidedly in the interest of the slave-holding aristocracy; and was easily cajoled into investing the Governor with despotic power, and into presenting him for military purposes an immense fund, which was obtained by appropriating the income of educational and benevolent institutions. The same assembly showed an appreciation of the sort of struggle which would ensue, and of the sort of force which would be required if once the domineering party should be arrayed against the General Government, by passing a bill for cultivating friendly relations with the Indian tribes.

The Unionists of Missouri were watchful and zealous. At their entreaty the General Government promptly interfered. Had it been otherwise, the State, bound hand and foot, would have been given over to the Southern Confederacy; and the contest which succeeded, and which was bitter enough and long enough, would have been intensified and prolonged. Several gentlemen in St. Louis hastily consulted with each other, and promised the President, on their own responsibility, the four regiments required of the State. The Secretary of War, accordingly, sent orders to Captain Lyon, who was at the time in command of the United States Arsenal in the city, to enrol the regiments in the United States service as soon as they were raised.

Ten days after the reply of Gov. Jackson to the President's requisition, a national force took possession at night of the contents of the Arsenal, and carried them off to Springfield, Illinois. It was a masterly stroke, but Gov. Jackson was prepared for emergencies. A few days later, he received a quantity of arms which had been taken from the United States Arsenal in Baton Rouge, and sent up the river in boxes marked "marble." These he put into the hands of a force which was called together ostensibly for military instruction. In addition to the arms from Baton Rouge, a



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large supply was obtained by the robbing of an arsenal in Clay County, of a magazine in St. Joseph, and of scattered Union families.

The fact that the Governor favored Secession opened the door to every evil. No exhortation to peace could influence, and no law could control the idle, uneducated, constitutionally rebellious sons of rich planters; and the rowdies and rascals who had everything to gain, nothing to lose by revolution. They seized with a mad eagerness opportunities for lawless roving and robbing, and inflicted untold outrages upon Union families. No farm nor village was safe from their intrusion. Furnished with a commission to "hunt," they pursued a system of horse-stealing and general robbery, and delighted in inspiring the helpless and unprotected with terror. Not satisfied with robbery, and with the terror their oaths and outcries excited, they committed more hideous crimes. "Their hands shed innocent blood; and their feet were swift in running to mischief." They murdered loyal men at midnight on their own thresholds. No day, no hour, no place was secure. St. Louis, crowded with Unionists and Secessionists escaped from the open country or the smaller towns, was daily and nightly threatened with riots. Many fled from the State. It was calculated that at least fifty thousand inoffensive persons fled from Missouri to the Free States, chiefly to Illinois, before the Autumn.

Those who were so bold as to remain in sparsely settled districts tried to provide means for self-defense, and kept ready places for hiding. Volunteer companies for and against the Government were raised in every populous county. Home guards were formed of such as could not leave their homes. Often in religious meetings, in the summer of Sixty-one, and in the three following years, the solemn prayer in the house of God was broken in upon by a loud voice at the door, calling "Every man must report for duty within five minutes! Price is upon us!" or, "The Guerrillas are coming!"

From side to side, and end to end, the State was rocked and tossed in the turmoil of conflicting interests and passions.

The officers of the regular army in command in Missouri, and the Unionists of the State used every means in their power to preserve peace, and to lighten the wide-spread gloom. Harney, Lyon, Boernstein, Sweeny, Sturgis, Hurlbut, issued proclamations, in which they exhorted the people to peace and loyalty. But their zeal and activity were outdone by the zeal and activity of the opposite party. Jackson, Price, Thompson, McCulloch cried, "War! War to the knife! War to the hilt!" They studiously made use of every expression which could inflame the unthinking and the passionate. Tyrants, despots, invaders, usurpers, minions, mercenary hordes—these, and the like of these, were the terms in which they spoke of soldiers, and of all supporters of the Government.

"Come now, strike while the iron is hot!" exhorted Jeff Thompson, in a proclamation issued the first of August. "Our enemies are whipped in Virginia. They are whipped in Missouri. Gen. Hardee advances in the centre, Gen. Pillow on the right and Gen. McCulloch on the left, with twenty thousand brave Southern hearts to our aid. So, leave your ploughs in the furrow, and your oxen in the yoke, and rush like a tornado upon your invaders and your foes, to sweep them from the face of the earth, or to force them from the soil of our State! We have plenty of ammunition, and the cattle upon ten thousand hills are ours. We have forty thousand Belgian muskets coming, but bring your guns and muskets with you, if you have them, if not, come without them. We will strike your foes like a Southern thunderbolt, and soon our camp-fires will illumine the Merrimac and Missouri. Come, turn out!"

Such eloquence was irresistible. Jeff Thompson's poetry also stirred the Southern Missouri spirit. One of his productions, entitled "Home Again," shows the same familiarity with sacred things which is noticeable in his proclamation.

"I will return, though foes may stand
Disputing every rod:
My own dear home, my native land,
I'll win you yet, by —!"

In June, Governor Jackson appointed Sterling Price, an unscrupulous and popular man, with some military experience, having been an officer in the Mexican War, major-general of the State forces. The Camp of Instruction which he formed directly after the President's first requisition, was early broken up by Captain Lyon. But the loss of troops was but temporary. Governor Jackson called for fifty thousand volunteers, and young men from all parts of the State flocked to his standard. He appointed nine brigadier-generals. The same month, with as much of an army as they could collect in so short a time, Governor Jackson and General Price started west to Jefferson City.

General Lyon lost no time in going in pursuit. Near Booneville, he came up with the Rebel army and routed it. Price gathered his men together again, and moved on toward the South-West, Lyon following.

The retreat and pursuit continued two or three days, when Lyon was so delayed by lack of transportation, that he fell far behind. But just as Jackson and Price were rid of Lyon, Colonel Sigel, who had been sent from St. Louis by a different route, with a Union force of fifteen hundred, appeared in their front, and attacked them with spirit. His number, however, was greatly inferior, and he was forced to fall back by a movement of the enemy threatening to outflank him both right and left. Sigel arranged his cannon so as to keep the Rebel cavalry at a distance, and retreated more than twenty miles, without the loss of a man or a gun, and carrying with him all who were killed and wounded in the battle. General Price's army continued to increase by reinforcements from the South, and by the daily enlistment of Missourians.

General Lyon, on the contrary, although he stopped at Springfield and waited for assistance, received no addition to his numbers, while he suffered such decrease as must result from the ordinary amount of sickness. His entire number, including Sigel's force and the inmates of his hospital, was five thousand three hundred and sixty-eight. He urged the Government to send him men. But the three-months' troops had just been mustered out of service; the

battle of Bull-Run had just been fought; Washington was threatened, and the Cabinet had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the dangers and needs of the East. Instead of receiving reinforcements, Lyon received an order to send his regulars to Washington. The order distressed and perplexed him. He wrote on July 15th, "I must utterly fail if my regulars all go. Troops from the Northern, Middle and Eastern States are available for the support of the army in Virginia, and it seems strange that the West must be stripped of the means of defence."

The causes which affected the East operated with equal force on the West. If any slave-holders in Missouri had hitherto hesitated, after the battle of Bull Run they hesitated no longer to know and declare their sentiments. They threw off all disguise, snatched their rifles and their horses, and joined the Rebel army; or if debarred by age from the use of arms, they freely gave of their substance, confident that the early establishment of the Confederacy would repay four-fold their losses. If Union citizens were cautious, slow, reticent and timid before, after the battle of Bull Run they were cowed and cowardly.

About the middle of July, John C. Fremont was appointed commander of the Western District, including the States of Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas, with the territories west of these.

The new commander was no unknown aspirant for glory. Raising the American flag in California, when her gold was yet undiscovered; flinging out its folds from the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, he seemed born to be the herald of freedom. The desert and the mountain gave him a name. Hungary and Poland, and all the oppressed of Europe knew the "Pathfinder." His fame had even reached the slave quarters of the South. It warmed the heart of every intelligent black man. It burned in every slave-holder's soul.

It is said that in the summer of the Fremont-and-Buchanan Presidential campaign, ten or more negroes were hung, near Gallatin, Tennessee, for showing an interest in the election of Fremont. In the same state, about the same time, a slave, who suffered death under the tortures of the

whip, prophesied as each lash fell, "Fremont will come!" "Fremont will come!" and died moaning, "Fremont!"

But, if the helpless bondmen's love was stronger than death, the master's hate was grimmer than the grave. Our good President the slave-holder dared to scorn; but ridicule, the most acrimonious, never lighted up the regards of the South for Fremont.

General Fremont was therefore acceptable to his Department. With the exception of a few, who bore a personal grudge against him, and who, unfortunately, were influential and prominent men, even his old political opponents generously welcomed him. They expected great things from him, while his friends encouraged impossible hopes.

He did not arrive in St. Louis until the 25th of July, not having left New York, where he was engaged procuring, or attempting to procure arms, until after the battle of Bull Run set everybody in motion. He was to raise his own forces, organize them, arm them and discipline them. He was to protect a Department of immense extent, and threatened along its whole southern frontier, from invasion; and to suppress in the same immense district, heaving with discontent, any attempts at insurrection. He was to cut the Confederacy in two by clearing the banks of the Mississippi of the enemy, and by going down the river to the Gulf. No instructions and no plans were given him. All was to be done by his own ingenuity, skill and power.

It was a herculean task which was before him. He undertook it thoughtfully, but boldly, trusting in himself and in his countrymen.

The Union troops already assembled for the defence of Missouri were few and in ill condition.

General Prentiss held the little, old, dirty town of Cairo, important from its position, lying as it does on the point of land between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and commanding the entrance by water into the two States of Illinois and Missouri. He had eight regiments, six of which were three-months' regiments, re-enlisted, but not yet re-organized, and therefore not reliable. A single regiment, with a single battery, held Cape Girardeau. At Ironton, seventy-

five miles from St. Louis by railroad, was one regiment. General Pope was in Northern Missouri with a few thousand men. General Lyon was at Springfield with the force already described.

These troops were not clamoring for pay, but they were in need of it, and consequently were dissatisfied.

Within a circle of fifty miles round General Prentiss were twelve thousand Confederate volunteers. At New Madrid General Pillow had a force of fifteen or twenty thousand infantry, also cavalry and artillery. Another force was gathering under Brigadier-General Jeff. Thompson. Hovering near Springfield was General Price, with an army varying in number from ten to twenty thousand, but neither better armed nor disciplined than the National forces.

Anxious to allay or prevent discontent, one of the first subjects to which General Fremont turned his attention was the payment of the troops. But the United States Treasurer in St. Louis, though he had in his possession three hundred thousand dollars, refused to put any part of the sum in the hands of the General. Fremont, in consequence, sent a small force to the Treasury, with orders to seize one hundred thousand dollars. With this amount he directed such payments to be made as he thought the emergency required. In a private letter to President Lincoln, in which he makes a statement of his intention to seize the money, he says: "I will risk everything for the defence of the Department you have confided to me, and I trust to you for support."

General Fremont's first effort was in favor of General Prentiss, as Lyon, if necessary, could save himself by a retreat, which would cost only Springfield, but Prentiss could not abandon Cairo without risking the loss of St. Louis, and the whole North-West, a loss which, after the defeat of Manassas, might have been irretrievable. Cape Girardeau and Ironton were immediately reinforced; and, five days after his arrival at St. Louis, Fremont embarked with a force of three thousand eight hundred men for Cairo. Returning to St. Louis, he sent a pressing appeal to Governor Morton, to which the latter replied, August the fourth: "Can send five regiments, if leave is granted by the Department, as I

am ordered to send them East as fast as ready." General Fremont immediately prepared to send troops to Lyon from new regiments which were now arriving, though they were all undrilled, without transportation, almost without arms, and as yet there were no arms nor accoutrements in the city. He ordered a regiment which was guarding Booneville, and another which was in Kansas, to go without delay to Springfield.

It was already too late. General Price, well aware of the vigorous character of Fremont, and informed of his present alacrity, delayed not an hour after he heard of orders for the reinforcement of Lyon. A bloody battle was fought on Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, on the tenth day of August. The Federals were defeated by overwhelming numbers. General Lyon, after two wounds, in spite of which he held his place on the field, fell while crying to a regiment which had lost its leaders, "I will lead you, men! Follow me!"

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIANA TO THE RESCUE.

THE loss of the battle of Wilson's Creek, so soon after the disaster of Bull Run, and the death of General Lyon, one of the most efficient commanders in the service, were deplorable events. The Government was roused to the danger, and, at the same time, to the value of Missouri, and made immediate efforts to increase Fremont's strength. All the Indiana regiments which had not already been sent to the East were, without any delay for preparations, ordered off to the West. Before the middle of September the Twenty-Second, the Twenty-Third, the Eighteenth, the Twenty-Fourth, eight companies of the Twenty-Eighth, the Twenty-Fifth, the Eleventh, the Eighth, and the Twenty-Sixth, with three batteries, the First, Second and Third, had reached the metropolis of Missouri.

The Twenty-Second and the Twenty-Third were the first to arrive. They left Indiana on the same day, August 17, with high hopes of spending Thanksgiving in Memphis and Christmas in New Orleans. They were both unarmed, and were the first unarmed regiments which left the State.

The Twenty-Second was particularly happy in its commanding officer, Colonel Jefferson C. Davis. He had received a thorough military training in active life, and had already won a degree of military distinction. He entered the Mexican war when he was little more than a boy, and served through the whole war without the loss of a day. For gallant conduct he was promoted to a lieutenancy in an artillery regiment, which, as it happened, was remarkable for its talent. Twenty-one of the officers with whom he was daily associated in this regiment gained, during the rebellion, either a bad or good eminence as Generals in the Confederate or in the

National army. In 1852, and afterwards in 1857, he was engaged in settling Indian difficulties in the South. He was the first commander of the first garrison in Fort Sumter. Here he had charge of the cargo of a slaver which had been captured, and, although several writs of habeas corpus were served against him by the excited and angry people of Charleston, he refused to surrender the helpless Africans. The question was settled by the yellow fever, which set in with violence, and carried off so many of the captives that Lieutenant Davis was allowed, without opposition, to send the poor remainder to Liberia.

During the siege of Sumter, Davis was the only Indianian in the garrison. He was on the ramparts when, in the morning twilight of April 12th, the first shell of the Rebellion exploded over the Fort. He had command of a battery during the bombardment, and silenced, with his well-directed guns, a floating battery of which the Rebels had great expectations. After the surrender he went with Major Anderson to New York, where he received promotion to a Captaincy, accompanied with orders to repair to Indianapolis as mustering officer for Indiana. He preferred service in the field, and after several months of severe labor in organizing and equipping regiments, he was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-Second Indiana.

The men were delighted with a commander who was thus identified with the war from the beginning. They liked him none the less for bearing the arch-traitor's name. To fight Jeff. Davis with Jeff. Davis put a little fun into the serious business of war.

The Twenty-Second went into camp in the suburbs of St. Louis, and waited impatiently nearly two weeks for arms. But almost as soon as the anxiously looked-for muskets were put into the hands of the men they were stacked, their worthlessness was so evident. The locks of some could not be moved, and of others were entirely gone. The next supply could be fired, but from their habit of kicking were nearly as dangerous behind as before. It was not unusual to see a man fall flat when his gun went off. These arms were calculated, accord-

ing to the wits of the regiment, to favor the movement of rising to fire and falling to reload.

The Eighteenth regiment went through various mutations before it was fairly organized, owing to the fact that its first companies were enlisted for the State service, and for only one year. At one time nothing existed of the regiment but the name. It was, at last, organized hastily to meet the immediate demand for troops consequent upon the disaster to our arms at Wilson's Creek. The day after its organization, August 17th, having been partially supplied with camp and garrison equipage, grey uniforms, and old-fashioned muskets, with five Enfield rifles to each company, the regiment started to St. Louis. The men pitched their tents, for the first time, in Lafayette Park. They called their first encampment, in honor of General Fremont's wife, Camp Jessie.

Thomas Pattison, of Aurora, was Colonel of the regiment. He was an Irishman by birth, had served in the British army, and was acquainted with the duties and responsibilities of an officer. This was quite satisfactory to his regiment, as there was then, if not a kind of distrust of American officers, whatever their talent and patriotism, some slight prejudice in favor of gentlemen of European birth and parentage, war in Europe and peace in America being considered the normal state of affairs.

The Colonel of the Twenty-Fourth regiment, which was the next after the Eighteenth to arrive in St. Louis, was an able and successful lawyer from Mount Vernon, Indiana. He was an ardent Democrat, and stood high in the estimation of his party, the leaders of which, throughout his previous public career, willingly bestowed favors on him. When he was twenty-four years old Governor Whitcomb appointed him First Lieutenant in a company raised to join our army in Mexico. When he was twenty-nine Governor Wright appointed him President Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit. The next year, 1852, he was elected and commissioned Judge of the same Circuit. In 1854 Governor Wright appointed him one of the Supreme Judges of the State. President Pierce, in 1856, appointed him United States District Attorney for Indiana.

James Buchanan removed him from this position for the lack of Lecomptonism, and put in his place Hon. Daniel Voorhees. If proof was needed, the list of appointments is enough, to show that it was not disappointment, but solid principle, which led Judge Hovey to sink the Democrat in the Patriot.

His reputation, his fine soldierly air, and the way he set about his work, introduced him favorably to the Twenty-Fourth. In Camp Knox no muskets were to be had, but as time could not be lost, clubs were substituted. Tramping up and down on guard, with a shouldered shillelah, the new soldier looked as formidable, and felt as warlike, as necessary in a peaceful community; but they were quite willing, before leaving for St. Louis, to relinquish their clubs for smooth-bore muskets.

The Twenty-Eighth Indiana regiment, as has been mentioned, was a cavalry regiment. Its origin is not without interest.

Conrad Baker, of Evansville, was in Indianapolis in June, 1861, when he was approached by Governor Morton with the proposition to raise and take charge of a cavalry regiment. Mr. Baker had been an active Republican since the organization of the party. He was a warm supporter of Fremont in the canvass of 1856, and was a thorough-going Lincoln man in 1860.

He looked with horror and dismay upon the proceedings of the South, and often, while in his office, quietly unraveling the intricacies of a law-suit, or in the court room pleading the cause of a client, he felt a pang of self-reproach that his individual life was secure and peaceful in the midst of impending national ruin. It sometimes seemed that a voice outside of himself put the reproach into form, with the question: "Is there nothing you can do?" But he had no knowledge of military affairs, and was no more of a horseman than might be expected of a sober, middle-aged gentleman, an industrious lawyer, and an elder in the Presbyterian church.

The subject was serious enough, yet he could not help laughing at Governor Morton's proposition. The Governor answered his objections, and surprise by asking him to

name a sufficient number of men with military education to officer the regiments required from the State. The list was painfully small. In the extremity but one test could be applied—the energy with which men pursued and the ability with which they controlled their private business.

Mr. Baker could not but admit the justice of the criterion. He acknowledged himself devoted to his country. It is scarcely probable, too, that he did not feel conscious of that veracity which, when united to good sense, above anything else, fits a man for a place of command, because, above anything else, it wins the faith of subordinates. Such a man need not reflect long. The struggle preparatory to the great step had already, although unconsciously, taken place.

He went home to form a regiment on the the terms proposed by Governor Morton. The men were to provide their own horses and arms, keep themselves ready for active service, and receive pay during the time they were in active service. They were not to leave the State, and were to guard the river from Dearborn county to Posey.

Mr. Baker found it impossible to organize a regiment on these terms, and he offered his resignation, but withdrew it before it received consideration, as, meantime, a call for cavalry regiments for the United States service was made by the War Department. He recruited only in the river counties, and united in himself, while organizing, and for some time after the organization of the regiment, the offices of Colonel, Quartermaster and Adjutant. He so managed money affairs that until the 23d of August his expenses were but five thousand eight hundred dollars, little more than half as much as the expenses of any other cavalry regiment in the same length of time.

The regiment consisted of fourteen companies, six of which were recruited in Madison, under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott Carter, and were early ordered to join the army of the Potomac. When the eight companies, which were organized by Colonel Baker in Evansville, were ordered, in accordance with a request of General Fremont for six thousand cavalry, to join the army of the Mississippi, they had no uniforms, nor

saddles, nor bridles, nor carbines, nor sabres. Colonel Baker, however, obeyed without hesitation.

He arrived in St. Louis August 23d, and was met by all the loyal people of the city, who turned out with acclamations to receive the Indiana cavalry. Fortunately for the dignity of our State, night threw her friendly mantle over the unsoldierly appearing troops. The clatter of the horses' hoofs, the cheers of the horsemen, suggested to the excited imaginations of the welcoming crowd a train of splendidly equipped cavaliers.

Governor Morton succeeded in getting clothing to Colonel Baker by the 10th of September, and two days later sabres and other equipments sufficient for one battalion. But the carbines, though of two kinds, were wretched. No holsters could be found. Cases for pistols were indispensable, but Colonel Baker found, after making every effort to procure them, that there were absolutely none in St. Louis. Driven to the exercise of his ingenuity he went to several saddlers, and directed the preparation of leather straps with eyelet holes, through which strings could be laced. These straps, fastened to the saddles, served a long time for holsters.

The Twenty-Fifth was made up of men. Here and there a boy of eighteen had found his way into the ranks, but nearly all the thousand and forty-six soldiers of the Twenty-Fifth were hardy and experienced, of mature years, and having families and farms; and the youngest were ready to prove, and did afterwards prove, on march and in battle, their equal claims to manhood. Colonel Veatch was a prominent lawyer in Spencer county, and also a man of experience and activity.

There was heavy grief in many a farm-house near Newburg and Medora, and the many small towns which are little more than post offices in the southern part of the State, when the regiment in Evansville drew its members into camp; and heavier grief still when, on the 26th of August, the regiment departed to St. Louis. Not only families and social-circles, but the public, the schools, the Sunday schools, lost their most useful and beloved members. The poor children of the Mission Sunday School in Evansville, gave up their superinten-

dent with the touching sorrow of childhood, to which parting seems death.

The Twenty-Fifth went into camp beside the Twenty-Second, south of the Fair Grounds of St. Louis.

The Twenty-Sixth regiment reached St. Louis the 7th of September. Its Colonel was William M. Wheatley, who left a lucrative business and a happy family circle to serve his country in the army. The regiment was of the best material, and principally from the farms near Indianapolis.

"In the three months' service the Eighth, both officers and men, acquired an enviable distinction during the campaign in Western Virginia, especially in the fight at Rich Mountain, and this prestige seemed to be singularly well sustained in recruiting the regiment for the present service. Retaining the same regimental organization entire, and, with few exceptions, the same company officers, its ranks were completely filled in the brief period of about thirty-three days, and much sooner than any of the six three-months' regiments, excepting the Eleventh. This was accomplished, too without sending out recruiting officers in advance of the expiration of the former term of service; without the display of 'fuss and feathers' by its officers, or the aid of outside influences, except as they were freely tendered in evidence of the confidence reposed in those who were to be in command of the men thus enlisted. It was also significant that the regiment retained so large a number of those who were in its ranks in the three-months' service. These facts of record tell their own tale."*

The Eighth left Indianapolis the 10th of September, clothed in the new pale blue uniform.

The Indiana troops in St. Louis were the subject of considerable attention. Before their arrival it had been prognosticated that they would not only be unruly in their camps, but would create disturbance throughout the city. It is found, however, by reference to the St. Louis journals of that date that the contrary was the case. The St. Louis Democrat says: "The excellent order which has prevailed among the Ohio and Indiana troops since their encampment, both at the

* Letter by Rev. A. W. Sanford, in *Indianapolis Journal*, of December 11, 1861.

fair grounds and at Lafayette Park, is well worthy of mention. In all the regiments we have not heard of a single case of disturbance or disorderly conduct among the soldiers, or improper action towards civilians. This is owing both to the general manly disposition of the men, and to strict military discipline."

And again, in an account of a visit to Camp LaFayette: "Approaching the grounds we met the Indiana Twenty-Fourth regiment, numbering one thousand and forty-six men, led by Colonel Hovey, and just leaving the Park to encamp at Carondolet, where water is more abundant, and where there is room for regimental drills. A large proportion of the soldiers are very young men, who have full chests and full cheeks, and joy and youth and strength in them. They are not outcasts, enlisting for money. The officers are young, bright-faced fellows, and look fit to lead men who have health and soul in them."

Again: "If an Indiana boy catches your eye he says, 'How do you do, sir?' very politely, and this gives you a good opinion of the whole regiment." *

* An employee at the Union Depot, Indianapolis, says he always recognizes an Indian in the crowds which hourly come and go, by this friendly custom.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOVING FORWARD.

General Fremont endeavored to have the new soldiers in St. Louis drilled and fitted for service without waiting for the arrival of arms, and, that their time and strength might be reserved for the one purpose of acquiring military discipline, he had all digging, chopping and labor of every kind performed by hired hands. Barracks and encampments were made as comfortable as the means allowed, and all unnecessary expense was avoided. No care, however, could keep out contagious diseases, and nearly every soldier in St. Louis had the measles. This disease seemed to be a degree in the service following closely the mustering in.

The General Commanding was indefatigable in his own exertions, rising with the first streak of dawn, and accomplishing hours of labor before the most of the world had left the breakfast table. He began to build gunboats and floating batteries to fortify the city in order to make it a base of operations; to fortify also Ironton, Rolla and Jefferson City, and to provide each with a garrison. His preparations, though rapidly made, were on a gigantic scale, and the plan of his campaign was equal in grandeur. As soon as his army was equipped, he expected to sweep over the State, drive out or capture all rebel forces, and, after establishing peace in the rear, to move down to New Orleans, reaching the great Southern city early in the spring of Sixty-two.

General Fremont began to send reinforcements to the outposts shortly after the arrival of the new troops in St. Louis, August 27. Colonel Davis was ordered to relieve General Grant of the command of all the forces between the Osage and Missouri rivers. The next day Colonel Davis removed his regiment, the Twenty-Second, and, with it, the Eighteenth,

from St. Louis to Jefferson City, the principal point in his district. He began at once to fortify the place, and to dispose his forces—about fifteen thousand in number—for its defence. The Twenty-Second and Eighteenth went into camp on the river bank, above the city, and zealously improved the opportunity for instruction in drill and discipline. Here the first picket duty in these two regiments was performed.

About the 10th of September, a rumor having been received that Booneville had been captured by a small force of Rebels, the Eighteenth, with a portion of the Twenty-Second, leaving their baggage and their sick, which were already becoming numerous, went by the Pacific railroad to Tipton, and reached it a short time before dark. Great haste being thought necessary, in order, if possible, to surprise the Rebels at Booneville, this force started at night on the first march. Soon after dark a heavy rain began, which lasted the entire night, making the road, which was bad enough at any time, almost impassable for new soldiers. At one o'clock they were glad to lie down in a wayside meadow, to sleep, unconscious of the drenching rain.

Many never recovered from the effects of this march, and it was long remembered and talked about by the men, who were then just beginning to learn what a sacrifice they had undertaken for their country.

On moving to Booneville the next day, they found that the Rebels had been driven off by the home-guard, which had fortified a hill in the fair ground, near the river, and had held it against all attacks of the enemy. The hill was now occupied by the Sixth Iowa, which had arrived by the steamer Iatan, and here the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second also bivouacked after their tiresome march.

General Fremont ordered Colonel Baker to send a battalion to Iron-ton on the very day the Colonel finished his pistol-holders, and fastened them to the saddles of his first battalion. Not an hour's delay was necessary. Colonel Baker was also ready when he was directed to be off to the same point with the remainder of his men. Their equipments, however, were

something in the style of their holsters, and it was two years before they received good arms.

The Eighth Indiana was ordered to Jefferson City the 14th of September, only a day or two after its arrival in St. Louis. It was followed on the next day by the Twenty-Sixth.

August 31, General Fremont issued the following General Order:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, August 31.

"Circumstances in my judgment of sufficient urgency, render it necessary that the Commanding General of this Department should assume the administrative power of the State. Its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authority, the total insecurity of life, and the devastation of property by bands of murderers and marauders who infest nearly every county in the State, and avail themselves of the public misfortunes and the vicinity of a hostile force to gratify private and neighborhood vengeance, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder, finally demand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and outrages which are driving off the inhabitants and ruining the State. In this condition, the public safety and the success of our arms require unity of purpose, without let or hindrance to the prompt administration of affairs.

"In order, therefore, to suppress disorders, to maintain, as far as now practicable, the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend and declare established martial law throughout the State of Missouri. The lines of the army of occupation in this State are, for the present, declared to extend from Leavenworth, by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi river. All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands, within these lines, shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the

field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men.

"All persons who shall be proven to have destroyed, after the publication of this order, railroad tracks, bridges or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

"All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring aid to the enemies of the United States, in disturbing the public tranquillity by creating and circulating false reports or incendiary documents, are in their own interest warned that they are exposing themselves.

"All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are required to return to their homes forthwith; any such absence, without sufficient cause, will be held to be presumptive evidence against them.

"The object of this declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and to supply such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand. But it is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner, and with their customary authority, while the same can be peaceably exercised.

"The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and, in his efforts for their safety, hopes to obtain not only the acquiescence, but the active support of the people of the country.

"J. C. FREMONT,

"Major General Commanding."

In this Order General Fremont violated an act of Congress, which limited the penalty of confiscation to property actually employed in the rebellion, with the knowledge and consent of its owners, and which, instead of emancipating slaves thus employed, left their status to be determined either by the courts of the United States or by subsequent legislation. He was probably led to the transgression by his disgust with the cowardice and treachery of Missouri slaveholders, and his conviction that they would not and could not be conquered while the Government protected the dearest of all their possessions;

by his fear of the slowness of the President, who had not yet set down the foot which, when once planted, was to be immovable, and by his confidence in the tacit approval with which his assertion "I will hazard everything for the defense of the Department and I trust to you for support," was received.

The order enraged the Rebels of Missouri. General Thompson immediately issued a proclamation, in which he solemnly asserted that for every Southern soldier or citizen executed, he would "hang, draw and quarter a minion of Lincoln;" that he would "exceed the excesses of Fremont, and retaliate tenfold, so help him God!" He and other Rebel leaders, without publicly proclaiming it, encouraged the opinion that Missouri ought not to have either railroad or telegraphic communication with the Free States. Railroad tracks were, in consequence, frequently torn up. The 4th of September a band of Rebel soldiers saturated with turpentine the planks of a bridge over the Platte river, ten miles from St. Joseph, and at night set it on fire. In an hour or two its destruction was complete. The night was pitch dark. At midnight a train containing nearly a hundred passengers plunged twenty feet into the river. Such atrocities will men commit when they are under the restraint of neither law nor decency.

The offense, however, was not confined to Rebels. Loyal Missourians felt outraged by the stringency of Fremont's order. The two members of the Cabinet from Missouri were loud and warm in their expressions of displeasure. Kentucky was also indignant. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois stood aghast, confounded by the boldness which so roughly handled the sacred and delicate institution of slavery. Even the good President disapproved.

It was soon seen that, if not he, the members of his Cabinet looked upon the Western General as a dangerous man. A latent feeling of suspicion was roused in them. Perhaps they recalled in those deep, restless eyes, set so close together, a something which had baffled their scrutiny, and interpreted it ambition. The words "ambition," "dictator," "despot," began to be whispered about. Men's minds were unsettled.

Now that the great fact of rebellion was proved, they were ready to doubt a deviation from any trodden path.

Fremont from this time worked under a cloud, and against a current. In every quarter he met opposition. In every direction his purposes were thwarted. He went on, however, laying plans and preparing for their execution with an independence and vigor which were very near audacity. The fortifications of St. Louis were continued on the same magnificent scale. Five thousand laborers were employed, and in thirty days the works were so far complete as to render the city safe in the care of a small force.

As General Fremont was almost the only military man in America who had a European reputation, he attracted foreigners to his standard. These were generally men of culture and force of character, and men who had struggled and suffered for liberty in their own country. His life of adventure, danger and toil had endeared him to the noble American youth, and he gathered about him, in various capacities, hosts of generous young men. He formed his staff, it is said, with less reference to moral character than to ability. However that may be, two of Indiana's sons were members of this singularly gifted staff, and Indiana claims Hudson and Shanks as good and true men. Illinois, also, loves few names more than that of the warm-hearted and righteous Lovejoy, who was one of the number.

To Zagonyi, a Hungarian exile of much military experience, permission was given to raise a cavalry company to form the General's Body-Guard. Applications for a place in the Guard were received from almost every loyal State. Numbers were refused, and the Guard was formed of only three hundred, one hundred of whom were from Kentucky, the others chiefly from Missouri, although among them were representatives of other Western States.

Early in September, the Western Army numbered fifty-five thousand six hundred and ninety-three men, and was dispersed over the entire department—eleven thousand at Fort Holt and Paducah, guarding St. Louis from an advance up the river; ten thousand at Cairo and in its vicinity; five thousand five hundred in Northern Missouri under General

Pope; nine thousand six hundred at Jefferson City under Colonel Jeff. C. Davis, who was now Acting Brigadier-General; four thousand seven hundred at Rolla; three thousand at Ironton; two thousand two hundred on the frontier of Kansas under General Lane, and the remainder, less than seven thousand, in St. Louis. At that time it was the opinion in the city that Fremont had there twenty thousand men; and only this opinion kept the city from the Rebels.

The District of Jefferson City included Lexington, at which place was a part of Colonel Davis' force. Before nearly every one of these points Rebel troops were assembled in large numbers. Price's army, especially formidable in numbers, was swinging about with the evident intention of dealing a heavy blow somewhere.

After the battle of Springfield, Price and McCulloch, a Rebel General of the fiercest stamp, who had united with Price just before the battle, disagreed and separated, with the loss to Price of more than half his army. But, in no wise discouraged, he recruited vigorously in the western part of the State, and soon had a force ten thousand strong. Fremont was aware of his movements in general, but trusted him to Davis, Lane and Pope, who could send parts of their respective commands to Lexington, or any other point, in the centre and west, threatened with attack.

In the middle of September, the demands for troops in nearly every portion of the Department were urgent. General Robert Anderson, then commanding Kentucky, declared that Louisville would be lost unless reinforcements were sent to him immediately. General Grant, in command at Cairo, was equally pressing. Colonel Mulligan, who had just gone to Lexington, with a Chicago Irish battalion, to reinforce the small body of troops there, represented his danger to be extreme and imminent. At the same time, General Scott, who seemed to repent his late generosity, gave peremptory orders to General Fremont to send five thousand well-armed infantry, without delay, to Washington.

General Fremont immediately started two regiments from Cairo to Washington, and prepared to send the three others

required. For this purpose, he sent down to Carondelet, and ordered the Twenty-Fourth Indiana regiment, one of the only two full regiments he had in St. Louis or its vicinity, to proceed to Washington; but the officers of the regiment came up to his office and urged him to allow them to remain in Missouri. He then changed the order, and directed Colonel Hovey to move to Jefferson City.

The same day, the fourteenth of September, in which General Fremont received so many demands for troops, he sent urgent dispatches to the Governors of Indiana and Ohio for help. Governor Morton replied: "We have received orders to send all available forces to Washington." The Governor of Ohio answered to the same effect.

Also, on the same day, Fremont telegraphed to Colonel Davis to send two regiments to Lexington, and to move promptly; to General Sturgis, from Pope's command, to go there himself with his entire force; to General Lane to co-operate with Sturgis. Two days later, General Pope telegraphed to the Commanding General that two regiments of infantry, four pieces of artillery, and one hundred and fifty cavalry would arrive in Lexington by the day following, reinforcements amounting to five thousand.

While Fremont was endeavoring to comply with the various demands, Price was marching straight toward Lexington. As early as the eleventh of the month, he drew up before Mulligan's command of not quite three thousand soldiers, with barely forty rounds of ammunition and eight small guns. It was posted on a hill north-east of the town, and surrounded by substantial earth-works. Mulligan was confident of being able to hold the position until the arrival of reinforcements. He did not even haul the ferryboats, by which he might have escaped, out of the reach of the Rebels. His expectations were disappointed. Reinforcements did not come. The Rebels destroyed the boats. On the twentieth, having been several days surrounded, deprived of water, suffering from a limited allowance of rations, and from the stench of horses which had been killed within the entrenchments by Rebel cannon, the Union force in Lexington surrendered.

On that day several bodies of reinforcements were almost within call. Colonel Davis sent from Jefferson City, on steamers, the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, with a portion of the Twenty-Second. At Booneville, Colonel Wheatley was joined by the Eighteenth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, and by the portion of the Twenty-Second which was there. In four steamers the force then proceeded up the river, and arrived on the night of the nineteenth near the town of Glasgow, where it was supposed the Rebels had planted a battery. The boats landed on the north side of the river at short distances from each other. The Twenty-Sixth first effected a landing. Colonel Wheatley immediately led it into a wood, which was near the shore, and stationed pickets. Shortly after, the regular tramp of soldiers marching was heard. The gleam of arms in the moonlight revealed troops moving along a road which ran between the woods and a corn-field. The sentinels gave the alarm and fired. The fire was returned. A spirited musketry engagement ensued, and lasted until the approaching party, which was no other than a reconnoitring force from the Twenty-Second and Eighteenth, under Major Tanner, turned and retreated slowly toward the river, carrying the leader, who was mortally wounded, and the lifeless bodies of several comrades. By this mistake the three regiments lost thirteen men.

The Twenty-Second and Eighteenth had been ordered by Colonel Davis to accompany the Twenty-Sixth to Glasgow, and return from that point. Accordingly, on the morning of the twentieth, Colonel Hendricks went back to Booneville, sending the wounded in the unfortunate engagement of the night before on to Jefferson City. Here, after eleven days of great suffering, Major Tanner died. His early death cut short a military career which the vivacity, dash and force of his character promised to render distinguished and honorable.

The Eighteenth, unwilling to leave the Twenty-Sixth to advance alone, went eight miles above Glasgow. But after a consultation with Colonel Wheatley, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, who was in command, decided that it was his duty to return. Capturing the steamer Sunshine, which had

just carried a Rebel force to General Price, he went back with it to Booneville.

Colonel Wheatley went on alone. At dark he reached Brunswick, where he learned that Mulligan had surrendered a few hours before. Accordingly, he too went down the river.

General Sturgis, from Pope's command, reached the north bank of the Missouri before the surrender, but learning that the ferry-boats had been destroyed, and that it was impossible for him to cross the river, he retired. Troops from Lane also arrived near the ground.

Still another force was too late. It consisted of farmers, laborers and mechanics from the high prairies of the north-west corner of the State, and numbered some two or three thousand. These volunteers trudged along without uniform or uniformity, without drums and fifes, without flags, without officers, but with a sturdy determination to free the cooped-up Irishman in Lexington from Price's "Border-Ruffians." To their subsequent bitter grief, they were turned back by the reports they everywhere met, of the immense strength of the Union force. With the return of these generous country-people, ended all possibility of relief or escape to the ill-fated Mulligan.

CHAPTER XV.

FREMONT'S PURSUIT OF PRICE.

"The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it."

THE surrender of Mulligan was a severe and unexpected blow to General Fremont. He hastened to retrieve the loss. With everything which he could control progressing according to his wishes—all the railroads of the State running every mile of their length, and to their full capacity; his garrisons in good hands; reinforcements still coming in to the defense of his Department; the gunboats on the Mississippi rapidly approaching completion; the fortifications of St. Louis progressing—he moved forward on the 27th of September to take the field. Two days later he went into camp in Jefferson City.

Before the arrival of General Fremont, Colonel Davis had begun to move his forces along the Pacific railroad towards the West. The Twenty-Fourth Indiana, scarcely allowed to stop in Jefferson City, was the first to pass over the road, which had been so long unused that it was overgrown with weeds. Forty-eight hours were spent on a railroad journey of one hundred and twenty-five miles, the men being forced to push the engine before them a great part of the way. They encamped near Syracuse, and remained there until required to guard a party of pioneers who were repairing the road, and rebuilding the La Mine bridge, burned by Price. After the bridge was built, the Twenty-Fourth went on to Georgetown, and the Twenty-Second, Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Sixth and Frybarger's battery followed. During the next two or three weeks almost an army of Indiana sol-

diers was encamped in and around Georgetown, Sedalia and Syracuse, small towns near the terminus of the road.

General Fremont hoped to find Price in the center of the State, which was the great slave-holding portion. But the wary Rebel retreated towards the southwest, leaving in Lexington only a small guard. Having few guns, little baggage and much cavalry, and living on the country, he moved rapidly, and reached the Osage without obstruction. His infantry crossed in boats, and his cavalry swam their horses, and feeling secure for a time, he rested or moved leisurely, as suited his convenience. Yet he did not neglect to keep a sharp lookout for danger, as his force grew daily smaller from desertions, and from the expiration of terms of service, and his prospect of success, should he be forced to fight, lessened in proportion.

After gathering in the vicinity of Jefferson City, and consolidating into one army all the troops north of the Missouri, General Fremont started in pursuit of Price, moving along the line of the railroad towards Tipton.

A band of Prairie Scouts, one hundred and fifty in number, under Major White, who scoured the country in advance of the Union army, and in every direction, discovered that Price's rear-guard still held Lexington, and lost no time in moving towards the place. They were in no condition to make an attack. Their horses were all unshod, and their ammunition had been destroyed by rain. But they had the skill and readiness which redeem deficiencies. Blacksmiths from the ranks took two unoccupied shops, and with a few shoes and some old iron, shod two hundred and thirty-two horses and mules. With lead and powder, and with two little bullet-moulds, which they had with them, they went to a carpenter's shop and made two thousand cartridges. Thus prepared, they galloped towards the town. The rebel guard fled without striking a blow, and Major White and his men peaceably entered.

At Tipton General Fremont delayed several days to finish, as far as possible, the organization and equipment of his army, before venturing farther into the enemy's country. While he was there, General Cameron, Secretary of War,

and Adjutant General Thomas came to examine into the state of affairs, and to bring an order relieving him of his command. They were to present the order, or not, according to their own judgment.

They were but lately from heated Cabinet discussions of General Fremont's offending proclamation; and they had just witnessed a review of the grand Army of the Potomac, a magnificent body of men, thoroughly drilled, armed and equipped, encamped in an old and friendly country, with smooth, open, dry roads about them, bright, clear skies above them, abundant transportation, ready means for obtaining all necessary comforts, good hospitals, and excellent surgical department.

The Western Army was in sad and striking contrast. The weather was dark and dreary. Rain fell daily in torrents. The grass was beaten down, and the melancholy, boundless prairie was a sea of black mud. In the direct route lay the broad, deep and unbridged Osage. Fremont's infantry, though generally well armed, was poorly provided with blankets. His cavalry was badly armed. Two or three regiments had no sabres. Several companies carried lances, in lack of something less unwieldy. He had comparatively few wagons, no ambulances, and no surgical conveniences.

To the city gentlemen the prospect was deplorable; and they departed, to predict that the army never would move from Tipton, except as it moved backwards, and still farther to harass and perplex the commander, to whom, however, they had said nothing of the power they had in their hands to dismiss him from his position.

The day after the departure of General Cameron and General Thomas, Fremont's army was on the move. It was arranged in five divisions, under Generals Hunter, Pope, Sigel, McKinstry and Asboth, and numbered about thirty thousand, including over five thousand cavalry, and eighty-six pieces of artillery, a large proportion of which were rifled.

Far in advance went Sigel's division, which took the shortest route. With ox-teams, with horses, oxen and mules hitched together, with army wagons and hay wagons, buggies, barouches, and carts, and with no food but fresh beef and

what else they could get from the country, General Sigel carried his men forward. Fremont, on a black horse, with his body-guard, three hundred beautiful youth, all of nearly the same height, dressed in unadorned, dark blue uniforms, and mounted on fine bay horses, rode at the head of the main army. Sharp-shooters protected the train. All things seemed auspicious. The sky, so lately wet and lowering, was blue and bright. The autumn sun lighted up the crimson and gold of the forests, and the shadows of chasing clouds skimmed fleetly over the long grass of the prairie. The army—cavalry, infantry, artillery, wagon trains—stretched along as far as the eye could reach, and, under smiling heavens, made a beautiful and wonderful picture.

The troops were full of hope. On the prairie farms the finest cattle were raised, and could easily be secured. All along the route the forage was in the right state. Corn was getting ripe and hard. Mills were not scarce, and grain could easily be ground. The Sanitary Committee in St. Louis was laboring assiduously for the improvement of the surgical department. Sabres and guns were expected every day. The General had the soldiers drink strong coffee every morning at daylight to warm them up and keep off the ague. What the men lacked to strengthen or to comfort them they expected to receive, or were willing to do without. They were ready to make every sacrifice for success. They felt nothing a sacrifice.

The daily march began at three or four o'clock, but "We never saw the time," wrote a young soldier of the Twenty-Fifth, "when we were too tired, or when our throats were too dusty, to cheer 'Hail Columbia,' or 'Yankee Doodle.'"^{*}

"General Fremont inspired the utmost confidence. His soldiers loved him, and his officers would have died for him. Everything was impressed with activity, and everything moved with a system which bespoke the master-mind controlling all. There was no hurry, but diligence—no rush, but method."[†]

The Indiana Eighth, Eighteenth and Twenty-Second were

^{*} Ross Jones from Medora.

[†] Letter of Colonel Hudson in *Indianapolis Journal*.

brigaded together, under Colonel Davis, and were in General Pope's division. The Twenty-Fourth, Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Sixth were in General Hunter's division. The batteries, like the regiments, were separated.

Lane and Sturgis were to come from Kansas, and Wyman from Rolla, and join Fremont on or south of the Osage. The commanders at Paducah, Cairo, Bird's Point, Cape Girardeau and Ironton were directed to engage the hostile forces in their front, as soon as Price should be caught, and to pursue them if they should retreat.

General Fremont was expected, after defeating Price, to go to Bird's Point or to Little Rock, Arkansas, as circumstances at the time should seem to direct. If he should go to Little Rock, the position of the enemy on the Mississippi would be completely turned. He would be forced to retreat or to surrender, and the gunboats, now in preparation, could descend the river to assist in the attack on Memphis, and afterwards in the attack on New Orleans. The present expedition was thus a part of a combined and extended movement.

General Price stopped at Osceola, as if to await the Union army. He paused again at Stockton, a little town, which was originally called Fremont by some Missouri admirers of the Pathfinder's early career. At Neosho he united with General McCulloch, who was there with five thousand Arkansas Rebels. Governor Jackson was also there, with forty-five members of the Legislature. These, assuming the authority of a perfect Legislature, ostentatiously passed an Ordinance of Secession, and took Missouri, by an affectation of legal forms, out of the Union and into the Confederacy. From Neosho General Price went to Pineville, in the extreme southwest corner of the State, and, fearing that the Missourians, who had enlisted with the provision that they were not to fight out of their own State, would consider themselves released from the service if he crossed the line into Arkansas, he determined here to await a battle.

The main body of the Union army was greatly delayed by lack of transportation, and was not able to reach the banks of the Osage until the 17th of October. General Sigel was there, with nearly half his men already transported by means

of boats to the south side. General Fremont had been assured by professed Union men, all along the latter part of the route, of the impracticability of bridging the Osage; but he was convinced by an examination of ten minutes that there was no insuperable difficulty. Quarters on the enemy in that stage of the war, when everywhere there was an extreme anxiety lest somebody, or somebody's feelings, should be hurt, was a very bold thing, nevertheless General Fremont quartered his officers in the adjacent town of Warsaw, which was a nest of traitors.

The banks of the Osage are bare, rocky cliffs rising perpendicularly a hundred feet from the water's edge. The river is broad and swift, and liable to be changed, by a night's rain, into a torrent. The skill of the most efficient engineers, and the labor of the most willing workmen would soon have conquered the obstacle, aided by tools. But these fingers of civilization were not at once forthcoming. One of General Fremont's aids in a private letter, which was published a year or two later, says: "Armed with the Provost Marshal's pass I had to go into every store, question and cross-question the Secesh owners, who 'didn't care to sell, and didn't know what they'd got,' root and ransack in every corner, trip and stumble through every cellar, over barrels and kegs, until, finally, for my pains, I scraped together a few augurs, one or two sledges, and a half dozen chisels. To get spikes I went to a large forge with four fires, where about fifty horses were waiting, and being shod; and to the infinite disgust of the various regiments whose horses were there, to the surprise of all the smiths, and with some explanation to their independent Western minds that the General's orders must pass over all others, I seized the fires and set the men all at hammering out my spikes. The iron I had to find, like the tools, in warehouse, cellar, barn or store."

Ropes, teams and drivers were also impressed when refused by their secession owners.

On the north side of the river empty log houses and stables were pulled down to furnish timber. On the south side the busy ax took from a convenient forest its tribute. On both sides hundreds of workmen screamed and bawled at their

oxen and mules, chopped and hauled and sawed. The steady creaking, rattling, sawing and vociferation were now and then drowned by long and loud shouts of triumph as a trestle was successfully laid. Labor extended far into every night, until, on the fifth day, the bridge was finished.

General Sigel's division was already over. General Asboth's, which came next, was scarcely delayed. General Pope arrived just as Asboth's division crossed, and represented that McKinstry and Hunter were yet waiting at Tipton for wagons. The commissary stores were also still at Tipton, for want of transportation. General Fremont sent back a long train of wagons with camp-beds and all superfluous baggage.

On leaving the Osage, the whole army was reduced to beef and salt for food, and to straw, or leaves, or corn-stalks, or stones for beds, but it continued its march with fresh vigor, convinced that the Rebel army would soon be out of the State with or without a battle, and that the work of establishing Union and peace in Missouri was on the point of being accomplished.

The General kept his headquarters with the extreme advance, riding almost without attendance, and in his manner showing an enjoyment and an eagerness to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

A day or two after the crossing, at the earnest entreaty of Major Zagonyi, who says, he remarked to the General with respect, that if he could not succeed in getting an order he would run away in the night, General Fremont sent one hundred and fifty of the Guards forward to unite with one hundred and eighty Prairie Scouts, the boldest of the bold, who were already reconnoitring in the advance, and to drive from Springfield, forty-eight miles distant, three or four hundred Rebels who were reported to be there.

The road was smooth, the sky was clear, and Major Zagonyi's three hundred and thirty men trotted along briskly and merrily. But Zagonyi found, as they approached Springfield, that he had been misinformed, the Rebel troops were at least two thousand, a large number having arrived the day before on their way to reinforce Price. General Fremont had directed him not to be rash. General Sigel had sent a note after him

with advice to the same effect, and urging him to make no attack until the main army was near, but promising at the same time to send forward his own cavalry, which consisted of but one or two saberless companies. Accordingly Zagonyi reported the number of the enemy to the guards, stated the danger, and gave permission to any who chose to turn back.

Seven days, with no food but saltless meat, they had been scouring the country for the foe. In the last seventeen hours they had ridden fifty miles. Here was the foe before them. Since the day they enlisted, now six weeks, they had been taunted, and jeered, and scoffed by newspaper writers in every part of the country as ornamental soldiers, holiday soldiers, fit for show, unfit for fight. The hour for self-assertion, for vindication had come. "Every eye," says Zagonyi, "was a fist big." Faces were pale, and teeth were set, and hearts beat high; but no one among those proud youth turned his horse's head.

It was their first battle, and their leader gave a few directions. "Use only right cut and thrust. Never defend yourselves. Better make your enemy defend himself, and you go in. Take for your battle-cry 'Fremont and the Union!'—CHARGE!"

Charge they did, with clatter and clang and shout, sparks flying from the flinty road, a fence laid low by swift hands under a deadly fire, with comrades reeling and horses falling.

Like the roar of a tempest was the rebel fire, but it went over their heads. Up the hill, on whose crest a thousand foot, on whose sides a thousand foot and five hundred horse were posted, up the hill they sped. They broke through the first line of horse and foot. The boldest Rebel Captains could not form that line again. They broke through the second line, and drove the enemy back into Springfield.

Not two hours after the first onset, a fierce, running fight filled the streets of the town. Women stood in their garden gates and waved little Union flags, which they had long kept hidden. Street by street, house by house, the fight went on. The Guards lost their caps; they tore their clothes; their

horses were shot under them, but they utterly routed the Rebels.

The Prairie Scouts, by some strange mistake, were separated from Zagonyi just before the charge. They tried to follow, and many were wounded in the effort; but they knew not in which way to move, or where to strike. Zagonyi's men, therefore made the charge alone.

The next day in the hospital fourteen of the Guards, still clothed in their dark blue, lay side by side in narrow, rough, plank coffins. One of the dead was John Morrison, an Indianian. While Fremont stood looking at their young faces, another was brought in who had been taken prisoner, and had apparently been beaten to death with muskets.

They were buried with military honors. A procession of Union women, grateful and weeping, walked beside the train to the grave. One of these mourners moved on crutches. She had been wounded by guerrillas, who, at the same time, had killed her husband and her son.

The loss of the Guards was fifty-two killed, wounded and missing. More than half the horses were killed, and nearly all were wounded.

The day after Zagonyi's charge General Sigel entered Springfield. He was received with mingled smiles and tears by men, women and children, who rushed down to the roadsides. Once before a Union army had been here, and twice Confederate armies had occupied the place. After the defeat of General Lyon hundreds of citizens were obliged to fly towards the North and East, or to seek hiding places among the hills and the prairies around. But there were still enough brave men in the town to hoist the American flag on the court house two or three days before Zagonyi's dashing entrance, though they had to fly for their lives on the night in which they accomplished the deed.

Daily mails were re-established, and Springfield was at once put in connection with St. Louis. General Fremont made an agreement with General Price by which hostilities were to be confined to regular armies in the field, and guerrilla parties were to be suppressed.

After a little rest General Sigel pressed on. The other

divisions came up rapidly. General Asboth came in on the 30th. General Jim Lane, with his Kansas brigade, the 31st. About two hundred mounted and armed contrabands accompanied Lane. Their appearance was approved by Fremont's army, which, even before the obnoxious proclamation, expressed without reserve the belief that slavery once abolished, secession would be killed. Negroes thronged the camp, and General Fremont never allowed one to be returned. One day a slave appeared riding bare-backed a horse which he guided by a rope about the nose. He had traveled in this way eighty miles in eighteen hours.

General Pope's division began to come in the night of November 1st, having marched seventy miles in two days. General McKinstry arrived the next day.

The condition of the army in point of comfort was not satisfactory. General Fremont had repeatedly entreated the authorities for transportation; but he never received means to get even blankets enough for his men. The nights were now frosty and chill. Yet such inspiration was drawn from the massing of the forces, from the nearness of the enemy, from the fact that the army was further South than any army in the Union, from the wonderful spirit and success of Zagonyi's charge, which was read as the harbinger of glorious victory, and from the belief that all was ready for the grand, finishing blow to Missouri secession, that the men were strong and well, eager, animated and full of hope.

Just then, November 2d, an order came from General Scott removing General Fremont from his command, and putting in his place General Hunter, who had not yet reached Springfield. A council was immediately held, and, as it was officially reported, by the Colonel at the head of the scouts that the whole Rebel army was within eleven miles, it was determined to march out the next morning and fight.* But General Hunter came up that night. His command had marched two days and nights without rest, and at daylight had waded an ice-cold stream, nearly waist deep. Utterly worn out it halted a few miles above Springfield, while the General hastened into the town.

* The report was incorrect. It was, however, believed at the time.

The next morning before daylight, that his appearance might not excite the indignation of the troops, General Fremont in silent anguish turned his back on the ardently sought goal, the battle and the victory, which he believed just before him. With his body-guard, and all of his staff except Colonel Lovejoy, Colonel Shanks and Colonel Hudson, he moved rapidly towards St. Louis.

Major Zagonyi says: "Our band played its gayest music as we followed our leader past the outside pickets round Springfield, but to me it was like a funeral dirge. And it was a funeral—there were buried the fruits of three months' labor of the General—the aspirations of thousands of ambitious men who followed his standard, and gone, too, the hopes of patriots that the war in Missouri was ended."

"We met Fremont," wrote a young privave in the Twenty-Fifth, "before we entered Springfield, and presented arms. He has gray hair, a keen dark eye, and a bold, daring look, like a true General. He rode by waving his cap. It was enough to make the hair stand on any true soldier's head to see him leave the field in the midst of his work, just as he was going to leap on the enemy, and for nothing but to answer charges which might be from some mean, plotting man."

A sharper trial Fremont had yet to endure in his reception at St. Louis. While stung to the quick by the public affront that had been put upon him, and wounded almost to the death by the disappointment he had borne, he was softened to weakness by the weeping sympathy and homage of a vast multitude. He turned upon his flower-carpeted threshold to speak his thanks. His words were few, broken and bitter. Now, if never before, that noble heart failed. He uttered a doubt of his country, a distrust of Republican institutions.

One more thrust was given to the unhappy Western Commander before he was left to the inaction he abhorred. His beloved Guards were treated with singular indignity. Forage, rations, pay and clothing were denied them, and at last, by order of General McClellan, they were dismissed the service. All this because, when they heard the order for General Fremont's removal, some high-spirited and hot-headed young men had thoughtlessly expressed their indignation.

At a later day President Lincoln interfered, and directed that full payment should be made.

General Hunter, after Fremont's departure, re-called General Sigel, who was forty miles in advance, and without waiting for him, abandoned loyal Springfield, and left the frightened and broken army of Price to recruit and return.

The troops, so wrote soldiers in the different Indiana regiments, were "sulky and crest-fallen to turn round and come back without whipping the old Serpent they had been so long chasing."

But stern, old General Hunter made them march. They were just half the time in returning to the line of the railroad that they had occupied in advancing from it to Springfield, notwithstanding that they were incumbered on their return by a long train of emigrants—weeping women and children and wretched men, whose homes were no longer safe.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST CAVALRY.

WHILE General Fremont was in pursuit of General Price, several little skirmishes occurred in the southeastern part of Missouri, and one quite important affair. At two in the afternoon of the 20th of October, an infantry force and Colonel Baker's cavalry started from Pilot Knob to make a night attack on Fredericktown, where General Jeff. Thompson was with a large Rebel force. As usual with night marches, much more time was consumed than had been anticipated. It was eight before the Federal troops arrived, and then the town was deserted. About eleven another force, sent by General Grant from Cape Girardeau, to cut off General Thompson, came up.

Eight colonels were now on the field, with about five thousand men. Some dispute as to precedence rose, and it was only settled by a compromise between Colonel Carlin and Colonel Plummer, who had the best claims. Colonel Carlin was to remain with one half in the town, and Colonel Plummer was to engage in the pursuit with the other half of the troops.

The pursuers found one division of the enemy a mile from the town, and put it to rout, after killing the commander, Colonel Lowe. By the gleam of bayonets Captain Stewart, one of Colonel Baker's officers, discovered another body of troops, which was under General Thompson, and was far along the road. Colonel Plummer ordered Colonel Baker to send forward a battalion to charge upon them.

No sooner was the order understood than the two cavalry Majors, Gavitt and Wood, fell into a warm altercation for the honor of leading the charge. Colonel Baker inteprosed

in favor of Major Gavitt, who at once dashed forward. But as soon as the battalion was gone, Colonel Baker felt convinced that the movement was premature, and hastened to follow. He was just in time to see his men fall into an ambuscade, the Rebels having hid themselves behind a fence on one side of the road, and behind trees on the other. Major Gavitt and Captain Highman were shot at the moment Colonel Baker gave his order to fall back. General Thompson immediately resumed his retreat. It soon became a rout, and his men were driven in wild confusion twenty miles, when they were scattered in every direction.

The Indiana cavalry suffered no loss except in the two officers, who fell at the first fire. Falling in the foremost ranks of our country's defenders, their names are honored by their death.

Although there was a respectable number of infantry at Pilot Knob, Colonel Baker's was the only cavalry there. From September until February his men scoured a district extending eighty miles in every direction. They were constantly on the alert, unresting, but also unwearied and uncomplaining. The commanding officer forbade the sale or giving away of liquor to soldiers anywhere within five miles of headquarters, consequently his men were always sober and reliable.

The antipathies and attachments of regiments are said to be unaccountable. Between two which march days together, or which lie side by side for weeks, there may exist a feeling of indifference, but there is more likely to be a cordial hate or a hearty love. A simple explanation may be traced to the character and deportment of officers. While at Pilot Knob a warm attachment sprang up between the Twenty-First Illinois infantry and the First Indiana cavalry, and it continued during the war. The commanding officers, the genial Colonel Baker and the gentle, generous Colonel Alexander, loved each other no less.

The regimental affection, on one occasion, displayed itself in such a way as to cause the Indiana colonel not a little embarrassment. In the latter part of the winter the cavalry was sent from Pilot Knob to Reeve's Station, where, after a long

separation, it was joined by Alexander's infantry. The latter had a splendid band, and to show their pleasure in a reunion they serenaded their old friends.

Colonel Baker's quartermaster, in the excess of his delight and gratitude, exclaimed, "Let's give them a salute!"

"O, no," said the Colonel, "we might alarm the troops on the other side of the river."

His no, however, was so good humored, that it had no force, and the quartermaster forthwith fired a rousing salute with the three little cannon in possession of the regiment.

As the sound died away Colonel Baker's anxious ears heard the long roll beat on the other side of the river. Colonel Carlin, as he had feared, was calling his men to arms. In less than a half hour one of Carlin's aids entered with a demand for the arrest of the officer who had ordered the salute.

"I am responsible," said Colonel Baker, delivering his sabre with no little chagrin. The aid received it with polite surprise. He had not expected to find so respectable an offender. After the lapse of an hour or two he returned with the sabre, and Colonel Baker was released from his first and last arrest.

Late in the winter the men folded their tents and went into quarters. The Colonel took possession of a double log cabin, which a vender of pies had lately vacated. One night as he lay in his bunk reading, his candle on a camp-stool beside him, he was disturbed by a knock at the door. He opened the door, and a soldier standing there, asked him with a drunken air, if he kept pies for sale. An answer in the negative seemed to offend the man, and he said, roughly: "Stranger, you oughtn't to keep your light burning way in the night, making folks believe you have pies, when you haven't. The old woman that used to sell pies here never took a hungry feller in that bad! You mind your business, stranger, and another time either blow out your candle or have some pies."

Muttering angrily he turned away, but readily gave his name as William N. Jackson when the Colonel asked it, with his regiment and company.

As the reputation of being a pieman was not desirable to an officer who liked retirement, Colonel Baker searched the muster-roll of the company designated, but he was not able to find his visitor's name.

CHAPTER XVII.

WINTER.

"The good soldier is he who nobly discharges his duty, and his musket, regardless of kicks."

After a fatiguing and uninterrupted march of an entire week, General Hunter reached the Pacific railroad. With General Pope, he there awaited the orders of General Halleck, lately arrived at St. Louis to take command of the Western Department. Generals Sturgis and Wyman, Sigel and Asboth went on to St. Louis. Lane returned to Fort Scott in Kansas.

The Twenty-Fourth Indiana went into an encampment near Tipton. The Eighth and Eighteenth encamped in Otterville, but moved shortly to Syracuse. The Twenty-Fifth encamped near Otterville. The Twenty-Sixth near Sedalia.

None of these were permanent stations, and the regiments were almost constantly changing their quarters. Late in December the Twenty-Sixth had not been two weeks in one place since it left Indianapolis. A force, however, always remained in charge of LaMine bridge. The Twenty-Second for several weeks did little but march from Syracuse to Otterville, and from Otterville back to Syracuse. The road acquired the name of "the old beat."

"Very ingenious devices were resorted to for warmth and comfort in the canvass dwellings. Some excavated the entire space within their tents, about eighteen inches deep, then dug a sort of furnace on one side, communicating with a sod, mud or stick chimney on the outside, which, when properly constructed, worked admirably. Others contented themselves with simply sinking a fire-place and flue at the side of the tent with a similar outside arrangement."*

*A. M. Sandford.

After the laborious march from Springfield there was much sickness among the men. Beside the illness incident to exposure and fatigue, the measles came back, and attacked with virulence all who had escaped in St. Louis. During the latter part of the returning march every regiment was followed by a long train of wagons, loaded with sick. The Eighth regiment alone hauled in its rear one hundred and forty who were afflicted with measles. At that early period of the war little was known to the soldier of the means necessary to preserve health in camp; the facilities of the medical department were still few; and many who had been used to the comforts of happy homes yielded up their lives for their country in Missouri hospitals before they had trodden a single battle-field.

Often then in the cold tent, or the rough hospital, as often afterwards on the hungry march, the soldier recalled the grasp of friendly hands, the kind faces and the pleasant gifts of the country visitors in "old Camp Knox" or Camp Jefferson. The remembrance of the great amount of sickness in the fall and winter of 'Sixty-one in the encampments along the Pacific railroad, still saddens the veteran soldier long used to privation and suffering.

After the withdrawal of the army to the line of the railroad, guerrillas again infested almost every part of the State of Missouri, or "Misery," as our soldiers liked to call it. Again Union men were hunted like wild beasts. Jeff. Thompson again advanced up the western bank of the Mississippi. Price returned to Springfield. McCulloch moved up out of Arkansas. Incendiaries burned Warsaw to prevent its being occupied by Union troops.

The first man of the Eighteenth who lost his life by the enemy was private James Fox. He had been left sick in the hospital at Syracuse, and having recovered enough to walk about, was shot through the head by a guerrilla while gathering nuts near the hospital.

General Pope, who was assigned to the command of all the forces in Central Missouri, received intelligence from his scouts, about the first of December, that Price was moving from Springfield towards Osceola, and that recruits and sup-

plies were moving down from the northern part of the State towards General Price.

He made arrangements to intercept and capture recruits and supplies.

About nine o'clock on the night of Sunday, the 15th of December, Colonel Davis, with the Eighth, Eighteenth and Twenty-Second Indiana, and Frybarger's Indiana battery, and with a small force of Iowa and Missouri cavalry, left Otterville. Reaching Sedalia the next morning, he was joined by an equal number of troops, among which were the Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Indiana, under Colonel Steele. The whole force was about four thousand, General Pope commanding in person.

The object of the movement was to get between Price's army, on the Osage, and the recruits, escorts and supplies on their way south from the Missouri river. The troops encamped the first evening fifteen miles west of Sedalia, in the woods, and slept without other covering than what they carried on their shoulders and saddles; but with hundreds of camp fires gleaming bright and warm through the frosty night. To deceive the enemy (nearly all the citizens of the region belonged to the enemy,) as to the destination of the expedition, it was given out that Warsaw was the point aimed at, and the force pursued the road towards that place several miles beyond Sedalia.

On the 17th the troops were called at three in the morning, and marched seventeen miles before noon. While Davis' men were resting, and eating their dinner of crackers and cold meat, they were called to "attention," and informed by their commander, in a short address, that the Rebels were in large force thirteen miles in advance, and were endeavoring to escape; that to intercept them would require a hard and hurried march added to the already tiresome tramp of the morning, and would insure a fight, but that a fight would give certain victory. A long and loud shout was the soldiers' reply, and officers and men, who, a moment before, could scarcely drag one tired foot after the other, started off with fresh strength. After nine more miles it was discovered that report had deceived them. They encamped in an old field

on the prairie, and slept on their arms, burning thousands of rails to keep themselves comfortable. The position was between the direct road from Warrensburg and Clinton, and the road by Chilhouwee, the latter being the route usually taken by returning soldiers and recruits.

Shortly after sunset the advance captured the enemy's pickets at Chilhouwee, and learned that he was encamped in force (about two thousand two hundred) six miles north of that town. After resting a few hours, General Pope threw forward ten companies of cavalry and a section of artillery in pursuit, and followed with his whole force, posting the main body between Warrensburg and Rose Hill, to support the pursuing column. The cavalry continued the pursuit all night and part of the next day.

The enemy began to scatter as the pursuit grew close, disappearing in bushes and by-paths, driving the wagons into farm-yards off the road, and throwing out the supplies. When the pursuing force reached Johnstown, the enemy, reduced to about five hundred, scattered completely.

Sixteen wagons, loaded with tents and supplies, and one hundred and fifty prisoners were captured.

On the morning of the 18th three hundred men, detached equally from the Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Indiana and the Fifteenth Illinois, were snugly stowed away in about forty wagons, and ordered to keep as still as possible. The covers of these wagons were drawn down. Colonel Hovey and Lieutenant Colonel Gerber, mounted on mules, took the place of wagon-masters, and the train set forth on a foraging expedition.

After a few miles the attractive line of wagons, as had been expected, caught the attention of a small force of Rebels, but when, as the latter approached, armed men came swarming out to meet them, they turned and fled through bush and brush. Nearly all effected their escape. The Colonel, however, succeeded in burning a large mill, used by them, and belonging to a noted Secessionist, and in getting several hundred bushels of meal.

The cavalry rejoined the main body, and General Pope continued to move slowly towards Warrensburg. Scouts

reported that a large force coming from Waverly and Arrow Rock would encamp that night at the mouth of Clear creek.

General Pope immediately divided his cavalry into two bodies, sending it out to flank the enemy right and left, and placed his main force so that it must intercept the direct march south.

Colonel Davis, with a portion of the cavalry, came upon the enemy late in the day, on the west side of the Blackwater, opposite the mouth of Clear creek. The Blackwater is a deep, miry stream, and is spanned by a long, narrow bridge. The bridge was carried by assault, and the Rebels surrendered.

General Pope, gathering up his scouting parties, with prisoners and supplies, the well-earned reward of the expedition, returned to camp, which he reached on Sunday, just a week after he left.

The weather turned bitterly cold, and the return march was attended with suffering, especially on the part of the cavalry. The thermometer averaged below zero during the march, and about six inches of snow lay on the ground. Many had feet and ears frozen.

The Twenty-Second made no stay in Sedalia, but proceeded to Otterville, twenty miles, through a heavy snow. The wagons were overturned on the way, and the men were obliged to choose between sleep in the snow and exercise to keep themselves awake and alive. They chose the exercise, and the morning found them well supplied with chickens and stands of honey.

Even such of the troops as succeeded in getting into their encampments suffered from the cold of this terrible night.

The following passage from General Pope's report sums up the character and result of the expedition:

"Within seven days the infantry composing this expedition have marched one hundred miles, the cavalry more than double that distance—have swept the whole country of the enemy west of Sedalia, as far as Rose Hill, to a line within fifteen miles of the Osage—have captured nearly fifteen hundred prisoners, twelve hundred stand of arms, nearly one hundred

wagons, and a large quantity of supplies. The march alone would do credit to old soldiers."

A more accurate calculation of the prisoners reduced the number to thirteen hundred. Another result of the expedition was to drive General Price back towards the southern part of the State.

The prisoners were sent to St. Louis under the care of the Twenty-Fifth Indiana. Captors and captured seemed to enjoy the trip with equal good humor.

The troops commenced building winter quarters before the Warrensburg expedition, but on their return they were ordered not to resume the work, as Sibley tents would soon be received, and would be warm enough for a Missouri winter. Only a partial supply, however, of the boasted tents arrived, and these did not answer the general expectation. The winter was extremely cold, the mercury being frequently below zero. Frozen fingers and feet sometimes resulted from the performance of ordinary duties. The warming apparatus, whatever it was, whether stoves or the contrivance already described, required space, and the men, especially if all the occupants of a tent were within it, could seldom stand or even sit upright. They spent the coldest days crouched under their bent canvass roofs, and shivered during the long nights, sometimes with the actual fear of freezing before them. Many placed their camp kettles, filled with live coals, in their tents at night, but they frequently suffered from the generation of carbonic acid gas. Allen Schultz, a private in the Eighth, was suffocated by this means.

The men had no lack of employment during these winter days. They threw up an embankment, enclosing five or six acres, on a hill commanding the new bridge over the LaMine; they did an immense amount of work on the wagon roads in the vicinity of Otterville; they procured forage at long distances from camp, and in addition performed the details necessary for grand, provost and brigade guards.

They performed their labor and endured their discomforts with patience and cheerfulness. They were convinced that Governor Morton did all that man could do to provide them with necessities. They were remembered by their friends at home,

who often sent them tokens of affection in the form of boxes of warm clothing. They expected to endure hardships when they enlisted. Published and private letters both show the manly patience of our soldiers on the La Mine.

Some energetic young men found time and means to continue the studies the war had interrupted. Arithmetic, geology or French engaged many of the few leisure hours.

The 7th of February the Twenty-Fourth left the encampment near Otterville, and started to Jefferson City, which it reached on the 10th, after a terrible march through cutting prairie cold. It endured without shelter three more days of snow and cold, then it was moved into the State House. The capitol, which of late years had protected the worst traitors in the State, now did good and redeeming service in warming up the half-frozen patriots. Two days later the Twenty-Fourth was removed to St. Louis, taking a final farewell by this removal of the scenes of its first military experience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PURSUIT OF GENERAL PRICE.—BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.—ON THE MARCH AGAIN.

In wasting march, in bloody fight,
All in love, yet half in fear,
We pray from morning until night
That God will save our volunteer.—*M. C. Ames.*

JANUARY 24th, 1862, Colonel Davis succeeded to the command of the division, General Pope having been transferred to the scene of operations on the Mississippi. Shortly after, he was ordered to join General Curtis' column, which was moving from Rolla, preparatory to an advance upon forsaken and forlorn Springfield. Remonstrances from military men of position and influence were presented to General Halleck on account of this order, as it was asserted that in the thawing and freezing month of February Missouri roads were utterly impassable. But General Halleck was inflexible. He was confident that Colonel Davis' skill and energy, with the eagerness of the soldiers for an advance, would carry the division safely through.

Accordingly the troops set out, leaving behind tents and every article of baggage which could possibly be spared. In a few days they reached the banks of the Osage. The waters were running high and swift, and no bridge joined the opposite banks. In a heavy snow storm the troops were forced to ferry themselves on rafts. They were three days in effecting the perilous crossing, but, safely landing, they soon reached Lebanon, and, joining Curtis, became a part of the Army of the Southwest.

The army assembled at Lebanon on the 7th of February consisted of twelve thousand men, and were arranged in four divisions, under Sigel, Asboth, Davis and Carr. Major General Samuel R. Curtis was in command.

The ardor with which the troops four months before had chased General Price revived, and they moved on so rapidly that they were within ten miles of him before he was aware of their approach. He decamped without delay. The Twenty-Second Indiana entered Springfield at the head of the army, unfurled the colors from the top of the court house, cheered the flag, cheered the gallant division commander, Colonel Davis, and in high good humor cheered themselves, and continued their scarcely interrupted march.

As it was impossible for the supply trains to work their way through the almost bottomless roads of the prairie fast enough to keep pace with the army, the last crackers were eaten at Springfield, and from this point corn, foraged from farmers' cribs, parched or raw, formed the food of the greater number of the troops.

During nearly two weeks Curtis, at the rate of twenty miles a day, followed close on the heels of Price, finding at evening the smouldering fires which marked the Rebel bivouac of the previous night, and expecting every morning immediate battle. The way grew rough and rougher. It cut through the Ozark mountains, and wandered through uninhabited districts. But the foot of Price never failed. The fleetest horsemen seldom came in contact with his rear picket line, although when the pickets of the two armies met the Rebels showed they could fight as well as run. In pluck and grit the encounter was even.

In one of these running fights Sergeant John A. Edwards, of the Eighth, was shot through the arm, the bone of which was broken; he had two horses shot under him, mounted a third, and was shot through the thigh, before he left the field.

Once while the Eighth was waiting at the crossing of a stream for an Iowa regiment to pass, the sound of skirmishing was heard from the front. Instantly the Eighth dashed through the stream, through the Iowa regiment, and on towards the sound, but it arrived only in time to see the smoke clearing away from the field.

The Rebels fled into Arkansas. The Federals followed, shouting as they crossed the boundary line, and left the old

State of "Misery" behind them, but, in spite of their eagerness to push on, they halted to hear the assembled bands play the inspiring National airs, "Hail Columbia," and "Star Spangled Banner."

Price pressed on through a narrow mountain road. Curtis pressed on after him. At Sugar Creek, a clear, shallow stream, in a deep, broad valley, commanded on both sides by high hills, the hostile armies for the first time came in sight of each other. But Price could not be induced to stay. He still pushed forward, while his rear, fighting hard, kept back the van of Curtis.

Fifty miles further, to the Boston mountains, the Rebel General continued his flight, burning on his way the greater part of Fayetteville, to prevent the refreshment and shelter of the Union army there. Now he was safe, for Curtis was at last exhausted.

The 5th of March was cold. Blustering winds from the western prairies blew in fitful gusts over the Ozark mountains. A light snow lay on the ground. Sheltered in the Cross Hollows, a pass in the hills, twelve miles south of Sugar creek, General Curtis and his fourth division rested after the conflicts and the long, weary, forced marches of the pursuit. The first and second divisions, under General Sigel, lay almost due west, extending from Osage Springs to Lindsey's prairie, and back to Bentonville, four or six miles in the rear. The third division, under Colonel Davis, had, four days before, gone back from Cross Hollows to the hills which form the northern boundary of Sugar Creek Hollow.

Large numbers from all the divisions, and especially from General Sigel's command, were scattered over the country in every direction, reconnoitring, grinding grain and foraging. Several small forces were garrisoning important posts in the rear. The entire Union army in Arkansas was not more than ten thousand five hundred, cavalry and infantry, with forty-nine pieces of artillery, including four mountain howitzers.

About two in the afternoon of that bleak March day the quiet and rest of the camp at Cross Hollows were broken by fugitives from the farms and villages of the neighborhood, in

terror and haste, claiming the protection of the national forces. General Price was impressing every man in the region into his service, and was rapidly approaching to attack General Curtis. General Van Dorn and General McCulloch had joined him with large reinforcements, and his numbers now amounted to thirty thousand or thirty-five thousand men. Scouts came galloping in with the same intelligence.

General Curtis determined on an immediate concentration of his forces in the strong position north of Sugar Creek, already occupied by Colonel Davis; and he at once marched back to that point, sending, at the same time, an order to General Sigel to make the same movement. Owing to the greater number and distance of Sigel's scouting parties, he could not move so readily, and it was two in the morning before he was in motion. General Price overtook him, fought him, almost surrounded him; but Sigel covered his trains, made constant use of his artillery, and crossed the Hollow, reaching the hills on Davis' right with little loss.

General Curtis' army now fronted Sugar Creek Hollow, and commanded the main road, and two other roads which converge from the southwest. General Carr, with the fourth division, held the extreme left wing towards the East, Davis, with the third division, the center, and Sigel, with the first and second, the right, towards the West. Carr's line extended back nearly to Elkhorn Tavern on the main or Springfield road. Davis commanded the direct approaches from the South. His Indiana brigade, consisting of the Eighth, Eighteenth and Twenty-Second regiments, and the First Indiana battery, Captain Klaus, was directly west of the road, on points which were separated from each other by deep ravines. Within the last five hours intrenchments had been thrown up on these points. In the rear of Colonel Davis' position spread a high, broken plain, called Pea Ridge, which was partly under cultivation, partly covered with densely growing scrub-oaks. Farther back was the deep valley of Big Sugar Creek, or Cross Timbers. Some distance in the rear of both Davis and Sigel was Leetown. The position was strong if assailed in front, where alone assault could be reasonably expected;

but too full of points and gorges, and of too wide extent to be guarded from attack in the rear.

The men slept on their arms, and scarcely slept, expecting every moment to be roused by the call to battle. But the night passed quietly, and morning found Sigel, Asboth, Davis and Carr where evening had left them, on the heights overlooking Sugar Creek Hollow, keenly watching the roads from the South.

But they were deceived. In the darkness of the night, of the ravines and of the woods, the Confederates outflanked them, gained their rear, cut them off from their supplies, and now Price and Van Dorn were marshaling their troops from Sugar Creek Hollow, on Sigel's right, to Elkhorn Tavern, in Carr's rear. At daylight the two Confederate leaders were at Elkhorn Tavern with Price's tattered, hungry, but valiant Missourians.

General Van Dorn was Commander-in-Chief of the trans-Mississippi District, and consequently out-ranked Price. He was a coarse, dissipated, lawless man, but clear-headed, prompt and brave, and adopted Price's plans with good will.

On the rear of Davis, and the rear and flank of Sigel, were General McCulloch and General McIntosh, with fresh, spirited but untried troops, Louisianians, Arkansians and two thousand or three thousand Indians, in all the glitter of feathers, nose-rings and paint.

Many of the Arkansians engaged were volunteers and conscripts for this single battle, and were directed to rush on the Union trains during the confusion of the struggle, knock down or shoot the teamsters and drive off the wagons.

General McCulloch was an original Texan Ranger, and had won an unrivaled reputation for boldness and hardihood during more than twenty years of border life. The Southwest loved to call him Garibaldi. With large, brown, quiet eye, heavy dark beard and hair, and tall, slender form, he was not unlike the great Italian Liberator in appearance. He was fond of dress, and was always attired so as to attract attention. For this great day, the greatest, with all his fighting habits, that he had ever seen, he had discarded military dress, and wore

a black velvet suit, with fine, high-top boots, and a low broad brimmed hat or sombrero. It was his death suit.

General McIntosh was much less noticeable, and was less influential. The Cherokee chieftain, Ross, and the renegade New Hampshire lawyer, Albert Pike, led the Indians.*

All odds on the morning of the 7th were in favor of the Confederates.

But General Curtis was not long in learning his critical position, nor slow in turning to meet the increased danger. His whole line faced about. He sent Colonel Osterhaus, from Sigel's force, with cavalry and artillery, to make an attack upon the Rebel center.

Colonel Osterhaus advanced about a mile beyond Leetown, and found McCulloch's troops streaming along the road from Bentonville to Elkhorn Tavern. They received him with shouts of defiance. One of his regiments fled, but the others took a position on the left of the road, with a small infantry force, part of which was the Twenty-Second Indiana, under Lieutenant Colonel Hendricks, which had followed as a support, and held their ground until Colonel Davis, with nearly the whole of his division, joined them.

The check which Davis offered was like a dam cast across an impetuous river, delaying only to throw the irrestrainable torrent out far beyond its banks. McCulloch's front swept across an open field to the west of the road, the bed of the current, his flank swarmed in an oak thicket, which extended southeast to Davis's camp.

* In 1837 Albert Pike wrote a hymn to the air of the *Marsellaise*. One stanza is:

“Now! Now! The traitors' hearts are aiming
To shiver Freedom's golden chain,
Disunion's fires are wildly flaming;
The starry heart of peace doth wane.
Lo! Freedom's eye and cheek are paling!
And shall we tamely sit and smile
While Slavery's feet our land defile,
And anarchy and wrath are wailing?
To arms! To arms! Ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath.
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death.”

Davis steadily met both front and flank. The two forces locked in battle. All was now smoke, dust and din. The shrill whoop of the Indian rose above the shout of the white soldier, and pierced through the dull, unceasing boom of artillery.

The second brigade was overwhelmed, and lost two guns from Davidson's Peoria battery. The first (Indiana) brigade, under Colonel Pattison, pushed through the woods to McCulloch's rear, drove him from the front of the second brigade, and the Eighteenth, directed by Colonel Washburn, charged upon the captors of the guns and retook them. Colonel Davis thanked the regiment on the field. The Twenty-Second was pressed hard by Arkansas troops and Indians. Colonel Hendricks, receiving two shots at the same moment, died in the thicket. A very short time the Twenty-Second was without a commander, and in some confusion, but when order was restored it routed the enemy in its front.

McCulloch fell. McIntosh fell. The Indians, confused by the novelty of "shooting wagons," as they called the artillery, could not be made to advance, or even to hold their ground.

The Confederate line once broken, the voice of the favorite General no longer heard, all order was lost; the battle was lost, but it was won to the good cause, and won by desperate fighting.

The struggle at the east end of the line, three miles off, began at the same time, but, threatened from the beginning to be disastrous. General Carr begged General Curtis for reinforcements. But troops could not be sent from Sigel, because an attack on the extreme left was momentarily expected; neither could they be taken from Davis, because his whole division, except the few troops guarding the road from the south, was already and hotly engaged. General Curtis sent him all the disengaged soldiers he could gather, a few horsemen beside his body-guard.

Again Carr implored help. Curtis gave all he had—a promise, with the order to persevere.

Carr did persevere; but as the weighty moments moved by and no help came, he sent the Commanding General a

declaration that, without help, further effort to hold his ground was useless.

General Curtis then ordered Colonel Benton to send half his little force. Colonel Benton made the division, but the two halves disputed so hotly for the privilege of rushing into the fire to the help of their comrades, that the lot was resorted to for a decision. It became Lieutenant-Colonel Shunk's lot to go with a battalion of infantry and three pieces of artillery, under Captain Klaus.

Soon after the enemy's forces had melted away in the brushy center, and the fire had slackened and ceased, General Curtis directed the remainder of Benton's regiment and also General Asboth and General Sigel to move up to Carr's help.

General Carr was covered with wounds; he had been fighting seven hours, had been driven back a half mile, and had lost a great number of his men before help reached him. The Fourth Iowa was falling back for cartridges when Curtis advanced; he instantly directed it to face about and join the Ninth Illinois, which still was on the field, in a bayonet charge. General Asboth at the same time opened a close and tremendous fire. General Sigel, who had had nearly four miles to move, sent word that he was close at hand.

Encouraged and cheered, strengthened and lengthened, Carr's line resumed the fight. But Price and Van Dorn were not to be easily beaten. Stubborn as bears they held the ground they had gained, and victory seemed deciding in their favor, when happily night put an end to the day's struggle.

Every preparation was now made for the desperate and decisive conflict of the morrow. Men were hurried after the caissons. A detail from each company was sent to bring water and provisions. The weary soldiers were not allowed to move from the ground they had trampled in the battle. They lay that night within a few yards of the foe, with their dead and wounded comrades scattered round them. Darkness, silence and fatigue secured for them repose; but the awful memories of the day, and the chill wind, untempered by the soldiers' great consoler, heaps of burning logs, rendered slumber but gloomy.

At midnight Colonel Davis' division left the battle-ground at the center to join General Curtis.

The Confederates also concentrated in the night, and when the sun rose they were all in readiness. But their position was not good. They were crowded and cramped in broken defiles. The Federal line, on the contrary, was ranged along an open plain, with nothing directly in front to obstruct view, or movement, except the low oaks at the head of the ravines. Though concentrated, the relative positions of the divisions were the same as on the previous day—from left to right, the first, second, third and fourth, or Sigel, Asboth, Davis and Carr.

General Sigel had not yet assumed his position when Colonel Davis ordered the batteries of Davidson and Klaus, which were on his left, to open fire, and the Twenty-Second, Eighth and Eighteenth Indiana to advance. The Rebels returned the salutation from a battery which was hidden in a thicket, not two hundred yards distant. Klaus was forced to retire, the Eighth and Twenty-Second to follow. The Eighteenth, after a little delay, also slowly drew back.

The day could scarcely have opened less auspiciously. But when Sigel was once in line the rising Rebel tide was checked. The Indiana troops again, but more slowly and more cautiously, moved to the front, the right somewhat in reserve. They drove the hidden battery, which had been the cause of their discomfiture, from the field, with drawn bayonets, and hotly, though steadily, pushed their way forward.

The field was bounded east and west by eminences, which, shortly after the opening of the struggle, became objects of contest. Colonel Carr's batteries easily gained the eastern ridge, and while the battle lasted rained down an unceasing cross-fire. The enemy was more resolute in his efforts to get a stand-point on the western hill, the base of which Sigel held. Confederate infantry was already lodged on the hillside, seeking shelter behind rocks and stones; Confederate artillery was working round still further, when General Sigel's batteries gained a position which commanded

them, and began a vigorous fire, "the rocks and stones working as hard as the shell and shot."*

"General Sigel ordered the Twenty-Fifth Illinois to take a position along a fence in open view of the enemy's batteries, which at once opened fire. Immediately a battery of six of our guns was thrown into line a hundred paces in the rear of our advanced infantry, on a rise of ground. The Twelfth Missouri then wheeled into line on the right of the Illinois regiment, and another battery was disposed in the same way in its rear. This movement continued until thirty pieces of artillery were in a line, with infantry lying down in front. Each piece opened fire as it came into position."†

After an hour's close and hard fighting the enemy fell back. Sigel then advanced his line, and shortly after issued an order to charge. The brave men, who had lain for hours with the hail of the enemy falling upon them, and their own cannon playing over them, rose up and moved in compact line upon the now broken Confederate ranks.

The first troops in the race down the defiles were the Twenty-Fifth Illinois, the Twelfth Missouri and the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second Indiana. Davis' division captured five cannon, but the chase met with little farther success. Here and there a frightened foot-soldier or a straggling wagon were all the results. When the rebels fell back they sank beyond recall down the Ozark gorges, and scattered beyond pursuit; but they lived to fight another day.

The battle was over by noon. "It was a delightful moment when we all met after twelve o'clock on the eminence where the enemy held position but a few minutes before."*

The total Federal loss in this great battle was thirteen hundred and fifty in killed, wounded and missing. The Confederate loss, according to General Van Dorn, was six hundred.

When the attention of the army was turned to the mournful duties of burial, horror was added to grief. "The Texans, with their large, heavy knives, had driven skulls in twain,

* General Sigel's report.

† Letter from a regular officer in "Rebellion Record."

mingling blood, brains and hair, a sight," one of Price's officers had the heart to write, "not devoid of satisfaction."*

The torn and bloody field also bore the too well-known marks of Indian warfare. The savage knife had severed the scalp from many a head, and lacerated many a face out of all likeness to humanity.†

General Curtis remonstrated, by letter, with General Van Dorn for allowing such deeds. Van Dorn retorted by accusing the Germans, "Sigel's Dutch," of equal brutality.

The 7th of March, the first day of the battle, was the birthday of Colonel Hendricks. His wife, in their home in Madison, Indiana, celebrated it by inviting to dinner his best beloved friends. He was a man whose heart was full of the milk of human kindness, and he had many and loving friends. He was the subject of fond story and of fonder hopes at the very hour when he lay dying in the scrub-oak thicket, with no word to cheer and no hand to soothe. But death comes to all, and on the field, battling for the right, is the noblest place to meet him.

The battle of Pea Ridge was as decisive as any engagement of the whole war. It definitely determined the fate of the campaign in the southwest by effectually putting an end to the active resistance of the Rebels, who did not stay their retreat till they had reached the Arkansas River.

The Union army suffered greatly at this time from scarcity of food. Being at so great a distance from the depot at Rolla, whence the supplies were conveyed in wagons over almost impassable roads, the provision from this source was necessarily insufficient, and the deficiency could not long be supplied from the poor and thinly settled mountain regions. Whole regiments frequently subsisted for days on nothing but

*Letter to G. G. West, published in the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*.

†James R. Smith, Lieutenant in company H, of the Eighth, was wounded in the leg during a change of position by the regiment, but he would not allow his comrades, who were deeply attached to him, to carry him from the field. "No, you must push forward with the command," was his settled reply to their entreaties. The regiment had no sooner passed on than the Rebels occupied the ground on which Smith fell. His friends sought him at the earliest possible moment, but he was dead—his neck pierced through with a bayonet. His person was robbed of everything of value.

parched corn, sometimes with the addition of blue beef, which, the soldiers said, was the remains of cattle so poor that they had to be supported to the place of execution. From the 24th of January to the 17th of March the army subsisted on fifteen days' rations. Stinted food could more easily have been borne with comfortable shelter and clothing. But even these were denied. The men slept without tents, and did duty in tatters, sometimes in bare feet. In consequence of these privations much sickness followed during the month the army lay in camp at Sugar Creek Bottom and at Cross Timbers. Cross Timbers was called from the trees felled by the Rebels across the road, which here runs through a deep and narrow valley.

On the 6th of April the "Army of the Southwest" left its dreary camping ground among the hills of northwestern Arkansas, and commenced another long march. Returning to Missouri, it proceeded eastwardly through Cassville, Bull's Mills, Forsyth and West Plains, whence, turning southward, it re-entered Arkansas, and marching by way of Evening Shade, reached Sulphur Rock. While on the march Major Dailey was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-Second, and Captain Gooding was appointed Major. About the same time Colonel Benton received his commission as Brigadier General.

General Curtis' army remained at Sulphur Rock and in its neighborhood till the last of June. Batesville and Jacksonport were occupied, and expeditions were made across the river in the direction of Little Rock, proceeding as far as Little Red river, but returning without accomplishing any important result, except the severe chastisement of numerous bodies of guerrillas. Subsistence was obtained by foraging in the fertile White River Valley, which at first yielded a sufficiency within the limits of safety for foraging parties. But the immediate region becoming exhausted, and the remoter districts being infested with small roving bands of Rebel cavalry, which rendered it unsafe to proceed far from camp without a strong guard, the army, during the latter part of its stay, suffered much from scarcity of food. For daily allowance the

commissaries issued to each man four ears of corn, which, with meat, constituted all the rations.

Soon after the arrival at Sulphur Rock, Colonel Pattison was placed in command of the post of Batesville, and the Eighteenth Indiana was detached from its brigade, and removed to that post for duty.

Encamped in a beautiful cedar grove in the suburbs of town, the regiment now had its first wholesome rest since it entered the field, for, with such surroundings, they regarded the frequent details for guard duty as nothing compared with their previous long marches, or short sojourns in dreary and unhealthy camps.

At this place Colonel Pattison resigned his commission. He was succeeded in the command of the post by Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, who was now promoted to the vacant Colonelcy. Major Thomas was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Jesse L. Holman Major.

Colonel Pattison early gained and always retained the love and respect of his command. When he was about to leave, the regiment marched to his quarters in a body to bid him good-bye. Lieutenant Black, of company H, addressed him in behalf of the regiment, and the Colonel, overcoming his emotion with visible difficulty, responded to the farewell of men he had so ably led at Pea Ridge.

Adjutant George S. Marshall here received the appointment of Captain and Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Brigadier General Benton. He was a young man of great promise, and a thorough soldier. The failure of his health afterwards compelled him to quit the army, but he left behind him hosts of friends and admirers. He died shortly after near Panama, on a voyage to California for the recovery of his lost health.

May 10th Colonel Davis received orders to proceed with several regiments, one of which was the Twenty-Second Indiana, with all possible speed, to Cape Girardeau, and thence to General Halleck's army before Corinth. The troops selected to go with him threw away everything that might impede their movements, burned their tents, and started on the march. Moving rapidly two hundred and fifty miles

through a rough, sparsely settled district, they reached Cape Girardeau in ten days, but in an almost exhausted condition. Without delay they embarked on steamboats, which were waiting for them, and went down the Mississippi.

On the march from Sulphur Rock, Colonel Davis received, by a courier, his commission as Brigadier General, dating from the day of the Blackwater fight.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton*.

THE Twenty-Sixth Indiana, the Sixth Missouri and Frybarger's battery saw one after another of the regiments and batteries, with which they had been connected in the fall and winter, sent up to St. Louis or down towards Arkansas until all were gone, and they were left alone to guard and finish the fortifications. A letter from a soldier in the Twenty-Sixth, published in the Indianapolis *Journal*, in the latter part of February, shows the dissatisfaction with which the troops submitted to their lot:

"Our letters are still headed La Mine Cantonment; our address is still Otterville; Missouri mud still sticks to our feet and settles in our stomachs; butternut breeches still are the prevailing costume of our visitors, and the aguish faces which appear in our encampment denote that we are still in the land of blue mass and quinine. We had settled in our minds that long ere this we should be with our gallant Hoosier boys in Kentucky, who have been gaining for themselves bright laurels on the battle-field; but the powers that be have overruled all the nice plans we had laid down for our future; and instead of sending us down South, have given us a contract to throw up a great many square yards of dirt to constitute Camp Pope a safeguard for commissary stores and home-guards.

"Why we were assigned to this delectable duty deponent saith not; perhaps we were considered better mud-diggers than the other regiments, and, maybe, because we were of no account for anything else; be that as it may, here we are, with the dim hope of being able to get away when we have thrown up breastworks so high that the blood-thirsty home-

guards of this State will be willing to trust their precious carcasses behind them.

"When it is considered that an embankment from seven to fourteen feet high, and half a mile long, is to be thrown up, a stockade of heavy timber some two hundred yards long to be put in, besides the gates and magazines to be built, it will be seen that quite a large amount of labor will be necessary to fill the contract. The question, 'Soldier, will you work?' which is supposed to be always answered in the negative, is now, much to the dissatisfaction of the boys, answered in the affirmative, and we are compelled to work all the time.

"We have faithfully clung to our old muskets, through evil as well as good report—we have scoured them, cleaned them and carried them for six long months, and, save in some rare instances, when they have protected the boys from the violent attacks of secesh pigs and chickens, they have been articles of ornament, not utility.

"Otterville and the vicinity are quite attractive in scenery and society, there being a lovely bottom on one side and a magnificent forest of oak-grubs on the other. The view is not so pleasant now as it was when we first encamped here, as the bottom is overflowed, and the forest has been mostly cut down for fire-wood. The society is good—there being two families which keep open house for the defenders of their country. One of these bakes pies at twenty-five cents each, and the other does what little washing the soldiers require.

"To-day the news of the surrender of Fort Donelson was received, and caused much rejoicing. Thirteen guns were fired in honor thereof, and the fatigue parties saluted by throwing their picks as far as possible.

"All that the Union-loving inhabitants here want is the assurance that there is no possible danger of their being injured in person or property, and good pay besides, and they will rally in large numbers round the flag of our country. B."

One or two passages from private letters end, for the present, the picture of Indiana life in Missouri:

"Last Friday a train of fifteen teams, with about fifty men to guard it, was sent on a foraging expedition some fifteen miles distant. We passed through the prettiest portion of Missouri



MAJOR-GEN. HOWARD H. MILLROY.

that I have yet seen—wide-spreading, rolling prairies, skirted by dense woods of a species of oak, with here and there a stately monarch of the forest standing proudly out in the prairie. Splendid farms and buildings, some with and some without orchards, were hurriedly past, until we came to one which seemed to be of a different cast from the others. It was the plantation of a Mr. Cockrell, who is in 'Uncle Sam's' college in St. Louis, where I hope he is well attended to. We drove into his meadow and up to his corn-crib, and helped ourselves without waiting for an invitation—indeed there was none there to invite us. When the loading was finished, we drove back to the house, where we put up unconditionally for the night.

"Some of the slaves, in talking with us, gave us a little intimation of the delights of slavery in this style. One of the unfortunate wretches had, in some way, given offense, for which his master chained him to the joist of an old house, so high that the victim could just stand on tip-toe, then applied the lash to his naked back until it was completely lacerated. When the chain was removed he sank to the floor and expired. Our informant showed us the very lock and part of the chain which were used in this worse than inhuman act.

"The poor Africans seemed almost overjoyed to see us, and said they wished we could remain with them. The 'Missus' directed us to sleep in an out-house. The slaves said had we been secessionists the parlor would have been appropriated to our use.

"The paymaster has been coming 'to-morrow' for weeks, but 'to-morrow never rose to man, nor set,' and the paymaster has not yet been seen.

"I do believe, were it to rain or pour, it always pours here, forty days and forty nights, the dry land would appear by noon on the forty-first day.

"This morning before sunrise two slaves came into camp. They ran away from their master, traveled all night, stopped with us, told their tale of sorrow, and, after eating a hearty Federal breakfast, and filling their spacious coat pockets with meat and sheet-iron crackers, they pressed on with blistered feet, bound for Jefferson City. Rest would have been accept-

able, but they feared their masters were after them, and were eager to be going. Such occurrences are not rare."

"We have a good many secesh prisoners in Sedalia, taken principally at Warrensburg lately. One of them is a Colonel Parker. He was lying in a ditch acting 'possum,' but one of our boys thought he would proceed according to scripture and prove whether or not little secesh was dead, so he tickled the Colonel in the short ribs with his toe, and Reb. went 'ugk!' Of course the Union man declared the accused 'guilty,' and brought him to his footing.

"The weather is fine, warm days and cold night, with frost. Those verses you sent, 'No letters to-day,' are appropriate to my case nearly every day. The boys unanimously agreed one night that if I received more letters than anybody else when the train came in, I should have the tent all to myself one whole hour. I went to work and wrote a lot of letters which I addressed to myself. I determined that I would get some, if I had to do the writing as well as the reading. I put all the boys out of the tent in double-quick time.

"You think the war will soon be over; well I don't. I look upon our men as more than fools for feeding the Rebel prisoners so well, while they let the Union soldiers suffer for food. I think Morton, kind as he is, has one bad eye.

The work on the fortifications near the LaMine was sometimes varied by expeditions in search of bands of guerrillas who committed depredations on the Union farmers. As the robbers scattered when threatened by the approach of Federal soldiers, the pursuit was generally but a hasty march, with no other result than the capture of a few prisoners, often citizens who were in secret alliance with the enemy, and the establishment for a time of some degree of quiet and safety among the country people.

Colonel Wheatley endeavored to preserve the morality of his regiment by enforcing rules, early introduced into the camp, forbidding drinking and gaming. The regulations were generally approved, nevertheless there existed some dissatisfaction with the Colonel, the inevitable result of a monotonous camp-life.

Few regiments, in the first three months of their career, regarded their commanding officers with affection. Unused to restraint, accustomed to yield obedience only to the invisible and commonly inflexible and infallible power of law, men's feelings revolted against the orders of an officer, who was but a man like themselves, often no older, no wiser and no better, and who was daily in their presence. They first learned obedience on the battle-field, and having then from necessity heartily accepted their leader, they afterwards acknowledged his authority as just, and even agreeable. But if months of quiet camp-life continued, the Colonel had little opportunity of gaining the willing and affectionate submission of his command.

April, May and June were spent in Sedalia. With the spring health improved, and the camp became more cheerful. Inaction, however, continued to be distasteful.

CHAPTER XX.

KENTUCKY.

The civil war had just begun,
 And caused much consternation,
 While O. P. Morton governed one
 Great State of this great Nation.
 So it dia

"Magoffin governed old Kentuck,
 And Dennison Ohio;
 And no three humans had more pluck
 Than this puissant trio.

So they hadn't

"No matter what they found to do,
 'Twas done with all their power;
 What other men would do in two,
 They did in just one hour.

So they did.

—*The Meeting on the Border.*

THERE was once, a very long time ago, though not so many generations back that the traces of their Franco-Germanic cruelties are faded out of their race, a parcel of undutiful princes who tied their mother to two wild horses, and then with shout and lash, drove the creatures violently apart.

The old lady had lived more than eighty years, and had queened it right royally. But her sons were bold, young blades. They fretted and chafed in her traces, they struggled under her resistless rule; their high wills rose in rebellion; their youthful hearts burned with the love of liberty, and at last they sought the aid of death to gain their deliverance. But they doubted if even death had power to touch that iron frame while it held together. Therefore it was that they tore her to pieces.

The disloyal children of Kentucky behaved in the very same way. They taunted their mother's old-fashioned love for

the Union; they jeered her cowardly dependence on it; they essayed to drag her from its protection; they bound her openly to Neutrality and secretly to Secession. They stretched and bruised and tore her tough old sinews, they racked her bones, and lacerated her flesh, and grieved her heart; they trailed her gray discrowned head in the dust. But Kentucky was loyal to herself. She held her own.

Her sons, bad and good, (she was happier than the ancient queen in that she had good as well as bad sons,) ran off. They formed the largest portion of Fremont's Body-Guard. They mingled with the Sixth and other Indiana regiments. They enlisted under Kentucky officers on Ohio, Indiana and Illinois soil, but especially they joined the Confederates of Missouri, Virginia and Tennessee.

The *Louisville Journal* said of this last class: "Hundreds of those exceedingly sensitive Kentuckians, who so eloquently proclaimed that they could never take up arms against the Southern States, inasmuch as those States were Kentucky's sisters, have now taken up arms for the conquest of Kentucky herself. Isn't that enough to make the devil laugh?"

By this state of affairs the commerce of Kentucky was in a great measure cut off, except by the Louisville and Nashville railroad. This last line of communication was shortly rendered unavailable by the authorities of Tennessee, who, fancying that the small quantities of rice, cotton, turpentine and tobacco which went to the North, were of more importance than the vast amount of provisions and clothing which came to the South, forbade exports from Tennessee. In homely phrase, Tennessee "cut off her nose to spite her face."

The act was of advantage to the Federal Government, which had long been embarrassed by the manifest fact that the blockade of the South could not become complete until the passage of supplies through Kentucky was stopped; and by the inability to stop this passage without violating the neutrality of Kentucky. The blockade could now be enforced at Louisville.

The next step on the part of the Tennessee authorities was to stop altogether the running of cars on the road. The road was entirely closed in consequence, commerce destroyed,

trade almost extinguished, and industrial pursuits of every kind injured, if not ruined. Union men of Kentucky were only stimulated by the arbitrary temper of their southern neighbor to an active support of the Government. Secessionist, however, were stimulated by the same influence to the opposite line of action.

There existed in Kentucky before the commencement of the war the nucleus of a military organization, called the State Guards, which was formed chiefly of very pro-slavery young gentlemen. Simon B. Buckner was the commander and instructor of this organization, and being a fine Kentucky gentleman, which means that he shook hands with everybody, had a smooth tongue, a ready smile and a pleasant bow, he was a man of almost unbounded influence. Under his auspices the State Guards now filled up rapidly. He labored assiduously to impart military instruction, and lost no opportunity to instil the insidious and treasonable doctrine of secession. His pupils were apt, and after they were armed and supplied with all needed accouterments, they stole in squads out of the State.

General Buckner's movements in the beginning were covert, yet they were soon well understood. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were violent secessionists, and the National Government not only made no attempt at interference, but even allowed Buckner to visit Washington, and examine the fortifications lately erected for the defence of the city. "Hurra for Jeff. Davis!" was shouted with impunity in the streets of Louisville.

Encouraged by the leniency of the Government, the Confederate Congress passed an act authorizing enlistments in Kentucky; some Tennessee forces entered the State and took away with them six cannon and one thousand stand of arms; and Senator Johnson, from the northwest corner of the State, addressed to Mr. Lincoln a solemn and emphatic protest against the planting of cannon at Cairo, declaring that they pointed towards the sacred soil of Kentucky.

Of the protest the President disposed by replying that if he had known earlier that Cairo, Illinois, was in Johnson's

Kentucky Senatorial District he would not have established either the guns or troops there.

No notice was yet taken of the other acts, except by loyal Kentuckians, some of whom made an attempt to form Union camps within the State. Lieutenant Nelson, of the United States Navy, requested permission to use his influence for the Government in his native State, and, obtaining it, formed in Garrard county a small Federal encampment, afterwards noted as Camp Dick Robinson.

Governor Magoffin addressed a letter of remonstrance on the subject to the President, but the latter replied that, after taking all the means within his reach to form a judgment, he did not believe it to be the popular wish of Kentucky that this force should be removed beyond her limits, and with this impression he declined to remove it.

Lovell Rousseau, a Kentuckian, although Indiana lays some claim to him, as he began his career as a lawyer in Indiana, and laid during the eight or ten years of his residence in this State the foundation of his reputation, drew out from the State Guard a number of young men, who, not having originally been Rebels, were not yet converted to Secession, and used his influence to have them organized into Home Guards. He saw that every young man seduced, into the ranks of treason, took with him the sympathies of his friends, and he was convinced that it would be the part of wisdom to recruit for the Union within the State, in order, by enlisting men on the side of the Nation, to give a loyal direction to the sympathies of the people. He therefore endeavored to obtain permission from the President to raise troops in Kentucky for the service of the United States. With difficulty he obtained a sort of half permission, on condition that his recruits should not be encamped within the State. So cautious was the President not to offend or wound the sensitive Kentuckians. Rousseau set to work, established a camp, which he called "Joe Holt," in the edge of Indiana, opposite Louisville, and soon had two regiments and a battery. Secessionists called his men ragamuffins, in reference to the poverty of their origin. Many of them were from the mountains, and clothed in home-spun, simple, true-hearted men, but not fit subjects

for scoffs, as the enemies of their country learned in the course of time.

Federal and Confederate forces gathered along the borders of Kentucky. Pillow, Polk and Thompson on the Mississippi; Zollicoffer on the Tennessee line; Prentiss and Grant at Cairo. The Governors of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois held themselves in readiness to send ten thousand men to Kentucky when they should be needed. The heaving and seething, the waiting and working and watching could not long continue without an encounter of the hostile forces.

General Polk looked with covetous eyes towards Paducah. Situated at the mouth of the Tennessee, and connected by railway with all the principal Southern railroads, its possession was invaluable. A large commerce had passed up the Tennessee—vast quantities of flour and bacon, ammunition, equipments and clothing had gone to the South by the railroads alone. It was necessary as a defence for the rear of his positions on the Mississippi. Twice he threw aside the dictates of prudence, and moved a large force forward with the purpose of laying hold on the place, but a sober second thought both times caused him to retreat.

Each side waited for the other to give the signal to step with armed men on Kentucky's soil. At last a move was made. On the 3d of September General Polk crossed the river from New Madrid, and with a large force took possession of Hickman on the Mississippi, and of Columbus, also on the Mississippi, and about twenty miles below Cairo. Scarcely had General Polk thrown down the glove, when General Zollicoffer also made an advance, entering Kentucky through the Cumberland Gap, in order to cut off from faithful East Tennessee its only mode of communication with the loyal States.

General Grant was not slow to accept the challenge of the Confederate Generals. The 6th of September, with two regiments and a battery, he seized Paducah, and thus blockaded one of the principal entrances into the Rebel States. Later in the month, Grant also blockaded the Cumberland, by taking possession of Smithland.

Between the removal of General Polk across the Missis-

issippi to Hickman and Columbus, and the advance of General Grant to Paducah, the Legislature of Kentucky passed the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That Kentucky’s peace and neutrality have been wantonly violated, her soil has been invaded, and the rights of her citizens have been grossly infringed by the so-called Southern Confederate forces. This has been done without cause; Therefore,

“Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That the Governor be requested to call out the military force of the State to expel and drive out the invaders.

“Resolved, That the United States be invoked to give that aid and assistance, that protection against invasion, which is guaranteed to each one of the States by the 4th section of the 4th article of the Constitution of the United States.

“Resolved, That General Robert Anderson be, and he is hereby, requested to enter immediately upon the active discharge of his duties in this military district.

“Resolved, That we appeal to the people of Kentucky, by the ties of patriotism and honor, by the ties of common interest and common defence, by the remembrances of the past, and by the hopes of future national existence, to assist in expelling and driving out the wanton invaders of our peace and neutrality, the lawless invaders of our soil.”

Governor Magoffin, with characteristic audacity, vetoed the resolutions, but they were passed over his veto by an overwhelming majority.

Forty thousand volunteers for the defense of the State and the Union were called out. Any volunteer Rebel was declared incapable of inheriting property in Kentucky. The State was now fully committed to the Union. General Anderson, known and honored as the commandant at Sumter at the time of the surrender of that fort, assumed command of the Department. Kentucky prejudices were still consulted, and General Anderson received the appointment mainly because he was a native Kentuckian.

General Thomas was sent to relieve Nelson of the care of Camp Dick Robinson, where were now more than six thousand

Kentucky and Tennessee troops, and Nelson, commissioned General, was ordered to form another camp in the eastern part of the State, on the Big Sandy.

Before the meeting of the Kentucky Legislature, and before the forward movements of Polk and Zollicoffer and Grant, the most active of the Kentucky Secessionists retired to Tennessee, from which General Buckner now moved towards Bowling Green, with nearly ten thousand men. Bowling Green, situated at the junction of two Kentucky railroads which enter Tennessee, possesses facilities for transportation to an almost unlimited extent, and being on the south bank of the Barren river, and almost encircled by hills, can be defended by a small force.

Buckner, however, did not desire merely to make a stronghold at this point. He moved forward, rapidly, in order to insure secrecy, towards Louisville. Further to insure that no intelligence of his movement might be carried to that city, he cut the telegraph wire and seized the upward-bound railway train.

The managers of the road, with no suspicion of danger, sent from Louisville another train to bring up the passengers, who, they supposed, were delayed by some accident. This was also seized, and, as it did not, of course, return, the managers, still unsuspecting, dispatched a single engine. This also was captured, but a single fireman escaped, and worked his way back on a hand car in time to give the alarm.

General W. T. Sherman, second in command to General Anderson, was immediately sent by the latter with orders to Colonel Rousseau to bring his men to the defence of Louisville. Sherman reached Rousseau's camp at nine o'clock in the evening. At once all was in motion. With speed and in silence the river was crossed, tents, camp-equipage and supplies being left behind for some cavalymen, who, as yet, had no horses, to bring on the next day.

At midnight Colonel Rousseau's troops marched through Louisville. The rumbling of artillery wheels and the solemn tramp of the march rose and died away without exciting tumult or attention. The slumbering city was aware neither of its danger nor of its deliverance.

With the addition of a large portion of the city Home-Guards, the force proceeded down the road, under the general command of Sherman. The army thus hastily collected was small, and would, probably, have fared ill in an encounter with Buckner.

Happily there was to be no such premature trial of strength. A loyal young man of Bowling Green, a railroad official, hastened in advance of the Rebel army, and displaced a rail a few miles above that town. The engine, of course, ran off the track. Time was required to repair the road, replace the engine, and start the train again. General Buckner, in consequence, did not reach Elizabethtown until General Sherman was in position to offer battle. His heart then failed him at the prospect of the unexpected difficulties gathering in his front, and he went no further. He, however, employed agents to destroy a high bridge over the Rolling Fork of Salt river, in order to retard the progress of the Union force.

Contrary to his expectations the want of the bridge did not delay the Union force. When the command to cross was given, Rousseau rose in his saddle and, crying out, "Follow me, boys. I expect no soldier to undergo any hardship that I will not share!" sprang from his horse and waded the river. The men could scarcely have crossed as rapidly on a bridge as they followed him through water four and five feet deep.

Buckner retired before this rapid advance, and General Sherman established his camp on Muldraugh's Hills, a series of rugged elevations, forming the southern extremity of the plain on which Louisville is situated, and about three miles north of Elizabethtown, leaving guards at every important point in his rear. There he waited for the loyal border States to redeem their pledge.

General Buckner, also having his rear well guarded, slowly moved back to Bowling Green, which he immediately began to fortify.

Humphrey Marshall, in the eastern part of the State, collected a force, and appeared in front of General Nelson. General Zollicoffer threatened to approach General Thomas from the Cumberland river, in the southeastern extremity. His troops scoured south-central and southeastern Kentucky,

destroying the property of Union men, and evidently endeavoring to advance to the blue-grass region, a wealthy district in the center and north, the owners of which, from the force of circumstances, being large slave holders, were generally Secessionists, and as generally men without principle.

Thus, with Marshall in the east, Zollicoffer in the south-east, Buckner in the south, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and Polk in the west, on the Mississippi, with Grant at Paducah, Sherman at Elizabethtown, Nelson in Mason county, Kentucky was walled in with soldiers. And not merely her border lines were in the possession of armies, armed forces were seated at her very heart.

When September came in there was not a single body of troops within all her borders, except a small unorganized force, half of Kentuckians, half of fugitive Tennesseans, at Camp Dick Robinson. Before September went out hills, fields and towns were alive with the thrumming of martial music and the tramping of martial feet, and the neutral ground had become a field of Mars.

In October General Anderson's health failing, he was obliged to resign. General Sherman succeeded him in the care of the department.

General Sherman regarded Kentucky as a superintendent of police might look on a vast city bursting into blaze in a hundred different points. Resolved to master the flames before they should sweep together in one wide sea of fire, he plunged into business with all the energy of a strong, deep feeling soul; he infused into every worthy subordinate his own vigor, and he urgently called on the Government for more troops.

General Cameron and General Thomas, the two sedate visitors of General Fremont, returning from Missouri, called on Sherman at this juncture, and found him in this "noble rage."

"Come and see with how little capacity the world is governed!" said Chancellor Oxenstiern once, in a candid and satirical moment. Through the centuries which have intervened, and which have illustrated the wisdom of the experienced Swedish minister, the saying points to the interview of the yet unknown American General with the well-known and

aged American statesmen, whose opinion and whose word, weighty at all times in the Cabinet, were indubitable when founded on personal observation, and corroborated by the testimony of a military officer of years and experience. Sherman's lean, long face, high head, and nervous, fretful manner impressed these censors; his sharp statement of the condition of affairs startled them; his gruff replies offended them; and they were thunderstruck by an earnest representation which he made of his need of two hundred thousand men. A mole and a bat, they sat in judgment on the course an eagle had out-lined for his career, and now sullenly submitted to their inspection. They shook their unwise heads over it; they pronounced it impracticable; they judged him insane, and with their budget made up, they proceeded on their way.

It was a peculiarity of General Cameron and General Thomas that before they presented their reports to the President they allowed their opinions and the facts on which their opinions were founded to be spread abroad. The rumor of Sherman's insanity was like running fire. It was a new disaster heaped on an almost overwhelmed country. The West especially was alarmed. The fate of the Republic and the lives of the soldiers were more endangered by the caprices of a lunatic than by the ambition of a would-be despot. The public moreover believed Sherman crazy. There was no reason in this case to suspect the motives of the investigating committee. It was, therefore, with intense relief that intelligence of Sherman's resignation was received.

After the traduced and displaced Sherman, it was neither a sick man nor a crazy man, not even an earnest man, who was placed at the head of the Department. Don Carlos Buell probably had no hand in naming himself; his name, therefore, is not taken in account against him. He was born in Ohio, grew up in Indiana, was educated at West Point, and had served usefully in the army, with distinction in Mexico. His antecedents, so far as they were generally known, were all in his favor, and he was received with the prognostications of greatness and glory which ushered all our early Generals into lofty positions.

"The Department which General Buell received compre-

hended the States of Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, all of Kentucky lying east of the Cumberland river, and the State of Tennessee. The Department of Missouri, commanded by General Halleck, lay west of the Cumberland, and in the following March General Halleck's command was extended eastward to a north and south line passing through Knoxville. This command was called the Department of the Mississippi, and in June was made to include the whole of Kentucky and Tennessee. Until November 24, 1862, the title and limits of the District of the Ohio were retained."*

During October and November Federal and Rebel troops and stores continued to accumulate in Kentucky. According to the report contained in the Annual Cyclopædia for 1861, on the first of December the Federal troops in the State were estimated at seventy thousand, of which nine regiments were from Illinois, sixteen from Indiana, seventeen from Ohio, three from Pennsylvania, one from Michigan, three from Wisconsin, two from Minnesota, and at least twenty-five thousand of her own soldiers. The army was well appointed, and with batteries of artillery and squadrons of cavalry to give it greater efficiency.

* Annals of the Cumberland.

CHAPTER XXI.

ADVANCE FROM LOUISVILLE TO MUNFORDSVILLE.

"Fifty years ago Kentucky at Tippecanoe saved the infant Territory of Indiana from the merciless tomahawk of the savage, and the bones of her sons repose upon that bloody field. Kentucky is now invaded, and asks Indiana to come to her rescue."—*Norman Eddy to the Citizens of the Ninth Congressional District.*

It was said in the previous chapter that General Sherman followed General Buckner to Elizabethtown, and there waited for the gathering forces of the neighboring States. They were not slow.

Indiana seemed ill prepared to give help to another. She was herself defenceless. Her regiments, as fast as they were formed, had been sent off, East and West. Her border had no fortifications, no forces, and not guns enough along the whole line to arm three thousand men. In the whole State there was not a piece of artillery larger than a six-pounder, and not a regiment fully armed and equipped.

Yet, even before General Sherman reached Elizabethtown, Indiana troops were swelling his numbers. As soon as Colonel Rousseau left Camp Joe Holt, Colonel Crittenden asked and obtained leave to move to the relief of Kentucky. Only about five hundred of his men were yet collected in Madison, and these were not uniformed, and not provided with tents. But on the day permission was received, which was also the day the regiment was re-organized for the three years' service, September 20th, it went down the river and marched through Louisville. The city, now thoroughly alarmed by Buckner's attempt to get it under Rebel rule, welcomed the Sixth with vehement demonstration. That the Colonel was a Crittenden no doubt added to the warmth of the reception.

Whatever may be the faults of Kentucky, she can never be accused of ingratitude to her distinguished men. She

goes indeed to the other extreme, giving to a name such weight as to surprise the plain Hoosier, with whom "every tub stands on its own bottom." There is, however, something charming, something feudal-like, in this devotion of man to man, in this affection for a word. It is useful, too, when a Crittenden, or a Breckenridge, is on the right side.

Carrying a beautiful flag, the present of the beautiful Louisville ladies, and fired anew with patriotism by the aspect of helpless and trusting women and children, the Sixth hastened forward, and encamped at Muldraugh's Hills on the 22d.

The Thirty-Eighth was but one day behind the Sixth. When orders to march were received it lacked two hundred and fifty of the full number, one hundred being absent from camp, and one hundred and fifty not being yet recruited. It was also entirely without equipments. But hastily and with difficulty procuring knapsacks and muskets, it started without delay. At Louisville it received cartridge boxes and belts. At Lebanon it obtained haversacks and canteens. At last fitted out, it arrived at the Rolling Fork, which it waded like its predecessors, although the water was waist deep, and very cold, and marching eighteen miles further it joined Rousseau's command.

The Colonel of the Thirty-Eighth, Benjamin F. Scribner, belongs to that class of men whose worth is best known by the vacancy their absence creates.

On the same day, immediately after the Thirty-Eighth, the Thirty-Ninth waded the formidable stream, and marched up the valley to Camp Muldraugh. It was welcomed with enthusiasm to the post of honor and danger, and ordered almost immediately into line of battle, as the enemy was reported approaching. Buckner, however, did not make his appearance, and the soldiers, after their weary march, slept that night undisturbed on the ground and under the stars.

The Thirty-Ninth, from Colonel to drummer, was a splendid regiment. The men were robust and vigorous to an unusual degree. At least twenty-five were each six feet or more in height. Captain Whitesell's company was from Hamilton county, chiefly from Wayne township, from which, out of two hundred and thirty-seven voters, at this early period

of the war, one hundred and sixteen had been mustered into service.

Colonel Harrison was educated in Wabash College, an institution which has been remarkably successful in infusing into the minds of its students serious and lofty views of duty. For many years he had been a successful lawyer in Kokomo. He was a Captain in the three months' campaign, as were also Lieutenant-Colonel Jones and Major Evans.

A military Masonic Lodge, under dispensation, was organized and accompanied the regiment. J. C. Lindsay, W. M., and M. Garrigus Secretary, both of Howard county.

The Thirty-Ninth received muskets and ammunition in Louisville, and fared sumptuously at the expense of the hospitable Kentuckians in the city, and on the way to Sherman's camp.

As communication with the North by rail was destroyed, there was some delay in the arrival of rations and tents. The men, meantime, spent the nights without shelter, and subsisted on fresh beef, bought of the country people, and apples, pears, persimmons and other fruits, which were abundant.

Troops poured in from almost every county in Kentucky, and regiments came rapidly from Ohio and Illinois.

The first of October General Sherman moved forward. Eight men of the Sixth Indiana, commanded by Captain P. P. Baldwin, entered Elizabethtown a mile in advance. Fortunately for this daring party, the Rebel rear had left the town a short time before.

At this time there was no definite military organization. All the regiments in Elizabethtown were in one brigade. When General Sherman was withdrawn to Louisville to succeed General Anderson, Colonel Rousseau was promoted Brigadier General, and assumed command of this brigade. At this time the field and staff officers of the Sixth Indiana were elected. Colonel Crittenden had the confidence and affection of his men, and it was with satisfaction they saw him reinstated in the command.

The 7th of October General Rousseau moved on from Elizabethtown to Nolin, a station on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, fifty-three miles from Louisville.

Before he was encamped in Nolin he was reinforced by three more Indiana regiments—the Thirtieth, Twenty-Ninth and Thirty-Second.

The Thirtieth left Fort Wayne the 2d of October, amid waving of handkerchiefs, beating of drums, sobs and tears, blessings and prayers. It was detained a week in Indianapolis, where the regiment procured uniforms, and four companies were provided with Enfield rifles. The Colonel, Sion S. Bass, gave up a business which is one of the most lucrative of mechanical employments, that of machinest, and which he well understood, to undertake a work, of which, like the majority of his coadjutors, he knew nothing. He was intelligent and energetic, and had a noble uprightness, which won the esteem and love of all who knew him. Uniting in himself the learner and teacher, he set to work with good will and good sense, and soon had both his men and himself in excellent training.

The Twenty-Ninth reported to Rousseau the day after the Thirtieth. It left LaPorte the 2d of October, without equipments. Four companies were armed and equipped in Indianapolis, and six in Louisville. John F. Miller, the Colonel, a gentleman of modest and amiable disposition, and of fine culture, his native ability having had the training of travel, study and extensive reading, was a member of the State Senate, and had a good law practice, but he promptly relinquished his practice, and resigned his seat in the Legislature, when he conceived it to be his duty to volunteer.

The Thirty-Second left Indianapolis the 28th of September. As it marched through the streets on its way to the railroad, the steady, subdued, yet sturdy and manly bearing of the men elicited a degree of admiration greater than had been given to any other of the volunteers. Since the organization of the regiment, August 24th, Colonel Willich, assisted by the subordinate officer and many of the men, who had received military instruction in Europe, had been indefatigable in camp drill.

Colonel Willich was selected by his countrymen for his present position as one of the most distinguished German exiles in America. He began his military career in the Prus-

sian army as a Captain of artillery, but his sympathies were with the people, and at the breaking out of the Revolution of 1848 he espoused the cause of liberty, and became a General in the service. In the United States he was for a time employed in the coast survey; afterwards in Cincinnati he edited a newspaper, which barely gave him support. On the formation of McCook's German regiment he received the appointment of Major; but, although several months in the service, he had not received pay, when he was removed to the Thirty-Second Indiana. His circumstances were so straitened that he had not the means to buy a horse, and when his regiment made its last parade in Indianapolis, to the surprise of the spectators, the Colonel accompanied it on foot.

In the Thirty-Second were twenty or thirty citizens of Tennessee. They had been forced into the Confederate army and had deserted. Making their way by night through northern Tennessee and southern Kentucky, sometimes on foot, sometimes in wagons, which were furnished by Union citizens, they reached Indiana shortly before the completion of the German regiment. They were men of respectable standing and character, as Germans generally are, and they appreciated Liberty, Law and Union, as true Germans must.*

Passing through Madison and Louisville, the Thirty-Second went into camp near New Haven, Kentucky, where it remained a short time before moving towards Elizabethtown.

Colonel Willich formed a pioneer corps of forty of his men, providing them with wagons, and all the tools necessary for pioneer service. The bodies of the wagons were so constructed that they could answer for pontoons in bridging small streams.

General Rousseau's brigade encamped on the farm of a Mr. Nevin, to whom the presence of United States troops

*Shortly before the outbreak of the rebellion in the United States, a vehement appeal for a union of the German States appeared in a newspaper of Southern Germany. When the States were united, said the writer, when the government was one, Germany was the power of the world. Now, broken in pieces, ruled by a score of petty princes, who are jealous of each other, suspicious of the people, and afraid of neighboring nations, Germany is insignificant and contemptible. Union! Union! is the agonized cry of every true heart from the Alps to the Sea!

was hateful. Returning good for evil, the soldiers gave his name to the camp.

October 11th a scouting party from the Thirty-Ninth Indiana was organized, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, to scour the country in advance. It numbered forty officers and men. On its first expedition it followed the railroad south fourteen miles on foot, when, about two o'clock, nearly one half the party stopped at two houses, which were close together, on the side of the road, for dinner, the rest going on in quest of something to eat.

The first party was waiting impatiently for dinner to be announced, when Captain Herring from the advance was seen coming at full gallop, and in breathless haste. Instantly the situation of the foremost scouts was surmised, muskets were snatched up, and, scarcely waiting for a word of explanation, the men dashed forward more than two miles at full speed. They found their comrades hotly engaged with upwards of eighty Rebel soldiers, in and around the house of the land-pirate John A. Murrell, who died too soon for the glory that awaited spirits of his calibre in the Southern Confederacy, and under the command of John Morgan, who was now entering upon his career of guerrilla renown. Thus it is that partial fame comes with open hand to one, while she leaves another, whose heart is as bold, and whose arm is as strong, to sink in ignominy or oblivion.

The advance had come upon Morgan's men as they were about to sit down to a dinner provided by the willing hands of Mrs. Murrell. Captain Herring, being some distance in front on horseback, crossed over an eminence, and came suddenly within a few paces of the Rebel guards. They leveled their guns, and he wheeled his horse at the moment they fired. His cap falling off, he caught it under his arm, doubling himself down at the same time to avoid their aim, and escaping unscathed. Colonel Jones, who was but a few rods behind with the twenty or twenty-five men of the squad, rushed up to engage the Rebels, while Captain Herring galloped back for the remainder of the scouts.

Unaware of the number of the approaching force, the Rebels hastily fled out of the house, mounted their horses,

and reached the cover of bushes at a short distance, where, concealed and protected, they stopped. Colonel Jones and his men as hastily entered the house, an old two-story log building, and, knocking the plastering from the cracks up stairs and down, they fired between the logs into the bushes. The Rebels returned the fire. The old lady scolded in a shrill stream of angry words, and the engagement for a few minutes was hot. A ball struck a bucket of water close to Sergeants Boring and Ogden, and knocked the bucket to pieces, but nobody was hurt in the fight, except Mrs. Murrell, who, as a neutral and a lady, considered her rights invaded and her sensibilities wounded. Captain Herring brought his reinforcement up on the run, but was only in time to see the Rebels disappear over a distant hill.

The scouts returned to Camp Nevin about midnight, having been unable to find other traces of the enemy.

The middle of October Brigadier General A. McD. McCook assumed command of the troops in Camp Nevin and its vicinity, and organized them into brigades and a division, which he called the Central Division of the United States Army.

A month later, when General Buell assumed command of the Department of Ohio, the division was re-organized, and called the Second Division. It then contained four brigades, under Rousseau, Wood, Johnson and Negley.

The Fourth Brigade, under General Rousseau, consisted of the First Ohio, Fifth Kentucky, Sixth Indiana, and two battalions of the Fifteenth and Nineteenth United States infantry.

The Fifth Brigade, under Colonel Wood, was composed of the Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Indiana, Thirty-Fourth Illinois and Seventy-Seventh Pennsylvania.

In the Sixth Brigade were the Fifteenth and Forty-Ninth Ohio, the Thirty-Second and Thirty-Ninth Indiana.

In the Seventh Brigade were the First Wisconsin, Thirty-Eighth Indiana, Seventy-Eighth and Seventy-Ninth Pennsylvania.

Near Nolin creek, on which Camp Nevin was situated, the land is rolling, but it settles down in a flat plain, which was

convenient for military instruction. Here for several months was a vast school of volunteers. In squads and in companies, in regiments and in brigades, the men were in action from daylight until dark, acquiring gradually, but rapidly, the elasticity and precision which mark the movements of the disciplined soldier. Picket duty was rigidly observed, and was often dangerous, as during this period the enemy was in force on the banks of Green river, his scouts daily approached within a few miles of our lines, and not seldom the thicket near some lonely beat concealed a sly secessionist.

The tents were miserable wedge tents, incapable of giving comfortable shelter to three men, yet crowded with five and six. Mud was deep and everywhere. The low, flat ground which served so well for parade and drill did not dry after the November rains began to fall, and seemed to breed disease and death. Beautiful as was the sight of the soldiers on parade, of the white tents spreading miles away, of the camp fires stretching off to the horizon, the long months at Camp Nevin were indescribably gloomy.

Measles, typhoid fever, pneumonia, dysentery were prevalent, and were much oftener fatal than in home life. Comfortless sickness, disconsolate death-beds, burials with the doleful wail of martial music and the presence of no weeping woman—these are the foremost recollections of the encampments on Nolin creek.

December 10th General Johnson's brigade moved towards the South, and encamped at night on Bacon creek. Lieutenant-Colonel Von Trebra, of the Thirty-Second Indiana, preceded the brigade, and went as far as Munfordsville, without finding the enemy. The bridges on the route were all destroyed, but Colonel Willich's pioneers, under the direction of Lieutenant Pietzuch, prevented the delay of artillery and wagons by the prompt erection of temporary bridges. On the 12th the entire brigade reached Munfordsville.

The next day Colonel Willich threw two companies across Green river to guard the approaches, while the remainder of the regiment fell to work at a temporary bridge, toiling with the utmost vigilance. The stroke of the axe, the hum and stir of hurrying voice and foot never ceased a moment day

or night, from the laying of the first plank to the bracing up of the last. At noon of the 17th of December, thirty-six hours from the beginning, the task was complete.

The troops guarding the approaches lay in a strip of woods which ran along the base of a ridge in their front. Behind them spread a bare flat, which slopes upward toward the river. The banks of the river are high, the northern bank rising somewhat above the southern. From the summit of both a view of the flat, the woods and the hill beyond is unobstructed.

Not more than a half hour after the workmen had left the edge of the river, the pickets discovered evidences of the vicinity, if not the approach, of the enemy. They dispatched to the commanding officer of the regiment intelligence that Rebel soldiers were in the woods to their front and right. Colonel Willich was a mile or two back from the river, at General Johnson's headquarters, but Lieutenant-Colonel Von Trebra was at once on the alert. He ordered the pickets to advance on the Rebels, and attack them if they stood their ground. The two advanced companies moved rapidly forward in skirmish line, the enemy falling back before them, until suddenly a band of Texan Rangers galloped over the hill and saluted them with a volley. The pickets returned the fire, and for a moment scattered the horsemen, but fearing an ambuscade they moved back. The Rangers, collecting themselves, dashed in a body out of the woods into the open plain towards the picket line, which was now somewhat withdrawn. The pickets met them steadily, drove them back and pursued them.

The pursuers, as they cautiously advanced, were checked in turn by the approach of a large force of Rebel infantry. They retired, hard pressed, but fighting as they fell back. The bugle was sounded to call the disengaged companies of the regiment to the front. They rushed forward from the north bank across the little bridge, so hastily constructed, so opportunely finished, and from the south bank, over the plain, and up to the right and left flank of their steadfast countrymen; all except company A, Captain Erdelmeyer, which was sent round to the left to advance through the woods upon the flank

of the enemy. The new line, formed of nine companies, moved forward and attacked the Rebel infantry, throwing it into confusion, and forcing it to retreat. As the infantry fell back, the Rangers again swept down the hill, shouting and yelling, but not firing until they were within fifteen paces of the Federal line. The Federals also reserved their fire, and the steady Germans and the wild Texans could almost look into each other's eyes when they sent out sudden volleys from carbine, revolver and musket. Again the Rebels fell back, only to rally and return.

On the extreme left, Lieutenant Max Sachs, with a portion of company C, advanced further than any other part of the Federal line, through the woods and into an open field, as if daring the enemy to an almost personal combat. The rash young officer moved to his own death. The Rangers met him in overwhelming force, four to one. Ten of his men fell with him, and all would have met a swift destruction had not Adjutant Carl Schmidt and Colonel Von Trebra, each with a company, marched to the right and left of the little band, and valiantly effected their deliverance. Forced back also from the right, the Rebels endeavored to draw the Federals up the hill, close under a masked battery near the summit. Still fearing an ambush, Von Trebra would allow no forward movement. He was content to hold his ground. The battery was then unmasked, and opened fire. But its fire was not effective, and added only to the tumult.

Seizing the opportunity, Von Trebra re-arranged his line, deploying three companies as skirmishers on the right, and drawing up one, company G, in column for their support. The line was scarcely formed when down came the Rangers, striking with especial force against company F, which was behind a fence. The company withstood the blow, and held the Rangers in check until the latter crossing the fence threatened its rear. It then withdrew behind, company G, which was drawn up in a square, Captain Welschbillig commanding. Full two hundred troopers dashed impetuously towards the front and left of the little square. Motionless it stood until but sixty yards intervened, then it poured a fire upon the Rebels which staggered them, and drove them back.

The Rangers rallied, and dashed down, now on right and front and left. Again the walls of bristling steel repelled them. A third and last time, in blind bravery, the horsemen threw themselves on the unbroken square. The dauntless Germans watched the mad riders as they swiftly neared, then poured upon them a fire which felled their leader, and scattered them so that they formed on that field no more.

Before they fled, and while company F was retiring, and the whole regiment seemed in imminent danger from two advancing regiments of Rebel infantry, Colonel Willich came galloping to the field. His bugler, at his order, sounded the signal for retiring slowly, and the regiment was forming in obedience to the order, when, startled by the unexpected appearance of Captain Erdelmeyer, who at this moment moved from cover as if to flank them, the Rebel artillery and infantry joined in the flight of the cavalry.

More than an hour the Thirty-Ninth Indiana and the Forty-Ninth Ohio were witnesses of the combat. At the first alarm they went double-quick over a mile towards the Thirty-Second, crossing the river and forming on the high bank on the southern side. Like hunting hounds straining at the leash, or like unhooded falcons struggling in the jesses when the game is within reach, they watched the desperate conflict. When the cavalry Colonel fell, and the cavalymen scattered and fled, they gave vent to their almost intolerable emotions in a long, exulting shout of relief. When the remainder of the Rebel force followed the Texan Rangers, and the brave Thirty-Second turned and marched slowly and steadily towards the river, the Thirty-Ninth was allowed to move forward. It moved as far as Rowlett's Station, and collected arms, and the dead and wounded from the battle-field.

The evening sun shone upon the solemn ceremonies of burial. Colonel Willich paid a touching and beautiful tribute to the dead, and every man of the regiment threw a handful of earth into the last resting place of the slain defenders of freedom.

The Rebel forces engaged were under General Hindman, and consisted of eleven hundred infantry, four pieces of artillery and a battalion of Texan Rangers, under Colonel Terry.

The Rebel loss was thirty-three killed and fifty wounded. The Union loss was twelve killed, eighteen wounded, and eight missing.*

General Buell acknowledged the merit of the Thirty-Second Indiana in the affair at Rowlett's Station in the following terms:

"The General tenders his thanks to the officers and soldiers of the regiment for their gallant and efficient conduct on this occasion. He commends it as a study and example to all other troops under his command, and enjoins them to emulate the discipline and instruction which insure such results.

"The name of ROWLETT'S STATION will be inscribed on the regimental colors of the Thirty-Second Indiana regiment."

The day after General Johnson's brigade left Camp Nevin the remainder of General McCook's division advanced twelve miles to Bacon's creek, where it encamped on high, rolling ground. Springs of good water were abundant, the landscape was pleasant, the air was bracing, and from the moment of arrival there was no more sickness or despondency among the troops. A new day seemed to dawn. If the hospitals could have been moved forward, many would have lived who were left to languish and die in the humid and heavy air of the muddy plains near the Nolin.

December 17th, a fair, spring-like day, the division resumed its march. General McCook and his staff, with his cavalry escort, rode at the head of the column. The white covered baggage wagons, with their guard of picked men, brought up the rear. Low hills walled in the road on either side, and cast back the strains of martial music, which, swelling above the hum and tramp and rumbling of the army, drowned all thoughts but of manly action and of martial glory.

On nearing Munfordsville, the sullen roar of artillery was heard. At first it was indistinct, soon it was loud and plain. Sharp musketry firing broke on the heavy booming. The excitement of the soldiers grew with every step. Reaching their new camping ground they flung off their knapsacks, and, shouting as men never shout to enter their second battle,

* There are some discrepancies in the reports of casualties on both sides.

they formed in line along the north bank of the river. They waited an hour, but the fire slackened and ceased, the enemy disappeared, and they had nothing of the conflict but a distant view.

General McCook's division now encamped at Munfordsville, which became from this time a place of importance. It is seventy miles south of Louisville, on the east side of the railroad, and on the north bank of Green river, which is a swift and beautiful stream, with high, steep banks. The country is undulating, with alternate stretches of well cultivated farm land and unbroken woodland. Corn and tobacco are the chief growths of the fields, though a few small cotton plantations show an approach to the long summers of the South.

On the southern side of the river, on the turnpike, is Woodsonville. The population of the two places is not more than six hundred. The railroad bridge had been a superb structure. It rested upon four massive piers, three of which were eighty feet high, and the fourth, the only one which had its base in the river, was about one hundred and twenty feet in height. The southern end of this costly work was now a mass of ruins.

Repairs were immediately commenced, and the bridge was soon restored. Colonel Willich's temporary bridge was superseded at the same time by regular and substantial pontoons. Much other labor was required of the soldiers during two months that they lay at Munfordsville. They built field works over a long line of irregular ground. They made a new road. The picket line was extensive, and the duty was arduous. Daily reconnoissances were made.

Several important organizations were made or completed. A Pioneer Corps, on Colonel Willich's system, was organized and put under the control of Colonel Innis, of the First regiment of Michigan Mechanics and Engineers. A Signal Corps was established, the object of which was to keep up a communication with different parts of the army, and to watch and report the movements of the enemy. A Police Department, which had already been partially organized, was completed, and Captain Orris Blake, of the Thirty-Ninth Indiana, was made Provost Marshal. Violations of public

order and all questions of trade and passes were referred to him, and managed by him with integrity and good sense. Sibley tents were obtained. Quartermasters' supplies were procured in greater abundance than while the troops lay at Camp Nevin. Hospitals were more airy and more numerous. Medical attendance was better. Officers of every rank were more familiar with their duties, and the wheels of business ran with less friction. Military drill did not occupy more than half as many hours.

The drawbacks to comfort were few, but they were real. The tents were still crowded, and, in consequence, unhealthy, only five being allowed to a company. The required labor was very severe. The season was rainy, and the mud was deep. But on the whole the condition of the Second Division at Camp Wood on Green river was much more comfortable than it had previously been, and its affairs were administered in such a manner as to fit it for future usefulness and prominence in the army.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

"Ho! soldiers to your gallant rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

WHEN on Sunday, the 29th of September, church-goers in Indianapolis paused on the street to look at the Thirty-Third regiment, as it marched towards the railroad to set out for Kentucky, they expressed an unusual degree of interest and anxiety. The regiment was well dressed and well armed. The stout frames, and fresh, healthy, honest faces of the farmer boys who filled the irregular ranks, showed the best of material, but their bearing displayed an utter lack of military instruction. They had been in camp little more than a week. Even their number was not yet complete, and of the eight hundred and twenty-five whose names were on the rolls one hundred were off on furlough. But the summons was as imperative as it was sudden, and if it had not been, no true Indianian could delay with Kentucky in hourly danger.

All along the route the men were met by shouting crowds, with hands and basketsfull of good things. Louisville especially bestowed favors on them. The universal welcome added greatly to the zest with which the untraveled enjoyed the journey. In Lexington many of the regiment hastened from the depot to visit the lofty monument of Henry Clay. Pity for the memory of the dead would have given a shade of sadness to the reverence with which they stood round the great man's grave, had they known that James B. Clay was at that moment, and in that town, within sight of his father's tomb, a prisoner for disloyalty.

At Nicholasville, twelve miles south of Lexington, the railroad was abandoned, and the tramp to Camp Dick Robinson

began. Knapsacks were heavy, but their weight only made the realization of being off for the war more entire. This march was through the beautiful blue-grass country of which Lexington is the center. Pastures and groves, with the undergrowth all cleared away, long lines of white fences, large, old mansions, with soft green sward stretching down from the doors, all bespoke an age and dignity to which the country in Indiana had not yet attained.

Kentucky river, with its steep cliffs clad in stunted cedar, its rugged rocks mastered by the smooth, winding turnpike, and with its stories of Daniel Boone, Robinson Crusoe's only rival in the affections of a bold Hoosier boy, had a different but not less delightful charm.

General Nelson, in choosing a strong position for his camp, had selected one of the most picturesque spots in Kentucky. It lay in the angle formed by the Kentucky and Dick rivers, but at a distance from their almost precipitous banks, and on gently rolling, highly cultivated lands. Men and tents and banners and unrestrained enthusiasm gave to the scene a life and warmth which stamped it ineffaceably among the recollections of the arriving soldiers.

The Kentuckians and Tennesseans already in camp were not fully organized, nor entirely equipped. The Tennesseans were poorly clothed, were gaunt, and pale, and haggard. In effecting their escape from their own State they had endured almost incredible hardships, and had been exposed to terrible risk; they had left their families in poverty and danger, and were extremely anxious for an immediate advance upon General Zollicoffer, and an immediate effort to free East Tennessee from the control and presence of the Confederates.

Shortly after the arrival of the Thirty-Third at Camp Dick Robinson, General Leslie Coombs, a loyal Kentuckian, seventy years old, but warm-hearted as a boy, visited the soldiers and encouraged them to persevere in the punishment of treason. After talking with different regiments all day, he was called out at night by a crowd of all on the ground. He addressed them, saying he was not astonished to see Ohio and Indiana troops in the center of Kentucky. He had been wounded in defending their mothers and grand-mothers at

River Raisin and Fort Meigs, and through the Maumee valley, from the scalping knife of the savage; he still carried a bullet which he received then, and he had been expecting the grand-children of those Ohio and Indiana women to come down in turn and defend the mountain girls of Kentucky from the worse than savages that dared to cross their border.

General Zollicoffer, already many miles north of Cumberland Gap, was ravaging the hilly region in the southeastern part of Kentucky. It was of the utmost importance that he should not be allowed to cross or to approach the Kentucky river, to strengthen by the presence of his army the secession sentiment among the rich and disorderly young men of that region. His stay among the hills had the contrary effect of strengthening to violence the Union feeling in resistance to the oppression of the southern invaders; yet it was an imperative duty to relieve the oppressed mountaineers at the earliest possible moment. From Camp Dick Robinson the main road leads directly to Cumberland Gap, through Lancaster, Stanford, Crab Orchard, Mount Vernon, London and Barboursville. Another route, a little to the east, unites with this a few miles north of London.

General Thomas was making vigorous preparations to thwart the designs of Zollicoffer by taking possession of these roads. He sent Colonel Garrard with his regiment, a Kentucky regiment, to Rockcastle Hills, thirty miles southeast of Dick Robinson. He advanced other bodies of troops to points in the rear of Garrard, among them the Thirty-Third to Crab Orchard, a little old village, situated among hills and mineral springs, and called from the natural growth which once covered the hills and valleys of the region. Until the present year it had been a favorite summer resort for many Tennessee and Mississippi families, and for their accommodation it possessed two or three large hotels, and around the springs a number of comfortable cottages.

On its way to Crab Orchard, the Thirty-Third passed a negro church during the time of service. Disturbed by the tramp and hum, the little congregation poured out, and hastened with respectful but eager interest to the side of the road, the preacher conspicuous by his gray hair and dignified de-

meanor. One of the foremost soldiers gravely stepped from the ranks, grasped the old man's hand with a hearty "How are you?" then moving back to his place, resumed his march. The act was contagious. Every man behind him did the same thing, in the same orderly manner. The preacher, bowing and smiling, extended his old black hand with the urbanity and dignity of a President, while the faces of his congregation shone with the warmth of their welcome to "Linkum's men," and with gratification for the attention bestowed on their spiritual leader.

Crab Orchard was the terminus of the turnpike. From that point the road was rough, broken and narrow, and entirely without bridges. It wound among rocks, hung on the edge of precipitous ridges, plunged abruptly into ravines, dashed recklessly through streams, and scorned improvement or change, except under winter rains and summer suns.

The Thirty-Third encamped two miles south of Crab Orchard. It was scarcely established when Colonel Coburn received intelligence from the commander of the Kentucky troops, twenty-two miles beyond Crab Orchard, that they were in immediate danger of an attack from the whole of Zollicoffer's force, which was not more than eight or ten miles distant from their front. As it was impossible to move his regiment with rapidity over the mountain road, Colonel Coburn procured all the horses he could find, only about forty, and with this number of mounted men hastened to the threatened point. At Rockcastle river Colonel Garrard met him, and represented that it might be possible to bring up his regiment in time for an encounter with the enemy, and that it was not possible for the Kentucky soldiers without aid to offer any resistance. He had but six hundred effective men, numbers of his regiment being sick with measles, or from the exposure to which they were yet unaccustomed.

Accordingly Colonel Coburn went back, and as the Government wagons which accompanied the regiment to Crab Orchard had returned to Dick Robinson, he impressed into the service the teams of neighboring farmers.

Early the next morning, Saturday, the 18th of October, eight companies, with baggage and ammunition, took up the

line of march. They were overtaken by three hundred and fifty of Wolford's Kentucky cavalry, and by Brigadier General Schoepf, a distinguished Hungarian exile, who, having entered the United States service, and having been ordered to Camp Dick Robinson, was by General Thomas directed to hasten forward and take command of the forces advanced towards Zollicoffer. With the utmost speed they were not able to reach the ground until Sunday afternoon.

The Seventeenth Ohio, which had had charge of an outpost to the left, had already arrived, and there were now nearly four regiments assembled in one of the most rugged spots among the Rockcastle hills. Colonel Garrard's encampment, which his men, with reference to the fierce aspect of the region, called "Camp Wild Cat," was on an eminence a little west of the road. The Seventeenth Ohio was posted on another hill east of the road. Both positions commanded the road. Having approved of this disposition of the troops which had already arrived, General Schoepf divided the Indiana regiment into two parts, and sent four companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson to a hill on the extreme right, a mile to the east of the camp; the remaining four companies he directed Colonel Coburn to lead to an eminence on the extreme left, a half mile southeast of the camp.

This latter hill was, perhaps, four hundred feet high, round, rough, steep and woody, with an open space of several acres on the top.

It was seven o'clock in the morning. Colonel Coburn, with Captains Dille, Hauser, McCrea and Hendricks, and with less than four hundred men, started immediately in a round trot across the ravine which lay between them and the point designated. Mounting the hill, Coburn deployed his men as skirmishers on the top, behind a slight breastwork of logs, and on the side among the trees.

In twenty minutes the advanced troops of the enemy, who had also been racing for this point, began firing. One of the first bullets entered the breast of a private, Louis McFarren. Putting his hand on the wound, he said to his Captain, "They have killed me!"

Ten minutes after, the Confederates appeared in great num-

bers a half mile to the south. They were a half hour passing an open space in the road. Very soon they drew near, under cover of a wood, which entirely concealed them until they were within a hundred and thirty yards of the hill top, when they began firing, at the same time filling the woods, which an hour before were utterly silent, with ferocious and deafening yells. At this moment the round hill was reinforced by Colonel Wolford with two hundred and fifty of his cavalry, without their horses. The hot firing from Rebel guns, and still more the fearful screaming from thousands of Rebel throats, threw the new-comers off their guard. They wavered and turned to run. Colonel Wolford, Colonel Coburn, Captain Dille and Adjutant Durham sprang before them, rallied them, and called their courage into action.

Suddenly the enemy leaving the cover of the woods charged boldly through a cornfield, up the hill. They were met and scattered by a galling fire. Rallying, they came up again, and after a furious fight of about an hour retreated, leaving on the field some of their dead and wounded.

About the close of the engagement four companies of the Seventeenth Ohio came on the hill, and eagerly formed in line of battle, pursuing the enemy with their fire.

As soon as the Confederates disappeared, the Union troops fell to work to fortify the hill, and they continued at the work during the greater part of the day and night, "slaying more timber in that time," the Kentuckians said, "than the whole State had cut down in a year."

About two o'clock another reinforcement was received—a company from the Fourteenth Ohio—and at the same time another unsuccessful attack was made by the enemy. Later the Fourteenth and Thirty-Eighth Ohio, the Tennessee regiments and Standart's battery arrived. Just as the heavy artillery was dragged up the hill, the enemy made the third and last approach. Three rounds from the battery drove him back.

All was now still until about two in the morning, when it was plain that Zollicoffer's camp was in motion. The troops in every quarter stood ready to receive him, but no demon-

stration was made. Daylight revealed the Confederates in rapid movement towards the South.

The Rebel loss was about one hundred. The Union dead and wounded about half as many.

The Kentuckians in the region reckoned the loss in the battle and on the retreat, during which Zollicoffer was repeatedly fired on from the roadside by the exasperated mountaineers who had suffered in his advance, at not less than one thousand. They were greatly excited, however, by the invasion, and, in the want of newspaper reports, heard with credulity the exaggerations of rumor.

The battle of Wild Cat needed no alteration of circumstances to make it a remarkable affair. In the first engagement six hundred raw troops, not one of whom, officers or men, excepting the Adjutant, had ever had either military experience or instruction, until within a month, drove back two complete regiments with almost no loss to themselves.

Zollicoffer's whole force consisted of six thousand infantry, sixteen hundred cavalry and one battery of artillery. The whole National force was two thousand two hundred infantry, three hundred and fifty cavalry and one battery of artillery.

It was the first battle in Kentucky, and, therefore, decided many who had been wavering.

The danger to Colonel Garrard's regiment had been sudden and imminent. The succor was prompt and complete. The blue-grass country was now, for a time, closed against attack, and safety was secured to central, northern and the greater part of southern Kentucky.

Colonel Coburn's conduct during the battle won the confidence of his men. "He always seemed so easy," said one of his soldiers afterward, "that I thought he would not be brave. But I tell you he showed himself clear grit." "I was skeered to death," added another; "I could have run behind wagons or anything, till I saw the Colonel's face. Something there put the spirit into me. All the time the bullets were whistling and whizzing and tearing every way, not minding a bit who they hit, he walked round just as cool as anything. Only his eyes fairly blazed."

While he was rallying the flying Kentuckians, it is said that

Colonel Coburn found a number skulking behind a stump. "Pile out! Pile out, boys," he cried; "it don't take seventeen men to guard a black stump."

The Adjutant also distinguished himself. Captain Hauser had a finger shot; he ran to the surgeon, had it amputated, and hastened back to the field.

Colonel Coburn complimented in his report all the Captains engaged, and the men as not less brave.

One of the privates, Jacob Memherter, gained a nickname which stuck to him. He stationed himself, in the heat of the engagement, behind a log, and did much execution with his rifle. He was peeping over, taking aim, when a bullet struck the log a few inches from him, knocking dust and splinters in his face. "Bully for Jake!" he said, and coolly took another position. Bully-for-Jake, as the man was afterwards called, was a brave soldier, except when he met with the bottle.

One of the prisoners was wounded mortally in the head. He refused the food offered him, fancying it was poisoned, and spent every painful breath he drew in cursing the abolitionists. Such an exhibition of hatred was then novel, and excited much attention and conversation.

Another prisoner, after a month or two in the hospital, declared he "never would have fit if he had known the war wasn't made by abolitionists to take the niggers away." This last man had a splendid physical development, but was an utter animal. With his sharp eyes glancing out from his bushy hair and beard, his wide, distended nostrils, and his quick, watchful motions, his head looked like that of an intelligent and hungry dog. He refused the offer of a good-natured Union soldier to teach him to read, while he was in the hospital, and seemed quite resigned to a crippled and ignorant life, though he was not more than twenty-five years old. Brutal and bloated he was a disgusting and melancholy spectacle of uninformed, undeveloped manhood; secession ladies came to visit him, threw their arms round him and kissed him for what he had suffered in the cause of slavery.

General Zollicoffer's troops did not rest until eighteen miles were between them and their foes. An immediate pursuit

would have destroyed them; but it was not practicable, as all the men at Wild Cat, except Colonel Garrard's six hundred, had reached the scene of action only by forced marches, and were now so exhausted that rest was an absolute necessity. No long stay, however, was made. A week after the battle General Schoepf's brigade, which was the whole force at Wild Cat, moved towards Cumberland Gap. But, on arriving at London, it was again exhausted, and again rest was an absolute necessity. No class of men in the brigade was so worn out as were the young men from farms. Being unused to irregular hours, to exposure, to privation or over toil, accustomed to homes than which none in the land were more comfortable, and to tables bountifully spread, they had little power of endurance. Many also were now for the first time exposed to diseases to which the inhabitants of cities are subjected in childhood. The number of sick became very large, in several regiments amounting to one hundred, in the Thirty-Third to one hundred and eighty-nine, and the halt in London was prolonged a month. The little town with the encampments round it seemed to be one great hospital. To add to the discomfort supplies were scarce, as roads were almost too bad to allow of transportation, and the country was too poor to furnish anything.

Great numbers of heroic Unionists from East Tennessee, among them preachers, judges, legislators and Congressmen, joined the troops in London. Led to believe, by the victory at Wild Cat, and by successes which General Nelson had gained in the extreme eastern part of Kentucky, that General Schoepf's brigade would soon enter Tennessee, they had stolen over the mountains, hunted on the way like wolves, a reward offered for their scalps, their comrades shot dead in their tracks, to hasten the Union advance. Their hearts were on fire, and they urged and entreated that there might be no delay. As the time dragged its slow length along, they impatiently repeated, "Must we forever stay and guard Kentucky? Shall we never go back to our homes, to our unprotected families? Wait to be disciplined! Wait to be drilled! How can men, smarting under every insult and injury that can be heaped upon them, quietly submit to learn

discipline and drill?" With their faces towards their native mountains, these men, penniless, sick and in rags, earnestly and solemnly affirmed they would go back no further; they would wait little longer; they would advance alone if the Union army would not advance with them.

One Sunday evening, to a home-sick group which surrounded him, a Tennessee Captain read aloud from the sixty-eighth Psalm: "God setteth the solitary in families, He bringeth out those which are bound with chains; but the rebellious dwell in a dry land." No honest soul can resist the marvellous sweetness of Scripture, and the words were balm.

Early in the evening of November 13th, after the sick, on their heaps of straw, for they had no beds, were prepared for the night, and while the well, or the so-called, around their camp-fires were talking and coughing, orders were received for an immediate march. The sick were included. The baggage and stores, such as could not conveniently be carried, were to be left.

In the camp orders to march were construed as orders to advance, perhaps to an immediate attack on Zollicoffer; in consequence preparations were made with alacrity, especially by the Tennesseans, eager to return to the rescue or the support of their families. The brilliant engagement at Wild Cat encouraged them to hope for another and a decisive victory, one that would force the arbitrary and cruel Rebel authorities in East Tennessee to leave the State.

But in the hospitals, where nearly a thousand sick were hurriedly rolled up, and packed in the clumsy hearse-like ambulances, and in open wagons, the order was understood, and was explained only by the supposition that the enemy, near at hand, was ready to swoop down and annihilate the brigade. Notwithstanding this supposition, earnest remonstrances against the movement were made. The surgeons entreated that the very sick might be left behind. In vain; orders were imperative; and all were prepared but a few who were near death. These unhappy men entreated their comrades not to abandon them, and watched the arrangements for departure with agonized eyes.

Before the troops were fairly off they began to understand the order, and to denounce the movement. The Tennesseans showed a mutinous spirit. They asserted that they would not give up a foot of the ground that had been conquered; that their families were dying of starvation; that they would desert; they would go back to Tennessee at all hazards; they would no longer be tampered with. Some of these poor exiles threw themselves on the ground weeping with vexation and grief.

The Fourteenth Ohio moved off first, its band playing "The Dead March." The Seventeenth Ohio fell in behind, and, when the band ceased, struck up a paraphrase of a song which was impromptu at Wild Cat. One verse of the original is,

"Old Zollicoffer can't take us,
Can't take us, can't take us,
On a long summer's day."

On the present occasion it was sung:

"Old Zollicoffer can't catch us,
Can't catch us, can't catch us,
'Cause we're running away."

Each regiment was followed by its baggage and procession of invalids. The Tennesseans at last fell in behind the Seventeenth Ohio, some saying they would follow the flag where ever it went, but adding, "It's hard on Tennesseans, boys;" some swearing fiercely, others pale and silent. In the first four miles more than a hundred left the ranks, insensible to exhortations or threats, and, weeping or sullen, stood and watched the lumbering train.

The Thirty-Eighth Ohio followed. The Third Kentucky refused to move. The Thirty-Third Indiana brought up the rear. Next to the Tennesseans, the Indianians formed the most mournful part of the procession. No band, and no singing, no joking, and no talking, were heard in their ranks. The great number of sick depressed the spirits of all. Their blankets, made by dishonest contractors, half of cotton, were double the proper weight. On the best of roads, and in the best of circumstances, they would have been heavily loaded. As it was, after the first hour, their weariness was sufficient to warrant a halt. But on they trudged till, near daylight, they

overtook their more cheerful Ohio comrades, who had been resting since midnight.

The weather, which, during the past month, had been fair and warm, turned cold in the night, and a steady, chilling November rain began to fall. The soldiers were roused from their tired sleep to find their blankets, clothing and knapsacks saturated with water.

Rockcastle river, just north of Wild Cat, was swollen by the rain, and the soldiers of the Thirty-Third were obliged to stand in mud which was over their shoe-tops, sometimes up to their knees, until evening, when their turn came to cross. Rain all the time poured down, and the sick lay in their wet blankets, or sat in pools of water which had dripped from their clothes. Their beds that night were in the mud, with only the rainy sky above them.

The sun came out the next day, but the tramp was still through cold November mire. The soldier's life is a life of hardship; yet few days have ever seen so worn and pale a multitude of armed men as were on the march this day. Here and there a soldier sat, with livid lips and closed eyes, on a log, or on the ground, leaning against a tree or fence for rest. Colonel Coburn walked much of the way, to let others ride his horse. The officers were all kind, refusing even to see insubordination.

In the evening of November 15th, with the sick now numbering two hundred and fifty, the wretched Thirty-Third reached the old camping ground, and again slept without tents, and in the cold and damp.

The Ohio troops, starting in advance, in better spirits, with a smaller number of sick, in better general health, and reaching the point of destination first, suffered neither the physical nor mental prostration which reduced the Indiana regiment to the verge of destruction. The Tennessee soldiers showed so mutinous a spirit that they were allowed to return after they had marched twenty-four miles.

The order for retreat was occasioned by a report which reached General Schoepf that General Johnson was advancing rapidly from Bowling Green with a force that would destroy him. There was not a shadow of a foundation for the

report. Not only no movement was made from Bowling Green towards the East, but Zollicoffer was actually running away at the same time that our forces were hurrying off in the opposite direction.

In the battle of Wild Cat the Thirty-Third lost but five, while, as the immediate result of this retreat, between fifty and sixty of the regiment died; and before the next summer a large but unknown number from disease occasioned by the retreat. Their graves are among those desolate Kentucky hills, in the little lonesome town of Crab Orchard, and in many an Indiana grave-yard.

Crab Orchard became a general hospital. The taverns were full of the sick, the cottages around the springs, the school house, the two churches and many private houses. The encampments all resounded with a hoarse, hollow, heavy coughing, which he who heard can never forget. One made a sorry jest of it, saying "they coughed by platoons, in volleys rattling quick and hollow, like the musketry at Wild Cat." Colonel Coburn, after a few days' absence, returned to find more than five hundred of his men sick, and but few more than one hundred fit for duty.

"When he went round among the boys," said one of his soldiers afterwards, "and saw how they were lying on heaps of straw, with nothing, not the smallest thing, to make them comfortable, lying and dying that way, he just cried like a child."

Unfortunately, the Colonel himself was taken down with typhoid fever, and lay long at the point of death. The surgeons and all the officers were most kind and attentive to the sick; the men who acted as nurses did what they could to alleviate suffering. The people of Crab Orchard, the few that are patriots, and some ladies in the country, in the course of time, gave food, clothing and beds. Mrs. Henderson, the wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mrs. Captain Hendricks, and, before the illness and after the recovery of her husband, Mrs. Coburn devoted themselves to the sick. But for many weeks their presence and their labor was all they could give, with such of their clothing as they could tear up for bandages, pillow-cases, sheets and towels.

Crab Orchard was so out of the line of direct communication with any place of importance, that it was after the middle of December when the condition of the Thirty-Third became known. Every church in Indiana then put up prayers for our brave, suffering men. Individuals went from several towns for their relief, among them Dr. Wright, of Martinsville, whose kindness and patience were inexhaustible. Great quantities of comforts and delicacies were sent by ladies from various points.

In the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis the minister on Sunday read a request from the Chaplain of the Thirty-Third for several hundred hymn books and Cromwell Bibles. A voice in the gallery answered, "The amount is subscribed." The gentleman who spoke went the next day to Cincinnati, roused the publishers at night, bought and packed and sent off the books before light.

Miss Bettie Bates, who afterwards spent many months in military hospitals, and whose name is now a familiar and beloved word to hundreds of veteran soldiers, went to the Thirty-Third on her first pilgrimage of relief to the suffering. Bred in ease and indulgence, yet forbidden by an over-fond father to exercise her talent in a congenial way, she had hitherto been afflicted with nothing to do, and had felt herself "carried on a cushion with hands and feet bound." Her father's consent was now gained, and with great boxes of bedding, clothing, fruits, books and pictures, but with nothing so good as her own hands and feet, her sharp wit and her generous purse, she hastened gladly to her work.

The fathers and brothers of the sick soldiers, however anxious they might feel, were bound to their homes by double care since the war commenced; yet some, who seldom left their farms, and had never been out of their native State, found their way now to the hills of Kentucky.

The midnight coach of Crab Orchard brought a plain, old farmer, whose son had long been ill. In answer to a timid inquiry, the father was relieved to hear that the invalid was still living. In the morning, bright and early, he presented himself at the door of the cottage in which his boy lay. On the bed was a breathing skeleton. Was that the boy who so

strong and hearty left his home not four months before? The old man scarcely knew. Afflicted and bewildered, he dropped on his knees by the bedside. But the sick eyes knew him, the emaciated arms found their way to his neck, and a feeble voice stammered, "I never knew before how good it was to have a Pap!"

"My brother has come!" eagerly exclaimed one who had been at death's door, but was recovering, to one of the ladies who waited on him. His eyes filled with tears as he added, "He's the poorest brother I've got, too. I'll remember it of him the longest day I live."

Want of physical strength seemed to intensify feeling. The patient sufferers embraced in their affection all that had been part of their past. The dear, old State of Indiana represented to them all which was good and beautiful. "You ought not to eat that jelly," a nurse said, in surprise, to one who, with pain and difficulty, was swallowing spoonfuls of jelly, administered by a brother fresh from home. "Oh, let me," entreated the sick man; "it was sent to me from old Indiana!" In his beloved Indiana his poor body now rests, sleeping the long, painless sleep of death.

The men, who were detailed to act in the capacity of nurses, were as gentle and tender and patient as brothers. It was affecting to see robust, sturdy arms, all unused to tendance on the sick, wrapped round a feeble creature whose face was wan and worn, and whose fingers were like birds' claws, the sturdy arms striving to ease the poor back which had so long ached on hard straw; to see broad, healthy hands smoothing the hair, or softly bathing the pallid faces of the dying, and to hear rough voices, toned down to womanly softness, speak of mother or sister, or of the blessed Saviour of sinners.

These kind nurses slept on the bare floor or pew without pillow or blanket, and day and night breathed the poisoned hospital air, even eating their plain meals in a corner of the church or large room which held the sick.

One day a young man, a stalwart fellow, but with a face as gentle and fair as a girl's, stood leaning on a broom with which he had been sweeping, and looking intently out of the window. His expression attracted the attention of a lady

who was in the hospital, and she approached him. "The poor soldier," he said, when he saw that she was near; "the poor soldier, I am sorry for him, if I am one myself." Before the door of the opposite house were ranged two files of soldiers, and through the passage others were carrying a coffin.

Music and the firing of artillery were early forbidden, on account of the depressing influence the solemn and oft-repeated sounds had on the sick, and now in silence the dead were borne to the grave-yard and laid away in the earth.

Another time this same nurse said to the lady, "I thought you would like to know that I am a member of the church." "I am glad to know it," she replied. "Yes," he continued, "I joined four years ago, and I have never sworn a word since."

A good many of the young men were pious. Joseph Drake was sick a long time, but he was always uncomplaining. A lady who feared he was going to die asked, "Is he a good man?" "If ever there was a good man," answered one of the boys, who was from the same part of the country, "it's Joe Drake. He was a class leader in Hope. He's a scholar, too, Joe is. He was in college there in Hope four years. His father's very well off. He has a good farm, and Joe is used to having things comfortable. It's been hard on Joe, this soldier's life; but he knew it would be. Before ever he volunteered he said he didn't believe he could stand the hardship; he never was very stout." "Why did he volunteer then?" "Oh, Joe isn't the kind to turn his back on his country. He said it was a righteous cause, and he wouldn't shirk. What life he had he'd give freely."

The next night Drake was so low that one of the nurses watched beside him till morning, bathing his parched lips, wiping the death-sweat from his forehead, and listening to his broken sentences. In the middle of the night the sick man said to his companion, "I've got a furlough." "Have you?" exclaimed the other in surprise; "they'll be mighty glad at home." "It's not for that home," replied the dying man; "it's for that," looking upward. At nine o'clock in the morning the angel of death brought the furlough, and the

soldier of the Union, who was also a soldier of the Cross, went to his heavenly home.

Two extracts from private letters, written by a lady nurse in Crab Orchard, give a faithful and unstudied tribute to the inmates of the hospitals:

"No, I am not as you say an 'exile of patriotism.' The men are friends and acquaintances, and the work is only hard and sad because it is terrible to see these brave fellows suffer. *I want to do it* above everything. I never was half so happy in all my life. Of course Mrs. ——— envies me, for what woman now-a-days does not sicken of a life at home, safe but not happy, because all we hold dear is at stake? It is the best blessing God ever gave me, to let me come and help in the only way a woman can. If I may only have this work until the war is over, and the strength to do it, I will never complain of anything again. I would buy the privilege with the happiest hour and memory I have.

"There is less sickness now, only one hundred and fifty very sick, though many are on duty who are really what we should call very sick at home. The Lieutenant-Colonel's wife is a good nurse, and is now here, so we are comparatively well fixed. Tell ——— her bump of order would never quit aching if she had to cook a week in a Kentucky kitchen. 'Where is the tea-kettle?' 'Won't dat da pot do?' 'Haven't you got a tea-kettle?' 'Yes, Missus, but Aunt Sue's bilin' close in it; better take de pot.' 'Very well; give me the cover. What's in it?' 'De lard I jis done fried out, Missus.' The lard is poured into a milk-pan; Peggy sends Maria to borrow Aunt Jinny's dish-rag; Bill tells Jim to send Uncle Spencer to the barn for soap, and finally Hoosier fists conquer impossibilities, and I get a cup of tea for a sick man after he has waited an hour for it."

"Oh, how brave and patient these men are! In all the suffering I have seen I have never heard the first regret at the giving up of home and health and life itself for the country. When I have tried to find out, the spirit of the answer has almost invariably been, 'What I have done I would do again, even if it brought me here!' This is a great deal when these men believe their terrible sickness was the result of the drunken

mistake of one officer, and the abominable inhumanity of the General in command."

In connection with a notice of the Thirty-Third, but with reference to all the soldiers of Indiana, Henry Ward Beecher says in the *Independent* of February 20, 1862:

"Indiana came out of the Mexican war with a cloud on her fame for valor. It was always bitterly felt. The privates declared that bad officers were the cause of their disgraceful retreat. They have justified themselves in this war. No State has done better than Indiana, and no troops have fought with more skill and indomitable bravery. Every spot is gone from her escutcheon. Indiana has no cause of shame for her noble sons!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

INDIANA SOLDIERS MOVING TO THE RESCUE OF KENTUCKY.

"A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

—4

THE Tenth regiment left Indiana and entered Louisville the 22d of September. It was received with all the rejoicing a city on the brink of destruction might be expected to feel and to show to its deliverers. After being armed and equipped, the regiment proceeded to Bardstown, whence five hundred Rebels fled as it approached. Many of the inhabitants of Bardstown were either lukewarm Unionists or outspoken Secessionists, and they looked upon the Federal troops of Indiana with suspicion and aversion. Even loyal citizens watched the deportment of the regiment with ill-concealed anxiety. Hostility was gradually overcome, fear quieted and anxiety allayed, according to the report of the regiment and of the *Louisville Journal*.

"The Tenth Indiana," said the latter, "is a tried regiment, and distinguished itself in West Virginia for bravery at Rich Mountain and other places. By order of the General Government it has found its place among us. When it first made its appearance, people felt great dread that more of their 'rights' might be taken from them, but all now testify life and property are more secure than before. At the present time nothing would quiet the people of the State so much, and so completely remove groundless prejudices, as the presence of such a regiment as this Tenth Indiana in every county."

Several members of the Tenth were printers, and taking possession of a secession printing establishment they pub-

lished a newspaper which they called the *Chronicle*. The following was published as part of the platform of the *Chronicle*:

"GOVERNOR MORTON.—The praises of Governor Morton are in the mouths of all Union men throughout the country, and especially of citizens of Indiana. When inferior arms were placed in the hands of the soldiers of the Tenth regiment at Louisville there was a general expression of indignation, until it was understood that Governor Morton had pledged himself to replace them at the earliest possible moment. Then every man brought his gun to his shoulder and marched off. Some guns, manufactured over a hundred years ago, were entirely useless, but every soldier was satisfied it was the best that could be done at the time, and as well satisfied that the pledges of the Governor would be redeemed. It has proved so, and could the Governor have seen the enthusiasm of the men when the Enfield rifles were placed in their hands in place of the old muskets, and have heard the shout after shout that went up, it would have stimulated him to still greater exertions in favor of the soldiers, if that were possible. The Tenth is now as well armed as any regiment that ever left the State."

After remaining about a month at Bardstown the Tenth was advanced to New Haven and Lebanon.

The Thirty-Fourth, or "Morton Rifles," was organized at Anderson the 15th of September, and was detained there nearly a month. It remained on Rousseau's old camping ground, near the falls of the Ohio, more than a month. In both places the time was industriously employed in drilling and preparing for an active winter campaign. With a patience which was not common in those days of excitement, and which showed that already the war was beginning to produce the fruits of steadiness and forethought, the regiment submitted to prolonged weeks of tedious drill in Indiana camps. The men generally were farmers. They were intelligent and cheerful, and in the bloom and vigor of early manhood, few being under twenty and scarcely any over thirty-five years of age.

Colonel Steele could scarcely be called self-sacrificing to take command of such a regiment, although to do it he was

obliged to leave, besides a home, which every man left, an extensive law practice.

From Camp Joe Holt the Thirty-Fourth went to New Haven, Kentucky.

At the time the Thirty-Fourth went into camp near New Haven, large numbers of troops were collecting in that vicinity. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth regiments were both there, and attracted a considerable degree of attention as veteran regiments, both having seen hard service in West Virginia.

In four months spent in Virginia the Seventeenth marched more than five hundred miles, assisted in the work of two fortifications, and was engaged in several skirmishes and one battle. The first encampment of the Seventeenth was on the north branch of the Potomac, sixteen miles from Oakland. Here it was engaged two weeks in constructing the fortifications known as Camp Pendleton. Its second camp was on the Elkwater, where the second work of the same kind was done. In the battle of Greenbrier the Seventeenth was very efficient.

Orders to move to Kentucky were received on the 19th of November. Winter had set in, and snow lay six inches deep on the mountains, yet the troops were still living in tents, which had been blown and beaten, ripped and torn so long by mountain storms that they scarcely held together, and afforded the semblance rather than the reality of protection.

Any place was more comfortable than West Virginia in winter, and no place, to which soldiers could be ordered, was so agreeable as Kentucky, standing as it does next door to Indiana. Orders were obeyed, therefore, not only with promptness, but with unalloyed satisfaction.

The roads were bad, and after the march was commenced much of the baggage had to be thrown away before it could be continued.

At Louisville new tents and equipments of every kind were received. At Camp Buell, three miles from Louisville, a public dinner was given the Seventeenth. Here the regiment remained until it was brigaded and assigned to General Nel-

son's division, when it marched to Camp Wickliffe, near New Haven.

Colonel Haskell was educated at West Point, and served a year in the Third Regular Artillery. His education and experience made him very acceptable to his regiment.

The outline of the early history of the Fifteenth is similar to that of the Seventeenth, differing only in having less experience in constructing fortifications, and more with the enemy, as it was included in the force which pursued the fugitive Rebels from Rich Mountain.

The Fifteenth and Seventeenth, with two Ohio regiments which accompanied them from the East, felt great enjoyment in the change from bleak, barren and desolate mountains to pleasant fields which spread away under the wide scope of the sky, and from poverty-stricken and ignorant mountaineers to wealthy and intelligent lowlanders. Among these last, however, they heard the expression of as bitter secession sentiment as they had ever been forced to listen to among the first, and with far greater surprise. They scarcely believed their ears when they heard "mouths which were made for singing" in coarse scorn call them "Union dogs" and "Abolition snakes."

Three other Indiana regiments, the Thirty-Sixth, the Forty-Sixth and the Forty-Seventh, were encamped during a part of the fall and a part of the winter in the vicinity of New Haven or Lebanon. They were commanded respectively by William Grose, of Newcastle, one of the best and most prominent public men in the State, and one of the most successful lawyers; by Graham N. Fitch, a man of equal talent, and who early forsook the modest path of the physician for the ambitious career of the politician; and by James R. Slack, an aspiring lawyer and politician.

The Thirty-Sixth was composed of men from the staid Quaker region round Richmond. It was completely equipped and armed, the flank companies with Enfield rifles, the others with an excellent French musket, when in the last of September it moved toward the South. It was very common for citizens who remained at home to present a horse to the Colonel of a regiment in token of their gratitude for his offer-

ing himself for their defence, but the Chaplain did not so often receive a gift which was equally appropriate. In the Thirty-Sixth it was the Chaplain, Rev. Orange Lemon, on whom the favor was bestowed. Before the close of the next December company B, of the Thirty-Sixth, sent home to Muncie and its vicinity nearly a thousand dollars.

The Forty-Sixth left Logansport in the latter part of December, and passing through Indianapolis reached Madison, and embarked on steamboats to go down the river, on a Sunday morning. As the boats, loaded with troops, pushed off from the shore crowded with people, the band playing, handkerchiefs and hats waving farewells, the church bells began to ring for morning service. A similar, but long past, scene rose as vividly as the present to the minds of many. In 1846 two companies of soldiers from Logansport, going to join the army in Mexico, embarked from the crowded shore of Madison on a Sunday morning when the church bells were ringing. Some of the citizens who were then on the shore now stood on the shore; some of the soldiers who were on the river then were now on the river; and the same drummer was plying his drum-stick, and as vigorously now as then.

The Forty-Seventh went first to Bardstown. Remaining there only a few days, it encamped on New Year's Eve at Camp Wickliffe, near New Haven.

Two companies of Indiana cavalry were also at Camp Wickliffe, and were kept in active employment as scouts. Captain Moreau's company was from Knightstown; Captain Klein's from Florence. They were early included in the Third cavalry, although not united with the regiment.

Calhoun, a little town seated in the mud on the banks of Green river, was another spot which was thronged with Union troops. The Thirty-First, Forty-Third, Forty-Second and Forty-Fourth Indiana regiments were encamped here, although frequently one or another was obliged to remove to Henderson, Owensboro or South Carrolton. These regiments were under the command of an editor, a farmer, a lawyer and a druggist.

The Thirty-First moved down to Evansville about the time the Tenth was sent into Kentucky. It was entirely full,

thoroughly equipped, and had received some military instruction. The citizens of Evansville, alarmed for the safety of their town by the bold movement of Buckner, desired to retain the protection of the Thirty-First until the Home-Guard could be properly formed and armed. But after only a short delay in Evansville, the regiment was ordered to Calhoun. For a time it was stretched along the river for the protection of its locks, which, it was discovered by an intercepted letter forwarded to Governor Morton, were in danger of destruction. For a time, also, it was encamped at Henderson, where the conquest it made over prejudice was even more striking than that of the Tenth, as the citizens of Henderson were still less loyal than the citizens of Bardstown.

It is doubtful, however, if any conquests of this kind, although much boasted of at the moment, were real. They were certainly not lasting. Kentucky secessionists were never generous enough to be convinced or persuaded. They are in the category of the blind who will not see.

Colonel Cruft is a graduate of Wabash College. He was an editor and lawyer. His position as a business man was good, and his attention to his new duties, with his ability in grasping them, promised an equal position in the army. He is said to have a cold, unimpressible temperament, but it is impossible to read his character in the light of the battles in which he has taken part and believe him incapable of warmth. Under the inspiration of cannon balls he is a hero.

The Colonel of the Forty-Third, George K. Steele, was a farmer, the first up to this number in the list of Colonels, and he cannot truthfully be called simply a farmer, as he is also a banker. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains, that while the ranks are filled from the country and the line officers are often farmers, and while farmers form a large part of our Legislature, and fill other civil offices, they are almost never at the head of regiments.*

In October the Forty-Third moved from Terre Haute to

* Several gentlemen who became prominent in the army were engaged in farming as a secondary pursuit. Two of our Generals, for instance, were farmers, at the same time that they were lawyer and politician.

Spottsville, Kentucky. Remaining there but a short time it encamped for the winter at Calhoun.

The Forty-Second, under the command of Colonel Jones, a prominent citizen of Evansville, and formerly Attorney General of the State, marched to Henderson in the middle of October. It endured a few weeks of mud in Calhoun; a short time of still greater mud at Owensboro, and a little period of unparalleled mud at South Carrolton. At this latter place it threw up a long line of earthworks, and felled a quantity of timber. Its presence was very acceptable to the country people. A scouting party from the Forty-Second was received with most grateful demonstrations at Greenville, which Union troops had not before visited, while it had been long annoyed by parties of Rebel cavalry.

The Forty-Fourth was organized in October, but remained in Fort Wayne until December, when it was sent to Kentucky. Going first to Henderson, it did not encamp at Calhoun until the close of the year.

The first encampment of the Thirty-Seventh Indiana was in Lawrenceburg, where it remained about a month. Here the Chaplain, Rev. John H. Lozier, organized a regimental church, composed of different religious sects, and of individuals who had not previously been church members. He took the name and post office address of some friend of each member, in order to make a report, whether the man lived or died, of his standing in the regiment.

Colonel Hazzard was educated at West Point, and had served as Captain of artillery. He was a thorough tactician, and an extremely rigid disciplinarian, with none of the arts which seek or gain popularity, although he was a highly polished and refined gentleman, drawing to him with "hooks of steel" those who understood him.

In the latter part of October the Thirty-Seventh was removed to the mouth of Salt river, where it was joined by two Ohio regiments and one Michigan. They were all employed in building earthworks on the hills south of a little town ambitiously called West Point, and in guarding with seven six-pounders the Louisville and Nashville turnpike. In the middle of November the Thirty-Seventh marched twenty-

five miles over a rough road and through a poor country, covered with low red oaks, to Elizabethtown.

The first Sunday in December the sacrament was celebrated in the regimental church, the Eighteenth Ohio also participating. Like little children recalling sweet remembrances of home, and of the self-sacrificing love of parents, the Christian soldiers partook of the sacred emblems, yet feeling they could not be separated from the love of Christ. "Several applied for church membership, and the day closed with a narrative of Christian experience, so mingled with the motives which moved the speakers to enlist, as to show the folly of attempting to ignore from religion or the pulpit the claims of patriotism in this war. No mercenary spirit, no thirst for fame, but duty to God and their country alone had taken them from their peaceful homes and remunerating toils. If the highest motives make the best soldiers, these men cannot be surpassed. They would do for Cromwell's soldiers who "trusted in God," or for Havelock's saints who were "turned out in every crisis," and they may yet prove to be "the sword of the Lord" against Southern Rebels.*

Two companies of cavalry went from Indiana to the mouth of Salt river the first of November, and there joining the Thirty-Seventh, moved on with it to Elizabethtown. One, under the command of Captain Graham, was from Clermont and Franklin; the other, under Captain Gaddis, was from Frankfort. With the two companies at Camp Wickliffe, they were included in the Third cavalry, and were the only companies of the regiment which served in the West. They were constantly employed in scouting.

The Second cavalry, or Forty-First regiment Indiana volunteers, although mustered into the service the 26th of September, was allowed to remain in Indianapolis until December was half gone. It was not then fully equipped, nor was it fully supplied with transportation until the next April, though many a long day's march intervened. The unreadiness was not due in any degree to the officers of the regiment, who were thorough western men, full of enterprise, ardor and that

*J. D., in the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

abandonment of themselves to their plans or projects, which is commonly understood to be a characteristic of young communities, and to be exceptional in long-settled regions.

Colonel John A. Bridgland was a wholesale tobacco merchant in Richmond. He was strict, almost severe, in his management of the regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Norris was a graduate of West Point, and had served in Mexico, where he was one of the first to scale the walls of Chapultepec. He was in the expedition across the Rocky Mountains which made Fremont's name the delight of every bold boy in the United States, and had his full proportion of the honor which all the members of the expedition shared with the leader. He was the companion of Kit Carson in several hardy undertakings.

Adjutant Woolley was also a West Pointer, and, though he had no brilliant stories of daring and danger to relate, his present prompt attention to duty, and a peculiar kindness and good humor, set him high in the estimation of the regiment.

The man in the regiment who, above all others, united in himself and even intensified western characteristics, was the senior Major, Robert Read Stewart. Being the son of genuine Irish parents, his western character was grafted on an Irish stock. His early career, controlled only by caprice, was as free and wild as it was singular.

In his boyhood, followed up on some truant expedition, captured and led home by an imperious elder brother, he, at the door, assumes a grave demeanor, and presents his brother as the culprit to an offended mother, who, silencing all attempt at explanation, vigorously applies the rod to the wrong back. But little later he is an enlisted soldier in Captain Kearney's company of United States dragoons, now boldly carrying important dispatches alone through fifty miles of the enemy's country; then modestly serving General Scott as orderly; at one time fighting at Contreras, Molino-del-Ray, Garito-san-Cosmo, Lake Chalco, plunging headlong on an unmanageable horse over the breastworks at Cherubusco; and at another time, for this last act of distinguished bravery, receiving a certificate signed by the President of the United States, and saying bluffly, "You'd better give it to my horse!"

In 1850 Stewart is seen in California, engaged in commission business, but he throws his tame employment aside when Colonel Walker, of filibuster fame, calls for men to assist in the deliverance of Nicaragua, and raising a company he starts with it, but at San Francisco he is checked by an unforeseen affliction, and forced to abandon the expedition. He does not, however, lose his elasticity, and when he is heard from again he is settled, if such a man can be settled, on Frazer river, in the British Possessions, and is there engaged in trade. Soon he disappears from this quiet region, but only to re-appear in the Sandwich Islands, a still more narrow and uncongenial field. Next he is traversing Lower California, Costa Rica and Nicaragua. In this last country, reached too late for action, he hears the rumor of war at home. Bronzed, bearded, long-haired, in nothing but the old, unresting fire like the stripling who went to the Mexican war, he arrives at home, and recalls the fading remembrance of himself.

Under the first call for troops Bob Stewart raised two companies of cavalry, one of which was unaccepted; the other was mustered into the United States service, at first for twelve months, afterwards, when the term of enlistment was changed, for three years. The services this company performed in West Virginia, as the body-guard of General Rosecrans, have already been mentioned. Captain Stewart remained under Rosecrans until recalled to Indianapolis to take the position of senior Major in the Second cavalry.

The junior Major, Edward M. McCook, like the Lieutenant-Colonel, was transferred from the United States army. He was one of the "fighting McCook family," which lost its youngest at Bull Run, its oldest in the pursuit of Morgan, and its most distinguished member by assassination, and he was a worthy scion of the old stock.

One of the Captains in the Second cavalry was John W. Stewart, who was like his brother in spirit, with something more of fun and less of fire. He was proprietor of a hotel in Terre Haute when the war broke out, and known through the Wabash Valley for his practical jokes. In September he raised a company, and boarded it at his own expense, until it was mustered into service. He went into the Second cav-

ally as a private, but was unanimously elected Captain of company E.

The Second cavalry, twelve hundred in number, left Indianapolis on the afternoon of the 16th of December. The beauty and power of the horses, the spirit of the riders, the length of the line, more than a mile, attracted much attention along the route, which led through Martinsville, Bloomington and Bedford. At the last place the regiment was thrown on the hospitality of the citizens, as their tents and rations, the train being delayed by the state of the roads, did not arrive. The Second cavalry went directly to Bardstown, thence to Green river, where it did picket duty nearly two months. During the time it was engaged in one skirmish.

On the 24th of December, Brigadier General Thomas J. Wood, commanding the Fifth Brigade of the Second Division, was ordered to take charge of a camp of instruction at Bardstown. General Wood was already well known, having been very efficient in Indianapolis during the spring and summer in mustering and disciplining the new recruits. His indefatigable industry and his familiarity with military affairs brought order out of confusion, and taught invaluable lessons to the new soldiers. It was in consideration of his services in Indianapolis that he was appointed Brigadier General in the Second Division, and that he was now removed from that position to the work of organizing and disciplining the new troops at Bardstown. He found here a large number of regiments, while others were still arriving.

The Forty-Ninth regiment crossed the Ohio the 11th of December, and marched to Bardstown in two days and a half. The field officers walked the greater part of the way, giving their horses to the most fatigued of the men, who, with the unaccustomed burden of knapsacks, found the first march full as much as they could bear.

In the dead of night, December 21st, as all lay quiet in sleep, the bugle sounded a hurried and fearful call to arms. In less than twenty minutes the men were rushing together to form in line of battle for the reception of Buckner, who was said to be within three miles. Some were without caps, others without boots, some in their comrades' clothes, a few

in no clothes at all were wofully searching the dark tents for something to wear. Flushed and pale, composed and quivering with excitement, the men looked to the Colonel for a word of advice before the shock of battle. To their surprise they were informed that no enemy was near, and that the alarm was simply a trial, and a lesson to teach the necessity of being prepared for an emergency.

Colonel John W. Ray was practising law in Jeffersonville at the time he entered the army. He is the son of Edwin Ray, whom every old Indianian knew as an eloquent and saint-like Methodist preacher. Left fatherless in infancy he suffered a loss for which no guidance or teaching could atone, but free from the imbecility which would cast responsibility upon circumstances, he has honored his father's memory by his life. He is a graduate of Greencastle.

The Fiftieth regiment, with its Colonel, Cyrus L. Dunham, a former member of Congress, and Secretary of State, and a man of force and fire, left Seymour on the 25th of October, and, marching slowly through the counties of Jackson, Lawrence, Washington, Orange and Floyd, recruiting on the way, reached Bardstown on Christmas.

The Fifty-First left Indianapolis the 16th of December, at the same time the Second cavalry left, and with that regiment made a greater military display on the streets than Indianapolis had yet seen. Colonel Streight abandoned a flourishing book-bindery to enter the army. He is entirely a self-made man, and possessed of a hard, resolved purpose, which carries him over or through obstacles, or failing to do that leaves him unscathed.

The Fifty-Seventh was recruited mainly through the efforts of Rev. J. W. T. McMullen and Rev. F. A. Hardin. It was mustered into the service at Richmond, but it removed to Indianapolis early in December, and the same month went to Bardstown.

The Fifty-Seventh was of peculiar character, containing at least eight Methodist preachers, and being composed almost entirely of religious men.

Colonel McMullen is one of the most popular preachers in the State. He has something of that which makes the great-

ness of Spurgeon, the power of penetrating with deep and tender feeling into the truths of Scripture, and the mysteries of human nature, and of handling both with a sort of reverent familiarity. He entered the ministry quite young, with mind undeveloped, taste uncultivated and ardor uncontrolled, and being by birth or parentage an Irishman, he obtained for himself the cognomen of "Wild Irishman." His voice was stentorian; he exhorted sinners as old people talk to foreigners, believing that the higher he pitched his tone the better they could understand, and he could easily be heard at the distance of a half mile. He felt his deficiencies, however, and possessed at the same time an honest love of knowledge. He, consequently, divided his devotion between the church and his study, and as time passed acquired a more subdued and thoughtful style. His health was broken with close application to books and a conscientious attention to ministerial duties, but he could not resist the call to arms.

The Fifty-Eighth left Princeton early in December, and went directly to Portland, Kentucky, where it received arms and accoutrements. It lay in camp several days a few miles from Louisville, then marched four miles beyond Bardstown to Camp Cedar Grove. The position being cold and exposed, the regiment went seven miles the other side of Bardstown, and formed a more comfortable encampment, ditching around it and sheltering it as much as possible from rain and wind.

The Colonel of the Fifty-Eighth was H. M. Carr, who had served as Captain in the Eleventh regiment during the three months' campaign.

On the evening of the 13th of December, to the music of one of the finest bands in Indiana, the Thirty-Fifth marched down the streets of Indianapolis to take its departure. The beautiful green flag which floated above the regiment bore upon it, beside the Harp and Shamrock of the Emerald Isle, the American Eagle and the motto, "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." The Thirty-Fifth, in its regimental character, can be compared to nothing so fitly as to the wonderful figure of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, except that instead of fine gold, its head was of copper, while the noble metal was in the body, or in the subordinate members.

The Irish regiment spent two weeks in camp in Jeffersonville, leaving on the first day of the new year for Kentucky. Through Louisville, where it was received with courtesy and attention, it proceeded to Bardstown, where its appearance drew out all the Union flags which could be found or made, even secessionists protecting themselves for the occasion under the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

The cause of this extended devotion to the flag was a reputation which the Irish regiment had unconsciously obtained of possessing the ferocity of the Hessians in the British army who did not hesitate to devour an enemy.

The Fortieth regiment arrived at Bardstown, and entered the camp of instruction the 9th of January. Its commander, Colonel William C. Wilson, was an attorney in Lafayette when he entered the army. He was an efficient officer.

Beside the infantry and cavalry, five Indiana batteries of artillery joined Buell's army in October, November, December and January.

The Fifth Indiana battery, recruited by Captain Peter Simonson and Lieutenants Rankin and Morrison, was mustered into service in Indianapolis on the 22d of November. It went a few days afterwards to Camp Gilbert, near Louisville, where it was placed in a school of instruction under Captain Terrill of the Fifth Artillery. Its armament consisted of two twelve-pounders, two six-pounder rifle and two six-pounder smooth bores.

The Sixth or "Morton" battery was entirely made up of Germans, the most of whom had learned artillery service in Europe. The battery went from Indianapolis to Evansville the 2d of October, and thence to Henderson, Calhoun, South Carrolton and Owensboro, moving from place to place during the winter.

The Fourth battery, which was under the command of Asahel K. Bush, the Seventh, under Captain Harris, and the Eighth, under Captain Cochran, all entered camps of instruction in Kentucky.

The first Indiana troops to enter Kentucky were the Eleventh and the Twenty-Third, which, coming from St. Louis, landed at Paducah the 11th of September. Colonel Wallace

still commanded the Eleventh. Colonel William L. Sanders, who had been an officer in the Mexican war, was in command of the Twenty-Third. The regiments encamped beside each other on a beautiful spot. Paducah was the principal town in northwestern Kentucky, and had been very prosperous, but it now looked deserted and mournful. Stores were closed, mills were idle, many of the best houses were vacant, and even the churches, with one or two exceptions, were abandoned, the clergymen having gone with their straying sheep into the wilderness of rebellion.

When the Indiana regiments arrived nearly ten thousand troops were already in Paducah. In regard to property the most rigid discipline was enforced by General Smith, the officer in command. Grog-shops of high and low degree were all closed. Men were advised to take no notice of insults which were sometimes showered on them; and officers, privates and servants belonging to the regiments were ordered not to hold any conversation with slaves, or with the free colored people of the town. So desirous was General Smith to avoid unnecessary irritation of the feelings of irascible Kentuckians, that he even allowed a Rebel flag to float over the house of a secessionist. This the Eleventh Indiana would not allow, and the flag was torn down, producing some commotion and disorder. The circumstance was mortifying to General Smith, who, in the observance of a strict obedience to his superiors, found the loyalty of his soldiers mutinously opposing him.

With the arrival of the troops fortifications were commenced. A powerful abatis was made of the heavy shaggy-topped oak trees and undergrowth of the same character, which covered the country. By this means every access to the town was cut off except the public roads, which were but three in number, and were commanded by heavy artillery.

The enemy was near and daring. Scouts were constantly on the look out, alarms were frequent, and several times the regiments were forced to stand all night in the rain or cold watching for the enemy.

Clay King, formerly a citizen of Paducah, had a Rebel force of five or six thousand men encamped near Mayfield

thirty miles south of the Federal force. He ravaged and plundered the homes of loyal people, occasionally sending out foraging parties on the railroad within a few miles of Paducah. To intercept the trains carrying large foraging parties four expeditions, at different times, were sent out as far as Viola, a station twenty miles from Paducah. In the first expedition the Eleventh was engaged; in the second the Eighth Missouri; in the third the Twenty-Third Indiana; in the fourth the Eleventh again. They all met with equal ill-success, marching through a lonely and desolate region, which even the birds and squirrels had deserted, and where nothing was abundant but secessionists; floundering through mud and mire, stumbling in ruts and cuts, climbing rough hillocks, wading streams, and at last reaching Viola only to find that their approach had been announced, and an informer had hastened to arrest and save the train. Each expedition was a degree more disagreeable and more laborious than the preceding one, as the road was each time worse. The last reached a climax, the Eleventh being forced on its return to assist the horses and mules in dragging the Chicago Light Artillery, by which it was accompanied, through roads which a beating rain made more toilsome at every step. After this fourth attempt Clay King remained unmolested.

On the 21st of November, General Halleck issued an order, setting forth that, as important information respecting the number and condition of his forces had been conveyed to the enemy by fugitive slaves, no such persons should thereafter be permitted to enter the lines of any camp, nor of any forces on the march. It was a cruel and unjust order, and thrust back into slavery thousands who tremblingly touched the skirts of liberty. Seldom has a sadder sight been seen than a poor, wearied, hungry slave, all the way from Tennessee, in search of freedom, standing in his rags and submissive helplessness before a General, who delivers him to the Provost Marshal to be returned to his master. They who reached the picket line and were not allowed to pass were not so utterly cast down and lost as he who had penetrated to the inner circle, to fall there into the clutches of law. General Smith, although he allowed the Rebel flag to fly, replied to a

gentleman, who asked his aid in searching for his servant, "Sir, I have been in the service of my country thirty-five years, and I will not disgrace my old age by becoming a slave-hunter. If you can find your negro, take him, but neither I nor my men shall hunt him for you."

Colonel Wallace was made a Brigadier General in September, and placed in command of the Eleventh and Twenty-Third, the Eighth Missouri, Smith's company of the Chicago Light Artillery, and two companies of United States cavalry. He was tireless in instruction, and was assisted by able subordinates. Colonel McGinnis, who succeeded him in command of the Eleventh, was as indefatigable and as skilful in the care of his regiment. A worthy spirit of emulation inspired all the officers and all the men. As might be expected the brigade soon excelled in military exercises, and as long as it held together it was accounted unsurpassed, if not unequalled, on the parade ground.

Wherever regiments were, on the Tennessee, the Salt or the Green, with scarcely an exception, they were in tents, protected from the open air by nothing but a sheet of cloth. All discomforts were ascribed to the form of these canvass dwellings until the Sibley was received, and the first novelty was worn off, when the new tent came in for a full share of censure and complaint. Among twenty men crowded into one little room, which was now insufferably warm, and in five minutes insufferably cold, cooking over a stove in the center, eating together, sleeping together, getting their guns mixed and their hats lost, (after a little experience socks and boots were never taken off,) peace was out of the question. Even, when taught by still further experience, a man's hat was put under his head, and his gun was hugged in his arms while he slept, there were still subjects of dispute. If nineteen were agreed, the twentieth was sure to be a crooked stick, which would fit into nothing. Patriots, though they are the noblest men in the world, cannot bear every annoyance with amiability. Many a good soldier, with dish-cloth in one hand and pot in another, with smoke in his eyes and his feet slipping in water or grease somebody had

spilled, scolded like a vixen. If he had an opportunity he urged the return of his former tent; while the occupant of the old wedge, cooking out of doors in rain and snow, looked with an envious eye upon the sheltered inmate of the Sibley and besought a like accommodation.

About the middle of the winter the Thirty-Seventh made itself somewhat comfortable by means which George Buffington, a private in the regiment, devised. A small stick chimney, besmeared with mud, was built at the entrance of the wedge tent, and the canvass was closed round it, so as to leave the fireplace inside and the top of the chimney outside. An India rubber blanket closed the opening caused by parting the folds of the cloth. This was cheerful, but it had some objectionable points, as must be the case with all inventions for the warming of houses with thin cloth walls; and not a few soldiers, impatient of smoke, or the extremes of heat and cold, actually spent the winter without fire.

The inconveniences of camp life were slight in comparison with the ill-health produced by bad air and sudden changes of temperature.

To give an account of the sanitary condition of the regiments which have been enumerated in the present chapter, would be to repeat an already more than twice told tale of suffering and sorrow, and one to which no repetition and no attempt at delineation can do justice.

Influenced by various causes the regiments suffered in different degrees. The Thirty-Sixth, for example, composed of men of mature years, who knew how to take care of themselves, and were not driven to forced marches, had comparatively little sickness. The regiments at Paducah suffered less than the most of those in central Kentucky. The hospitals in some were much better than in others. Dr. T. W. Fry, who went out as surgeon to the Eleventh, but soon had the whole brigade in his care, took possession of the vacated Presbyterian parsonage in Paducah, of General Tilghman's residence, of a large boarding-house, and of several other houses of like commodious dimensions for his sick, and made them quite comfortable. The Thirty-Seventh, at Elizabeth-

town, also had a fine hospital, which loyal ladies kept cheerful with hot-house flowers. But many others found small comfort in little school houses, dirty court houses, and churches with hard and sloping benches, or in buildings which were more commodious, but situated in low and sickly regions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON TO THE CUMBERLAND.—UP THE TENNESSEE.

DURING the winter Bowling Green was the center of the Rebel line of operations in Kentucky. On the left was Columbus, situated on a lofty bluff, and so strongly fortified that it seemed almost impregnable, and Forts Henry and Donelson, commanding the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. On the right was General Zollicoffer, who had advanced, in spite of a renewed movement on the part of General Schoepf, and entrenched himself with about eight thousand men on the north side of the Cumberland, opposite Mill Spring. He of course held the road leading through Cumberland Gap to East Tennessee, and to the line of the Richmond and Mobile railway. Northeast of Zollicoffer was General Marshall in the Valley of the Big Sandy river, on the border of Virginia, and with the Confederate troops in that State completing the Rebel line from the Mississippi to the Potomac.

General Grant, from Cairo and Paducah, threatened Columbus. General Buell, while organizing and preparing for future operations an army of more than a hundred thousand men, kept his eye upon Buckner at Bowling Green, Zollicoffer and Marshall.

Marshall's flying forces, always ready to pounce on Schoepf, had kept the attention of the latter engaged, while Zollicoffer crossed the Cumberland.

General Thomas organized at Lebanon the First Division of the Army of the Ohio, and had his command in readiness to take the field for the purpose of opposing the further progress of Zollicoffer by the last of December. On the 31st he commenced to move over roads which in mid-summer are difficult and painful, and in mid-winter are indescribably bad. After a most laborious march he reached, January 17th, a

point ten miles north of Mill Spring, called Logan's Cross Roads. Here he had an interview with General Schoepf, who had at Somerset a force of four infantry regiments and two batteries of artillery. A combined movement was agreed on, and Schoepf returned to Somerset to bring his troops forward.

General Thomas, placing twenty of Wolford's cavalry and two companies of the Tenth Indiana about a half mile in front, went into camp with the small number of his troops which were with him in the advance, and awaited the arrival of the remainder of his division. On the 18th three or four regiments emerged from the rear, and reported the chief part of the train up to the hubs of the carriage wheels and immovable in mud.

In the evening of that day General Thomas had with him at Logan's Cross Roads, the Ninth Ohio, Second Minnesota, Tenth Indiana and Fourth Kentucky regiments of infantry, Wolford's regiment of cavalry, four companies of the First Michigan Engineers, and an Ohio battery of artillery. He expected to be joined on the 19th by the Fourteenth Ohio, Tenth Kentucky, and by three of General Schoepf's regiments, and to make a combined movement on the 20th upon the enemy's entrenchments.

General Crittenden, however, who had joined Zollicoffer a few days previously, and, outranking him, had taken command, determined not to await an attack. The Rebel troops in spite of the strength of their position were in a critical condition, having on hand but two or three days' rations, while it was not possible for foraging parties to squeeze food from the starved region around. Because of this scarcity they could support themselves within their entrenchments but a very short time. Moreover, General Crittenden received information that only two of Thomas' regiments had succeeded in reaching Logan's Cross Roads, and that all the rest of Thomas' division, exhausted and discouraged by the difficulties it had encountered, was still behind. He left his entrenchments, therefore, on the evening of the 18th, with the intention of surprising and overwhelming the small force at Logan's.

It was scarcely daybreak, on a cloudy, rainy Sunday morning, when the twenty horsemen on the watch saw the Rebel flag advancing. They warned the two companies of the Tenth Indiana which stood in their rear, and galloped with the intelligence to Colonel Manson. Colonel Manson sent the regiment forward under Lieutenant-Colonel Kise to support the pickets, who were bravely standing their ground, and went himself to several Colonels and to the headquarters of General Thomas in the rear.

General Thomas hastened the rear regiments forward, but the Tenth bore the brunt of the attack, and was engaged quite a half hour before any troops came to its aid. The Fourth Kentucky reached its left in time to prevent the consummation of a flanking movement which the Rebels were making, and stood resolutely at its side while the fight went on with increased vivacity. The enemy still attempting the flanking movement, a part of the Tenth was ordered to the left of the Kentucky regiment. Climbing over logs and fences, it reached the position, to be ordered, when the course of the enemy was turned, back to its original place.

But the Second Minnesota shortly relieved the Tenth, and the Ninth Ohio marched to the right of the Minnesota regiment. The Confederates fought desperately, but they met desperate fighting. The slight protection given by a rail fence was eagerly sought by both sides, and guns were poked at each other between the rails. Meantime the Twelfth Kentucky and First and Second East Tennessee advanced on the enemy's right and rear.

General Zollicoffer fell, shot by Colonel Fry, but his men did not seem to mind his fall. Many of them were Kentuckians, and, though double-dyed traitors, false alike to country and State, they were brave in battle. They loved to fight; to gouge out eyes and bite off noses, to pound a man to a jelly was more in their style than to ply musket and cannon; but they knew how to stand up before any anticipated danger; they could even dare artillery. They were now fatigued with their hard night's march, and were surprised to meet more than double the force they had been told to expect, but they did not waver until the Ninth Ohio, a regiment of sturdy,

stubborn Germans, under one of the devoted McCook's, advanced upon them with drawn bayonets. The Confederates stood a moment, and saw the line of glistening steel, heard the heavy, rapid tread, then they gave way, the advance falling back in confusion behind the reserve, which, in its turn, gave way and followed in retreat.

As soon as the troops could refill their cartridge-boxes General Thomas pursued the Confederates, reaching their entrenchments about an hour before dark. He opened on them with cannon. They replied feebly. Night closed in, and the firing ceased, but preparations were made to storm the entrenchments the following morning. Supperless and dinnerless the troops slept on their arms. They started up at daylight, and eagerly moved forward to the breastworks. All was quiet within. Cannon were fired without calling forth a response. Skirmishers approached cautiously and examined the fortifications. They were abandoned. The Confederates had fled, leaving wagons, artillery, ammunition, provisions, personal property and equipage of every kind. They had crossed the river in an undisguised panic, and had met with some disasters; but they were now safe from immediate pursuit.

Their flight disheartened the secessionists of Middle Tennessee, many of whom left the State, carrying with them all their movable property, especially that most uncertain kind of property which was provided with means of locomotion, and with reason and will.

The Rebel flight also opened a path into East Tennessee, but it was impossible to take advantage of it so early in the season without more subsistence than General Thomas had been able to obtain, and that beautiful mountain region, "afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted," was again disappointed of the deliverance that was again just at her doors. Rebel rule became more rigorous than ever, and in a short time Jefferson Davis proclaimed martial law throughout the Department of East Tennessee. The following extracts from the Rules and Articles of War were published for the information and guidance of the people:

"Any officer or private who shall use contemptuous or dis-

respectful words against the President of the Confederate States, against the Vice President thereof, against the Congress of the Confederate States, or against the Chief Magistrate or Legislature of any of the Confederate States in which he may be quartered, if a commissioned officer, shall be cashiered, or otherwise punished as a court martial may decide; if a non-commissioned officer or soldier he shall suffer such punishment as shall be inflicted by the sentence of a court-martial.

"Whosoever shall relieve the enemy with money, victuals or ammunition, or shall knowingly harbor or protect an enemy, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as shall be inflicted upon him by the sentence of a court-martial.

"Whosoever shall be convicted of holding correspondence with, or giving intelligence to, the enemy, either directly or indirectly, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as shall be ordered by the sentence of a court-martial."

The day after taking possession of the Rebel entrenchments opposite Mill Spring, General Thomas returned to his encampment at Logan's Cross Roads. It is said that when the Minnesota men went back to their quarters they marched with banners flying, and their splendid band playing "Hail Columbia," past a tent in front of which stood two prisoners, Dr. Cliff, Zollicoffer's brigade surgeon, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carter, of the Twentieth Tennessee. They were both affected to tears, and Carter remarked that "he loved the old flag still."

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded in the battle of Logan's Cross Roads, or of Mill Spring, as it is generally called, and in the retreat, was very severe. The Union loss was much less. Our dead were buried in separate graves, and for head-stones young cedars were planted, living and ever-green monuments.

The intelligence of General Zollicoffer's death was received by the country people with a pleasure that was painful to witness. He was a man of gentle and even noble qualities, yet he was regarded by the region in which he had so long been entrenched with an abhorrence that was personal in its character. His camp, a real stronghold on the point of six

hills, which were abrupt in their rear, with the river at their base, was called "Zollicoffer's den," as if it were the dwelling of a wild beast, and the appellations which were bestowed on him were of the same character.

General Thomas remained at Logan's only long enough to allow the troops a little rest, then moved to Somerset, where he made preparations to enter East Tennessee.

Meantime the plan for active operations in the West was changed so as to require a concentration of all the forces in Kentucky, and a consequent abandonment, for the present, of an advance beyond the Cumberland mountains. General Fremont's plan for the western campaign had been for a military and naval expedition to proceed from St. Louis and Cairo down the Mississippi, as soon as he should have cleared Missouri of Rebels, and for this purpose he commenced the construction of gunboats. It was found now that the gunboats were of sufficiently light draft to navigate the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and it was determined to reach the rear of Bowling Green by proceeding up the Cumberland against Nashville. A successful movement might result in the capture of the Confederate forces, and certainly would compel the evacuation of Kentucky.

"The naval force," as described in an article on army operations in the American Cyclopædia, "consisted of twelve gunboats, carrying an armament in all of one hundred and twenty-six guns. None of the guns were less than thirty-two pounders, some were forty-two pounders, and also nine and ten inch naval columbiads. In addition, each boat carried a rifled Dahlgren twelve-pounder boat howitzer on the upper deck. Several of the larger guns on each boat were rifled.

"The boats were built very wide in proportion to their length, giving them almost the same steadiness in action that a stationary land battery would possess. They were constructed so that in action they could be kept 'bow on,' and the bow battery for this reason was of very great strength. Broad-sides were so arranged as to be delivered with terrible effect while shifting position. To facilitate movements in action, the engines and machinery were of the most powerful

kind. The boilers were five in number, constructed to work in connection with or independent of each other.

"Seven of these boats only were iron-clad. The number of mortar boats ordered was thirty-eight. Each one which was built carried a mortar of thirteen inch calibre. The charge of powder for the mortar was about twenty-three pounds. Each boat was manned by a Captain, Lieutenant and twelve men. The fleet was commanded by Commodore A. H. Foote, a brave and righteous man."

Meantime important reconnoissances were made in western Kentucky, extending even to the Tennessee line, for the purpose of ascertaining the length and condition of roads, the number and strength of bridges, the depth of unbridged streams, and the sentiments of the inhabitants.

One of the most important of these expeditions was made by General Smith with nearly all the force at Paducah, divided in two unequal parts. The smaller division left Paducah, January 6th, on the steamer V. F. Wilson, accompanied by the gunboats Lexington and Conestoga. The main force started on Wednesday, the 15th, over frozen ground and through a falling snow. Traveling along the Mayfield road, which had so often been pursued in search of Clay King's foraging parties, the troops marched twelve miles the first day. Thursday they marched fifteen miles, still in high spirits, the general expectation being that the enemy was to be encountered at Camp Beauregard, a few miles from Mayfield. Friday the ground thawed, the march was toilsome, and few reached their camping ground before eleven at night. Saturday rain was falling when the soldiers prepared to resume their march, and the wagons of the train were so fastened in the mud that no movement beyond prying them out and starting them forward could be made until three in the afternoon. Clark river, which it was necessary to cross, was so swollen that the whole bottom on both sides was covered. The entire force could not get over, and the Eleventh Indiana, which brought up the rear, after working all day, encamped on a beautiful eminence, a half mile in advance of the previous night's encampment. Sunday was lovely. The stormy clouds faded away, and the troops, who had been depressed by the toil and exposure of

Saturday, were again in good spirits. The progress of the force was, however, but two and a half miles. Monday they reached Murray, in Calloway county, and met the party which had come up the river, it having marched sixteen miles.

The whole division took up its march from Murray on Tuesday, and reached Calloway Ferry, twenty miles below Fort Henry, and seventy miles above Paducah. The steamer was waiting at the landing with seven days' provisions, and to carry the sick or worn out back to Paducah. As nearly all the provisions in the wagon train were lost in crossing Clark river, this new supply was needed.

About two hundred sick and exhausted were taken on board and comfortably provided for, while the rest marched back to Paducah, having accomplished a circuit of one hundred and twenty-five miles.

While the steamer waited at Calloway Landing, the gunboats went up the river to Fort Henry and fired into it, but excited no response.

Commodore Foote sent the Lexington again up the Tennessee, and satisfied himself that the fort could easily be taken.

On the 27th of January President Lincoln appeared as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and issued the following order:

PRESIDENT'S GENERAL WAR ORDER, No. 1.

Ordered, That the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces.

That especially

The army at and around Fortress Monroe;

The Army of the Potomac;

The Army of Western Virginia;

The army near Munfordsville, Kentucky;

The army and flotilla near Cairo;

And a naval force in the Gulf of Mexico,
be ready for a movement on that day.

That all other forces, both land and naval, with their re-

spective commanders, obey existing orders for the time, and be ready to obey additional orders when duly given.

That the Heads of Departments, and especially the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, with all their subordinates, and the General-in-Chief, with all other commanders and subordinates of land and naval forces, will severally be held to their strict and full responsibilities for the prompt execution of this order.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The order was unproductive of military effect in the East, but hastened the movements of the forces in the West.

As the possession of Fort Henry would open a passage to the rear of Columbus on the Mississippi, and of Donelson on the Cumberland, and thus would aid essentially in an attack upon both places, it was determined to make the first advance up the Tennessee.

Fort Henry and Fort Donelson are almost on the boundary line between the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and are not more than twelve miles apart. The former is on the east bank of the Tennessee, the latter on the west side of the Cumberland. A good road was cut through the woods between them, so that troops and supplies could readily be removed from one to the other. At high water both rivers are navigable for the largest steamboats far above these points, the Tennessee to Florence, in northern Alabama, and the Cumberland to Nashville. Troops could, therefore, be transported by water to the center of the Confederacy when once the possession of the streams should be secured.

Fort Henry stands on the lowlands adjacent to the river, on a level with the high water mark, and commands a straight stretch of the river about two miles in length. A small creek is on each side of the position. A mile below is Panther Island, a long, narrow sand bank, covered with a thicket of willows. The fort, as it stood before the attack, consisted of an irregular pile of earth, with embrasures, which looked like blocks of stone, but which were in reality meal bags stuffed with sand. It was armed with seventeen guns, the most of which were pivoted, and could be turned on the river or on an enemy approaching from the interior. Rifle-pits and

breastworks encircled Fort Henry, and enclosed an area of twenty or thirty acres. An extensive abatis rendered approach still more formidable. The garrison included from four to five thousand soldiers.

On the west bank of the river, on higher ground, another fort, called Heiman, was in process of construction. Two or three Alabama regiments were within the unfinished breastworks, but cannon were not yet mounted.

On Monday afternoon, February 2d, the gunboats Cincinnati, Essex, St. Louis, Carondelet, Lexington and Tyler steamed away from Cairo up the Ohio to Paducah, where they were joined by the Conestoga and a fleet of transports with a land force under General Grant. They entered the Tennessee at dark, and anchored a few miles below Fort Henry about daylight.

Commodore Foote immediately explored the bed of the river in search of torpedoes, finding six, and made a reconnoissance to find a suitable place for landing and for a general rendezvous of the troops. A spot just below the range of the guns of the fort was selected, the troops were landed during the afternoon, and three vessels were sent forward to reconnoiter. At the distance of two miles and a half, a twenty-four pounder rifle ball entered the Essex, penetrated the state-room of Captain Porter, passed under his table, and cut off the feet of a pair of stockings, which hung against the wall, as neatly as scissors could have cut them.

"Pretty good shot," said Porter. "Now we will show them ours." And he dropped a nine-inch shell right into the fort.

The remainder of General Grant's force, including the Eleventh and Twenty-Third Indiana, left Paducah a little after noon on Wednesday, and, with the sun shining, bands playing and people along the shore waving good wishes, proceeded up the river. The Union people in the country had by this time heard of the movement, and stood here and there in groups indicating by voice or hand their welcome. At one place three men stood motionless and sullen. "Off with your hats, and huzza for the Union!" shouted a voice from the Eleventh. The hats did not move. "They're secesh; hand me my gun!" cried the same voice. Immediately the three hats were

waving, and the three voices sulkily cheering. Long shouts of laughter responded to the sudden conversion to loyalty. Merrily the boats went up the river, everybody as light hearted as if on a pleasure excursion, and landed after dark, where thousands and thousands of camp-fires illuminated the tented shores.

By Thursday morning a large force was on both sides of the river, the force on the west, under General Smith, to attack the Confederates at Fort Heiman, the division on the east to advance to the rear of Fort Henry, and prevent the escape of the garrison. General McClernand, under General Grant, had charge of the latter. In the division of the former was the brigade of General Wallace.

General Grant and Commodore Foote agreed to make a simultaneous attack on Fort Henry at twelve o'clock. As near the same time as possible, General Smith was to attack Fort Heiman.

About eleven o'clock the three divisions began to move, General Smith up the left bank of the stream, the Eleventh Indiana in advance, General McClernand on the right bank, and Commodore Foote up the river. The roads were wretched, and two or three little streams, which were in the way, were swollen by a heavy rain of the previous night, in consequence the progress of the land forces was slow. Commodore Foote directed the four iron-clads, Essex, Carondelet, Cincinnati and St. Louis, to keep in line, the wooden boats, Conestoga, Lexington and Tyler, to follow the iron-clads, and throw shell over them. To the commanders he said, "Do just as I do." To the crews, "Fire slowly and deliberately; keep cool; make every shot tell." Commodore Foote had on his vessel a corner which he called the sacred place, where any one of the crew who loved to read his Bible and pray might do so undisturbed. This little institution had an influence upon the whole fleet, but much greater was the unconscious influence of a commander who worked as if he must do everything, and trusted as if he could do nothing.

With decks cleared for action, guns run out, shot and shell piled at their side, men confident of success, and the Commodore determined to take the fort or go to the bottom, the

boats steamed slowly up the river, taking the current on the west side of the island. The Essex was commanded by W. D. Porter, the son of Commodore Porter who commanded the Essex in the last war with Great Britain, and she was partly manned by men from company B, under Lieutenant Trotter, of the Twenty-Third Indiana. Preserving the line which had been formed at the first movement, the Carondelet came next, then the flag-ship, the Cincinnati, with Commodore Foote on board, and then the St. Louis, with the wooden gunboats in reserve.

The fleet reached the head of the island at half-past twelve. The fort was in full view, with the rebel cabins and tents and fluttering flag within the entrenchments. All eyes were upon the flag-ship. Suddenly a flash and a cloud of smoke were seen at her bow, and the boom of cannon was heard. In fifteen seconds a puff of smoke and a cloud of sand were seen within the fort, and the explosion of the shell from the Cincinnati was heard.

The other boats did just as the flag-ship did. Each threw a shell within the fort. Instantly shell and shot rained from the fort on the river. Round after round of artillery from fort and fleet shook the placid air, and awoke unaccustomed echoes. The troops, struggling through mud and woods two miles away, tried to quicken their march, but the roads were too bad for any other than the slowest movement, and no attack was made on the rear of the fort; the way to Fort Donelson was not even obstructed. The slow, steady fire of the gunboats, however, was enough. Every shot told, knocking sand bags about, tossing up the logs of the cabins, and confounding the men. All but a small band of Rebels fled, some along the road leading to Fort Donelson, some to a small steamer which lay in the creek above the fort.

The fight went on, for the little band was brave. It was skilful, too. Nearly every shot struck the boats, but, though the iron plating rang with sharp blows, though bolts broke and the vessels trembled under repeated shocks, they moved on, none crippled or delayed, until a shot struck the Essex between the iron plates and tore through her thick timbers into one of her steam boilers. Wrapped in a white cloud the

stricken boat floated helpless down the stream, twenty-nine of her officers and men scalded and dying. David Wilson, the gun-captain, was mortally injured, but he kept on working his gun. Lieutenant Trotter and nearly all of the Twenty-Third who were on board, were scalded.

The Rebels were encouraged by the disappearance of the Essex, but the Commodore was not discouraged, and he continued his steady firing until the Rebel flag came down and a white flag went up.

The repeated and prolonged shouts which greeted the flag of surrender from the crowded steamers, roused the dulled senses of a poor, scalded man on the Essex. "What is it?" he asked. "The fort is ours." Springing from his bunk, he ran up the hatchway, and cheered until he fell senseless on the deck. He died the same night.

The first person met by the officers, who went ashore to bring General Tilghman to the flag-ship for an interview with the Commodore, was a black man. With delight and terror struggling on his face, and with uplifted hands, he asked, "Afore God, sir, is Massa Linkum comin' in dat boat?"

The surrender was unconditional, and took place only an hour and twelve minutes from the firing of the first shot.

Commodore Foote could not sleep that night "for thinking of the poor fellows on board the Essex." The loss by scalding was nearly equal to the killed and wounded on both sides by artillery.

When the Eleventh reach Fort Heimian, nobody was to be seen but an old, frightened black man, who stood at the entrance of a deserted camp. He said the Rebels had been gone an hour or two, and had left all their camp equipage, with provisions, many guns and some ammunition. The unfinished state of the fort was ascribed by the negro to the fright his masters had received at the time of the Federal exploring expedition from Paducah to Calloway Landing, as they had then sent off the slaves to safer territory, and were unwilling to continue the labor themselves. "Dey were bro't up to 'pend on de nigger, and dey couldn't work demselves."

General Smith was desirous of sending dispatches to Gen-

eral Grant on the evening of his arrival at Fort Heiman, but there were no boats, and the river was swift and a half mile wide. His engineers tried to construct a raft, but failed. Lieutenant McMullen, company C, of the Eleventh Indiana, offered his services. General Smith accepted them, cautioning him at the same time against exposing his life, and directing him, if he found it dangerous to cross, to go down the bank and try to hail a gunboat. McMullen went to the wagon train, provided himself with a feed-trough and a spade, and boldly paddled out into the river. In the middle the current was strong, and threatened to engulf his clumsy craft; but after a struggle he landed safely, and delivered his dispatches.

The praises of the old Commodore were on every tongue, because he declared to the Rebel commander, "I was determined to take the fort or go to the bottom;" but his spirit was no bolder nor firmer than that of the Lieutenant who made his way through the rushing waters with only his trough and his spade.

Directly after the capture of Fort Henry Commodore Foote sent Captain Phelps, of the Conestoga, with his own boat, the Lexington and the Tyler, on a reconnoissance up the river.

The Tyler was under the command of Lieutenant William Gwin, who was an Indianian by birth, and whose home was still in Indiana. He was educated partly in Cincinnati, partly in Vincennes and partly in the Naval Academy in Annapolis. He had spent the most of his life since 1847 on the sea, and had met with "moving accidents by flood and field." He was cruising in the East on a vessel officered almost entirely by Southern traitors when the rebellion broke out. All hastened home to take part in the war. Gwin was employed by the Government in the service along the Atlantic coast until in January, at his own request, he was directed to report to Commodore Foote at Cairo. He was by the Commodore placed in command of the Tyler.

The reconnoitring vessels left Fort Henry on the 6th of February, and returned on the 10th, having been as far as Florence, Alabama. They partly destroyed the bridge by which railroad communication was made between Columbus and Bowling

Green, chased and captured several steamboats, with great quantities of supplies for the Confederate army, took a large amount of timber and lumber, enlisted twenty-five Tennesseans for the Union army, and broke up a Rebel encampment. With great delight they discovered the existence of undying patriotism far within the Confederacy. In many places enthusiastic joy was manifested on their appearance. Men, women and children stood in crowds of hundreds on the shore, shouting their welcome and hailing the National flag with heartfelt happiness, while tears flowed down their faces. A few passages from a ballad published among the floating literature of the day may depict better than an attempted description, the mingled joy and sorrow, and also the instinctive desire of the loyal heart to bestow the now appreciated boon of liberty on the slave. The generous soul would share all its joys.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south-wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

Mournful though the ripples murmur
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
I have loved so long and well.
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee.

And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors,
On the Waves of Tennessee."



J. J. Reynolds

MAJ GEN JOSEPH J. REYNOLDS

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As Pompey stood behind his master,
In his long accustomed place,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted
Shading eyes he bends to see,
Where the woodland boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Ha! above the foliage yonder,
Something flutters wild and free,
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

CHAPTER XXV.

FORT DONELSON.

"Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and holy than any other.—*Hallam*.

FORT Donelson is situated on a bend of the Cumberland river, where a bluff rises to the height of seventy or a hundred feet, with an irregular top of about a hundred acres. It commands the river, and is protected from the somewhat higher hills in the rear by their peculiar inclination, the heavy timber and thick underbrush which clothes them, and by abrupt ravines and gullies which cut the ridges in every direction. The main ravine almost encircles the bluff, and with its steep, wooded sides forms an excellent barrier to the advance of an enemy. About the middle of January, General Pillow was placed in command, and under his superintendence the fortifications were completed. Two batteries, near the water's edge, protected the northeast side of the fort, and were themselves protected by strong breast-works. At irregular intervals breast-works, or field-works as they were called, formed a line which stretched nearly two miles north, west and south along the edge of the bluff. A trench for riflemen, distant from the fort about a mile, extended from a deep creek directly east of Dover, a little town in which commissary stores were kept, almost to the river, some distance below the water batteries, and formed the outer line of intrenchments, except where timber and brush were felled, making an almost impassable abatis from a quarter to a half mile wide, to guard some important point of approach to the rifle-pits. The rifle-pits were formed by logs piled one above another, with a space five or six inches wide between the upper log and the second one for the riflemen lying in the trench to fire through. The dirt thrown from the trench on the inside of this log fence was

piled close against the outside. The fortifications consisted of three distinct parts, the forts and water batteries, the line of field-works, and the line of rifle-pits outside of the field-works.

Two roads leading from Dover, one southeast to Clarks-ville and Nashville, the other west to Fort Henry, were commanded by artillery to the extent of one, two and three miles. The Cumberland at Fort Donelson is narrower than the Tennessee at Fort Henry, and winds amid wooded hills and banks covered with noble oaks. The country is broken into rough hills, which are like the short chopping waves of Lake Michigan. It is almost entirely uncultivated, and has a lonely, deserted aspect, to which at the time of the siege a solitary log-cabin, with frightened inmates, who knew not whither to flee from the destruction coming upon them at noonday, added a human and most melancholy interest.

The garrison of Donelson consisted of more than twenty thousand men, being thirteen regiments of Tennessee troops, two Kentucky, six Mississippi, one Texas, two Alabama, and four Virginia regiments, with a brigade of cavalry and eight batteries of artillery. Forty-eight pieces of field artillery and seventeen heavy guns armed the fort. Two of the guns threw long bolts of iron, which weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. The larger number were thirty-two pounders.

General Floyd arrived before daylight of February 13th, and took command. The subordinate Generals were Pillow, Buckner and Bushrod Johnson. Hanson, Heiman, Voorhies, Head and other officers who afterwards rose to distinction in the Confederate army, had commands in the fort.

Shortly after the surrender of Fort Henry, Commodore Foote returned with his fleet to Cairo to make some speedy repairs preparatory to ascending the Cumberland, and General Grant ordered all available troops in his district to join him on the Tennessee or before Fort Donelson.

The Fifty-Second Indiana, the Railroad Regiment, which was just completed by a union with the Fifty-Sixth, left Indianapolis immediately, and, proceeding by rail to Cairo and on steamers up the Ohio and Tennessee, joined General Grant on the 9th of the month. The Fifty-Second was better

equipped than almost any regiment which had hitherto left the State, each man being provided with an Enfield rifle, and the sergeants and musicians having side-arms. The eagle on the regimental flag bore in its beak a scroll on which was the inscription, "CLEAR THE TRACK." The men were generally railroad men, capable of laying a track, repairing a bridge, or mending an engine, and Colonel Smith had risen by degrees in railroad employments to the position of superintendent.

The Twenty-Fifth, which had been in the Benton barracks since it escorted the prisoners taken in the Warrensburg expedition to St. Louis, arrived at Fort Henry on the 11th.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 12th, General Grant began to move through the woods and over the hills towards Fort Donelson. His force was not large. It consisted of but fifteen thousand men, yet it stretched out nearly twelve miles. When the advance at sundown was preparing to bivouac in the open fields, two miles west of the Cumberland, the rear was just leaving the banks of the Tennessee. The road, though winding and hilly, was good, and with the easy toil of the march, and the prospect of another speedy victory, the troops were so light-hearted that again the expedition, in spite of cannon and bayonets, and an under-current of foreboding, had the aspect of a pleasure excursion. And in the almost unbroken forest, as if nature were responding to the moods and movements of men, as she sometimes seems to do, there was also a sort of mingling of hilarity and gravity. A few withered remnants of last year's foliage still hung here and there to the boughs of oak and beech, dead leaves were thick on the ground, yet singing birds from the South were making themselves heard, and full brooks, whose voices had not been chained all winter, babbled in shade and sun.

The same gait, half-checked and half-encouraged by approach to danger, prevailed among Commodore Foote's forces as they made their way up the Cumberland. "We passed the day," wrote a soldier, "laughing, chatting and watching the shifting scenery of the winding river. The dear 'Star Spangled' echoed along the banks. The men beat time and hurraed as the notes died away. A pleasure excursion it seemed to all; and again and again some one would remark,

"We may be on the brink of battle, yet it seems as though we were traveling for pleasure." "

General Grant spent Wednesday afternoon in examining the region about him, and in arranging his troops into a line running north and south, and bending at both extremities towards the east, and the river. The first division, General McClelland's consisting almost entirely of Illinois troops, formed the right wing. The second division, General Smith's, containing regiments from nearly all the Western States, formed the left wing. The Fifty-Second Indiana was in Colonel Cook's brigade of Smith's division. The Twenty-Fifth Indiana was in Colonel Lauman's brigade of the same division. Some hot firing between pickets, and some random balls from guns whose position was hidden by woods, retarded arrangements, but with the close of day firing ceased, and the line was completed. The night passed undisturbed. The moon shone serenely, and the air was soft and mild.

On Thursday pleasant breezes from the southwest made the day milder and warmer than the preceding. No fairer weather could be desired for out-door life. It was now the middle of February, and winter had not yet in the whole season fairly shown his face, but he never leaves this latitude without at least one sharp reminder of his power. The day continued clear, but the wind gradually veered round. The change was unnoticed. The all-absorbing object of interest was the artillery, which began to roar at break of day, and never ceased its clamor until the curtain of night was drawn.

Several batteries hidden behind a small redoubt west of Dover poured their fire on McClelland's right. In their face Colonel W. H. L. Wallace reconnoitered Dover and the Cumberland. Moving down a hill, across a valley, up a wooded ridge, planting a battery in the road where the left of the enemy's lines rested behind earthworks, and keeping up a constant cannonade, he accomplished the task.

About noon Colonel Hayne, to the left of Colonel Wallace, made an unsuccessful assault upon a redoubt which was a little northwest of Dover. With three regiments he moved as steadily down a long slope, across a glen and up a hill in front of the enemy, as if on evening parade, rifle-pits, breast-

works and batteries, concealed so that he had not suspected their proximity, pouring forth a galling fire. After a fierce assault he was repulsed, but he returned with his lines unbroken, except where the dead and wounded had fallen from the ranks.

Further along the line of investment, Colonel Lauman at ten o'clock led the Twenty-Fifth Indiana and the Fourteenth Iowa toward the enemy, distant about a half mile from their encampment. The two regiments moved in line of battle to the top of a hill which had protected them from the right wing of the Confederates. Here the Fourteenth Iowa moved off to the right, a third regiment was ordered to fill the vacancy thus created in the line, and the Twenty-Fifth was directed to fix bayonets and drive the Rebels from their works. The timber was so thick that the entrenchments were visible only here and there, and no conception of their range or extent could be formed.

Colonel Veatch sent forward the flank companies, Captain Saltzman and Captain Rheinlander, to deploy as skirmishers, and the regiment moved down the hill. The skirmishers found the enemy's works extending far to the left, they advanced consequently to the left, and taking position on a hill, they protected the body of the regiment from the enemy's rifle-pits, and silenced a six-pounder field piece which was brought to bear on its flank.

When the Twenty-Fifth had crossed the ravine, and reached the base of the hill on which were the enemy's breastworks now in plain view, a terrible fire of musketry, grape and canister was poured into it, but it received no order to withdraw or to halt, and accordingly it climbed up the hillside, through and over brush and logs, against the enemy's fire. At last a six-pounder field piece and a twelve-pound howitzer were so destructive that Colonel Veatch gave the order to halt and lie down.

After remaining under fire two hours and fifteen minutes, with no opportunity to return it to advantage, Colonel Veatch asked and obtained permission to withdraw. In retiring the men were thrown into some confusion by their exposed position, but they rallied promptly at the foot of the hill, and

remained there until, at night, Colonel Lauman ordered the regiment back to the position it had occupied in the morning.

Early in the morning of Thursday the Fifty-Second Indiana supported a battery near the center of the line during several hours that it was engaged with the enemy's artillery. It was then ordered to the extreme left where, finding shot and shell uncomfortably warm, it fell back under the brow of a hill.

The day's fighting, although it had enabled General Grant to obtain possession of the series of hills which lie adjacent to the ravine next to the outer line of fortifications, and had given him a thorough acquaintance with the ground, had assured him that victory was not to be lightly gained. The Confederates had several thousand more troops than were in his army, and if they should sally out in force they would certainly have him at great advantage. Anxious for reinforcements, for provisions and for the assistance of the gunboats, he sent a courier three miles down the river to watch for the approach of the vessels, and also one to Fort Henry with an order to General Wallace, who had been left in command of that position, to move immediately with two regiments to Fort Donelson.

To the troops night brought, if not the anxiety which weighed upon the mind of the General, no rest and no comfort. The cannonading, which had been ceaseless and along the whole line through the day, was now stopped, but from rifle-pit, and tree, and stump and log the crack of the rifle and the whistle of the bullet were provoked by every visible object which bore resemblance to an enemy. Fires so inevitably attracted the attention of sharp-shooters that they were almost certain death, and they were ordered to be extinguished, or were forbidden to be kindled. A change in the weather was painfully perceptible. The soft southern breeze of the morning was now a keen east wind. A drizzling, shivering rain began to fall, and turned gradually to sleet and snow. Crouched in the shelter of rocks or logs the men ate their hard pilot bread, with no meat, or none but raw pork, and no coffee. Many, in the movements of the day, had lost their blankets, and all were without tents.

The hospitals were full, and there were still wounded lying

with the dead on the disputed line between the entrenchments and the investing army. The snow fell on them, and the wintry wind wailed over them. In many years so wild and cold a night had not been known.

Friday morning fires were made, the water in the canteens was thawed, and life was renewed under more pleasant auspices, although the soldiers breakfasted as they had supped, on bread.

The Confederates were prepared to receive an onset more severe than that of Thursday, but General Grant waited for reinforcements, and employed himself in extending and perfecting the line of investment. Sharp-shooters were actively engaged. Crawling up behind trees and stumps on hands and knees, sometimes dragging themselves along the ground, creeping, as if fascinated, closer and closer to the earthworks, they were on constant watch, firing whenever a slouched hat appeared above the parapet.

"Why don't you come out of your old fort?" shouted one lying close behind a stump.

"Why don't you come in?" answered a voice from the works.

"You're cowards! I dare you to come out!"

"You're cowards! I dare you to come in!"

Early in the morning the transports landed provisions and reinforcements of men and artillery three miles below the fort. Cutting a way through the woods the troops without loss of time opened communication with Grant.

About one o'clock General Wallace arrived with the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana. The two regiments immediately joined their division under General Smith, and General Wallace proceeded to organize a third division, which, when formed, was placed on the cone of a high ridge, thickly wooded to the front and rear, between Smith and McClernand, near General Grant's headquarters on the Fort Henry road. It consisted of three brigades. The first, under Colonel Cruft, had formed the right wing of General Buell's army at Calhoun, and had just arrived on the ground. The Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth Indiana, the Seventeenth and Twenty-Fifth Kentucky were in Cruft's brigade. The second brigade was

composed of three Illinois regiments, and was under the command of Colonel Thayer of the third brigade, which consisted of one Nebraska and three Ohio regiments.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the long looked for gunboats steamed slowly up towards the fortifications, arranged as they were in the movement on Fort Henry, the iron-plated boats in advance, the Tyler, Lexington and Conestoga in reserve. The fort was above the range of the guns, and Commodore Foote directed his attention to the water-batteries, with the intention of silencing them and moving up the river to a position which would enable him to pour broadsides into the fort.

The fort and water-batteries opened fire. The boats answered by pouring shells into the lower works. The firing was deliberate and accurate on both sides, but while the boats moved steadily onward, balls falling harmless from their bows, the embankments were cut and torn, and the Rebels fled in haste from the lower battery and trenches to the entrenchments above them. The vessels approached within five hundred yards of the batteries, a few minutes more and they would be abreast, the circle of fire would be almost complete the batteries would be silenced, and every part of the fortifications would be open to merciless broadsides. But at the bend of the river the sides of the boats were exposed, while only their bow guns could be used in reply, and they were so near that not a Confederate shot failed of its mark.

A solid shot cut the rudder-chains of the Carondelet, another splintered the helm of the Pittsburg. Both vessels became unmanageable, and floated with the current. Sixty shots struck the St. Louis, some passing through from stem to stern. On she moved quivering, but stout and true as the heart of the old Commodore, until the sixty-first crashed through her steering apparatus, killed the pilot and wounded the commander of the fleet. She shuddered, faltered, slowly yielded to the stream and drifted down. The signal for retiring was hoisted, and the whole fleet retreated.

At this spectacle the Confederates, who were running from their trenches and deserting their guns to escape the rain of

fire from the boats, returned, to their places, and worked their guns with renewed vigor.

The failure of the naval attack determined General Grant to entrench his army and wait for the gunboats to be repaired.

Friday evening a council of war was held in the Confederate headquarters at Dover. General Floyd was under the impression that heavy reinforcements to Grant's army were arriving day and night, and that it now numbered over eighty thousand. He represented that the enemy would not again give battle in the trenches, and that, with the lines about them drawn closer and closer, with the river, in spite of the gallant fight of the day under the control of iron-clad steamers, and all communication cut off, with every part of the fort open to fire, it would be impossible to hold out any length of time. He proposed to dislodge General McClelland, gain the open country beyond the Federal lines, and effect an escape to Nashville. His suggestions were approved, and it was determined at an early hour on the following morning to make a desperate assault. To General Pillow was assigned the duty of opening the attack; to General Buckner the no less arduous task of keeping General Wallace, in the centre of the Federal line, from moving and of assaulting him when General McClelland's division should be rolled over against him by General Pillow's forces.

The night was cold. Snow fell in large flakes on soldiers sleeping on their arms, on sleepless sharpshooters cowering in rifle-pits or in the woods, and on the wounded and dead who still lay between the lines of the contending armies. After midnight the snow ceased, and a biting wind rose.

Saturday morning, before day had well dawned, loud and shrill sounded the bugle-call to arms in McClelland's division. The Confederates were pouring along the Clarksville road, General Bushrod Johnson leading a column of twelve thousand men, with thirty pieces of artillery, the half of General Pillow's division, Pillow following with the other half. The Federal soldiers sprang from their snowy beds, snatched their guns and formed swiftly in line of battle, McArthur on the right, Oglesby in the center, and Colonel Wallace on the left, with batteries on the flanks of each brigade, and stood

so like a wall built up to breast a rising flood, that the Confederate infantry was thrown into embarrassment. With difficulty General Pillow arranged it in position for action. A troop of Confederate cavalry, however, successfully gained McArthur's rear, and made a fierce assault. A mutual repulse ensued, and General Pillow took immediate advantage of the movement forced upon McArthur, to thrust a brigade in the rear of Oglesby, who then was also obliged to fall back.

Colonel Wallace held his ground, although he faced about from the northeast to the south. At each attempt the Rebels made to mount a ridge in his new front he poured upon them so effective a musketry and artillery fire that, although they repeatedly returned to the charge, they could not cross the crest, and met with no success until they worked their way through a ravine, and pushing towards the west came out on Colonel Wallace's right. It was now plain to General McClelland that he was contending with overwhelming numbers and on the brink of destruction. He dispatched a courier to the division commander on his left requesting immediate aid.

Under the orders of General Grant, Wallace was not at liberty to move. He was directed to hold his position, and be on his guard lest a sally from the fort should break the Federal center. He could respond to General McClelland's call only by dispatching a courier in all haste to General Grant. The Commander-in-Chief was not in his quarters, but was on the St. Louis in conference with the wounded Commodore. The courier stayed not, but spurred his horse over the uneven ground to the river. It was miles away, and the battle raged on.

Meantime another and still more urgent demand for reinforcements reached General Wallace. There could be no question as to duty, and Wallace, who, at the first Rebel roar, had formed his division in line of battle, with no further hesitation assumed the responsibility a timid or a machine-like man would have shifted from his shoulders, and sent Colonel Cruft with his brigade to report to General McClelland. At half past eight the brigade moved rapidly along the Dover and Fort Henry road in a column of companies, the Twenty-

Fifth Kentucky in advance, followed by the Thirty-First Indiana, Seventeenth Kentucky and Forty-Fourth Indiana. A third messenger from McClelland met them, and urged them to hasten forward. The troops shouted in reply, and quickened their steps to a run. Down in a ravine where flows a clear, swift brook, Colonel Cruft's guide, who was either false or stupid, probably false, led the brigade astray. In a thick wood Cruft found himself suddenly close to the enemy's entrenchments. His two advance regiments, before they had time to form, became engaged with a superior force, which was endeavoring to gain a ravine in the rear of one of McClelland's batteries. They formed a line of battle under continued volleys of the enemy's musketry. The Seventeenth Kentucky and Forty-Fourth Indiana came up in order, but were directed by an Illinois officer to refrain from firing until the right wing of an Illinois regiment straggling between them and the enemy succeeded in getting off the field. Fifteen minutes or more the Forty-Fourth and Seventeenth stood passive under fire.

While they had ammunition the Illinois troops either bravely held their ground or retreated in order. Now they were out of ammunition, and hard pressed by the enemy, confusion was but too manifest. Some fled outright, in undisguised and unrestrained terror, casting away guns and cartridge-boxes. Others full as anxious to secure their own safety were still, even in tumult and terror, desirous of preserving appearances, and crowded round the wounded, officiously offering to carry them off the field. More than one sufferer had a bearer for every limb. There were even officers who scarcely knew what they were doing. One galloped far down the road, beyond General Wallace's position, crying, "We are cut to pieces! The day is lost!" Two officers from regiments then on the right of Colonel Cruft, rode up to the Twenty-Fifth Kentucky, and, without consulting the Colonel, ordered it forward to the enemy's line. The Twenty-Fifth obeyed, and was firing from its new position when another officer ordered it to cease. Some of the retiring troops broke through Cruft's line, cutting the Twenty-Fifth Kentucky in two, and separating Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, who was in

command of the Thirty-First Indiana, so widely from his regiment that he was not able to rejoin it during the morning. The command then devolved upon the Major, and though he was little more than twenty years old, no officer bore himself more gallantly on that bloody field.

The withdrawal of all McClelland's division left Cruft half a mile to the right and in advance of the line of investment. After a varied struggle, charging and receiving charges, he fell back nearer support.

Meanwhile General Wallace, chafing under the restraint of orders given on the previous day, and for different circumstances, waited in vain for a response to his message. Convinced, as the tide of McClelland's troops rolled over on him, that the present was the supreme moment of the battle, he at last brought his third brigade forward and placed it between the retreating and the pursuing forces. The firing had ceased. The Confederates were not in sight; but concealed by the hills and hollows, and the tawny leaves on the thick undergrowth of oak, precisely the color of the Rebel dress, they covered the conquered ground, and only waited word of command to continue the fight and pursuit. While they waited they robbed the dead and wounded, and General Pillow wrote a dispatch to be telegraphed to Nashville, "On the honor of a soldier the day is ours!"

Their success was so great that General Floyd determined instead of pursuing the road to Nashville, to complete the conquest of the Federal army. He ordered the advance to be resumed. Flushed with victory, the Confederates swept rapidly along the road to the brow of the hill opposite the position of Wallace. With amazement they saw a new line of battle formed at a right angle with the old one, and extending along the crest of the hill above the little brook. Two guns were in the road and two on each side. They could see no further, but in the woods west of Wallace's line were Cruft, Oglesby, McArthur and Colonel Wallace, reforming their brigades, and refilling their cartridge-boxes, or resting preparatory to moving again into action, while McClelland's artillery was ready to move back to the field.

Fresh foes on a field so nearly won only added to the des-

perate determination of the Confederates. They descended, crossed the brook and began to go up in the face of the guns before Wallace gave orders to fire. In spite of the deadly fire they pushed on, through shrubs and trees, and up the road, returning volley for volley, until half the ascent was gained. The officers could force the men no further. They broke and fled.

General Buckner had not performed his role in the plan of the preceding evening, but he had joined Pillow in the assault on Wallace, and without having had a part in the success of the morning, he now bore a full share of the defeat. Gloomily the Confederate officers accompanied their hurrying troops back to the wooded, rocky steep from which Pillow had so proudly swept McClernand. Nashville, the open country, escape were as far off as ever.

General Grant directed Wallace to follow them up and assault them on their chosen ground, at the same time he sent to his aid from General Smith's division, the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana. Forming his column of attack of the Eighth Missouri, Colonel Smith, of the Eleventh Indiana, Colonel McGinnis, and of Cruft's tired but tried brigade, with two Ohio regiments in reserve, but well advanced on the left flank, Wallace, with that glow which comes from the heart of valor, spoke to his men of the desperate nature of the enterprise in which they were moving. They must cross an open space of several hundred feet, and mount a steep cannon-crowned hill, over ledges of rock and through dense thickets. The voice of the speaker, the glory of the danger inspired the men. "Forward! Forward!" they shouted with that exulting courage which scorns thought of self.

The Eighth Missouri moved in advance, the Eleventh Indiana generously yielding precedence to its friendly rival. Five companies of the Thirty-First, a fraction of Cruft's brigade, were on the extreme left. Cruft with the rest moved towards the left flank of the enemy to attack his rear. Creeping, running, jumping, hiding, the skirmishers of the Eighth fought from tree to tree every step of the way, face to face with the enemy's sharp-shooters. When the advanced regi-

ments were half way up the hill a line of fire ran along the top. The Eighth and Eleventh threw themselves flat on the ground, and the shot swept over them. Up they sprang, returned the volley, and climbed again until another line of light gave them warning. Falling and rising as the Rebels fired or loaded, they gained the summit almost without the loss of a man. The other regiments suffered more. A sharp and desperate contest took place on the right. Read and Shackleford, McHenry and the youthful Arn, Smith and McGinnis and the cool Cruft pressing on in the face of Pillow and Buckner, Johnson and Head, drove them within their entrenchments. The field, seven hours in possession of the enemy, was regained, and the ground almost to the rifle-pits won. Loud and long cheering echoed among the hills, and answered like cheering which came from the other end of the line.

Shortly before General Wallace assaulted the Rebel position on the right, General Grant ordered General Smith's division, which had as yet taken no part in the actions of the day, to storm the works near the northwest angle of the fort. They were exceedingly strong. The declivity, steep and difficult to climb when obstructed only by its natural ledges of rock, now closely covered with sharp stakes and felled trees, whose branches were interlocked, presented a fearful barrier. Above the abatis, in the trenches, were three regiments. Above and beyond the rifle-pits were three more regiments and six pieces of field artillery, protected by field-works. The abatis, the two lines of entrenchments, the black mouths of the cannon with the western sun playing upon them, were plain enough to the troops forming in a meadow west of the hill, but no Confederate soldiers were visible. Crouched close behind their walls of wood and earth, they poised their loaded rifles, and watched and waited.

Smith divided his cannon, which was under the command of Major Cavender, and placed one portion on the left and rear, the other on the right and rear of the point to be attacked. He directed Cook's brigade, with the exception of the Fifty-Second Indiana regiment, which he joined to Lauman's brigade, to move to the left and to make an attack under the protection of the artillery in its rear. He ordered Lauman's

brigade to move straight upon the works, under cover of a furious cannonade, and during the diversion effected by Cook. He commanded the men not to fire a gun—to take the first line of entrenchments with the bayonet alone.

Cook moved to his attack. Cavender, from right and left, poured in his fire. Lauman's line, the Second Iowa, the Fifty-Second and Twenty-Fifth Indiana, the Seventh and Fourteenth Iowa, began to march, with skirmishers on each side. In front rode General Smith, his snowy hair shining in the golden rays of the setting sun. By his side marched a color-bearer, waving the Stars and Stripes. Long lines of bayonets glittered behind the General and the colors; dark masses of artillery frowned before them. Steadily, gaily they moved, while from the outer and from the inner entrenchments Rebel cannon and Rebel muskets poured a fearful fire down. In the ranks hearts beat wildly and footsteps faltered. "Steady! Steady!" said the officers on the right, on the left and in the rear, and steadily the soldiers marched. But it was the grand old man and the brave old banner moving on in front which calmed the wild heart and strengthened the failing foot.

In fire and smoke the column reached the base of the hill. The long line stretched out like an opening fan. The men climbed the steep, slippery with snow and rotting leaves. They scrambled through and over the abatis. They neared the outer wall. They sprang upon it. They cleared the trenches with their bayonets. They planted their banners. They dragged up the cannon. And it was then, from the inside of the entrenchments, that their shouts swept up the river, and over the hills to Wallace's conquering troops.

Days the men seemed to have lived while they climbed the abatis and scaled the parapet in the face of death. Now they sank wearily down in the snow, without supper, and slept without fire, and with cannon roaring above them. Nearly four hundred fell in the assault on the northwest angle of the fort.

General Grant arranged his plans for an early assault on the succeeding day. And the Confederate officers within the doomed fortifications met in conference to arrange their plans.

Floyd, Pillow and Buckner were the chief spokesmen, although nearly all the brigade and regimental commanders were present. Floyd was a thick, stout man, and had the coarse, wicked look of a negro overseer. Pillow was also thickset, but affable and gentlemanly in manner, and appearance like Buckner. They were all now now in bad humor, and opened the meeting with crimination and recrimination, in which they had no time to indulge. Leaving dispute, at length, General Floyd proceeded to business. "We can send for steamboats," he said, "and escape to-morrow night. We can hold the place a day yet."

"I cannot hold my position one half hour," replied Buckner. "The enemy can assault me in reverse, or under shelter of an intervening ridge attack the water-batteries. Four days and nights of continued conflict, without fire, without sleep, without rest of any kind, without adequate food or clothes, have exhausted my men. I cannot hold out one half hour," he repeated.

A Mississippi officer proposed an assault like that of the morning.

"Three-fourths would fall," said Buckner.

"Let three-fourths fall, one-fourth would escape," said Pillow and Floyd together. But Buckner's milder temper carried the meeting.

Then the fort must surrender. "The fort may surrender, but I will not!" declared Floyd.

"Nor I," echoed Pillow.

What could they do? How surrender and not surrender? How save their lives, yet escape falling into the hands of a contemptuous foe? Floyd knew well that no man in the Confederacy occupied so undesirable a place in Northern estimation as himself. By that law which places the moral sublime, either of good or of base, in juxtaposition with the ridiculous, he knew that he was the favorite and peculiar object of Northern scorn; that statesmen and hod-carrier looked with the same eyes upon the man who used the nation's trust to rob the nation's treasury. He was convinced that his lace and feathers and stars in Northern eyes were

but the conceited bedizening of a thief, and as he was not devoid of sensibility, nothing would induce him to surrender.

The knot, too tight to untie, too involved to untangle, like a greater warrior, he cut.

"General Pillow, to you I as superior officer turn over the command of this fort."

Not often does a vivacious, ambitious, shallow man refuse command or responsibility, but under present circumstances no position within Fort Donelson had charms for General Pillow, and without hesitation he turned to the surprised and indignant Buckner, "General Buckner, it is my firm resolve never to surrender, and to you I turn over the command."

"Upon what authority or principles the senior Generals acted in this affair is not known," observed Jefferson Davis in the message with which he accompanied the reports of the Fort Donelson officers to the Confederate House of Representatives.

Midnight beheld Floyd and Pillow with several thousand men stealing up the river. Daylight saw the white flag waving over Fort Donelson.

At an early hour a letter from General Buckner proposing the appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation was sent to General Grant. The latter replied, "No terms other than an unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

General Buckner informed Grant that his language was ungenerous and unchivalrous, and having thus eased his mind, proceeded to do what he had resolved in the council of war the night before.

After the business of the surrender was arranged, General Grant, who was on board a steamer, moved up the river to the landing at Dover. Gunboats and transports, more than fifty in number, followed him.

General Smith entered after General Grant, leading his division from the outer entrenchments, where he had lain since his assault upon them, to the field-works, from which a spasmodic artillery fire had ceased to pour upon him only a few hours before. Here he paused to allow his regiments to enter the inner circle of the fortifications in the order in which they had scaled the outer walls.

The Second Iowa, foremost in the column of regiments, had been outstripped on the hill or on the wall by Captain Rheinlander's company of the Twenty-Fifth Indiana, which had moved in skirmish line to the right of the column, while the other nine companies had spread out to the left. Captain Rheinlander had no flag, and the Iowa men were the first to set up a banner. As Colonel Veatch with his nine companies had come through the breach close behind the Second Iowa, there could be no doubt that if he had not the first, he had the second claim to honor, and the just old General would allow no regiment but the Second Iowa to enter before the Twenty-Fifth, although he had to wait a half hour for it, in the midst of an excitement which made half hours seem half days.

The first Federal officer of high rank in Fort Donelson was General Wallace. Having been the first to see the flag of surrender, he had entered immediately, and breakfasted with General Buckner, who was an old acquaintance.

Infantry, cavalry and artillery were all the morning winding up the hills. Multitudes of banners waved. Trumpet and drum, fife and bugle filled the air with their clangor. Incessant shouts rose joyously above the crashing music. Artillery boomed, heavy and solemn, as if saying, triumph is but the crown of power.

Nature took up the tune of joy which ran through the hearts of the army, and did all that nature in winter could do to glorify the victory. The wind, fitful and sharp during the days and nights of battle, swept round to the south and sank to a soft, warm breeze. The clouds fled away, and the sun shone in the unspotted blue.

General Grant issued a congratulatory order, from which the following paragraphs are extracted:

"For four successive nights, without shelter during the most inclement weather known in this latitude, they faced the enemy in large force, in a position chosen by himself. Though strongly fortified by nature, all the additional safeguards suggested by science were added.

"Without a murmur this was borne, prepared at all times to receive an attack, and with continuous skirmishing by day,

resulting ultimately in forcing the enemy to surrender without conditions.

"The victory achieved is not only great in the effect it will have in breaking down rebellion, but has secured the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in any battle on this continent.

"Fort Donelson will hereafter be marked in capitals on the map of our united country, and the men who fought the battle will live in the memory of a grateful people."

Other officers congratulated the troops in words as warm and noble. The finest words, however, were feeble. Only the banner, the trumpet and the huzza could in any wise express the superb joy of success.

But there was a dark background to the picture which Fort Donelson presented on Sunday, the 16th of February—the wounded and the dead and the prisoners.

The snow around the fort was stained with crimson. The clear little brook, across which the Confederates pursued McClernand, and back from which they were hurled by Wallace, ran with mingled blood and water. On the steep won by the Eleventh, Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth, with the Missouri and Kentucky regiments; on the height where the Twenty-Fifth made its first assault, and where gallant Captain Laird, bleeding and helpless, had cheered his men to the combat; on the slope old General Smith had mounted with his cap on his sword, were mangled men, dead horses and splintered trees. Gory garments were scattered through the woods. Dead bodies were found frozen fast to the earth.

There is no doubt that many wounded died during the days and nights the cruel necessity of war compelled them to lie untended and moaning, scattered along the belt five miles in extent on which the fighting took place.

Our surgeons were not only men of ability, but many of them were endowed with a humanity which impelled them to expose their own lives where they could not relieve suffering without the exposure. On Saturday the hospital in which Dr. Fry and Dr. Thompson were at work was attacked, a volley of musketry passed through it, and for a little time they supposed themselves prisoners.

Sunday, the day of triumph, and music and gaiety to other officers, was to them a day of almost unmitigated horror. Everywhere was the woful spectacle of robust men mangled and bleeding, and deprived forever of their strength and comeliness. They could and did say, "Bear it; bear it. It is for your country."

"Yes," said one, not yet twenty years old, "and I am proud to die for my country. No man could do more. But, oh my mother!"

"And oh the hope I had of life!" said another, who was buried the day he was nineteen.

About fifteen hundred of the Federal soldiers were killed, wounded and missing. After the dead were collected the troops marched past them, and each company claimed and buried its own.

Wednesday, steamers came up the river, bringing Governor Morton and a large party of citizens from Indiana, with hospital stores for the wounded. Many of this party were from Evansville, but the larger number were from Indianapolis, and had left Sunday evening as soon as they heard of the battle. The authorities at Cairo had obliged them to go to the hospitals at Mound City and attend to the wounded there, who were but three or four in number, and had thus delayed their arrival at Fort Donelson. They found that the army surgeons had made very great exertions, and had accomplished an almost incredible amount of labor.

Nearly fifteen thousand Rebel soldiers surrendered with the fort. When the guns were grounded, it was found that, beside the usual arms, the Mississippians carried huge bowie knives, which seemed to have been made by ordinary blacksmiths. These weapons had an exceedingly savage appearance, but were probably guiltless of blood, except such as was shed in private brawls.

Many of the Rebel officers were insolent and defiant. One of them shot the Major of an Illinois regiment in the back. General Grant immediately issued orders for disarming them all.

In towering indignation Buckner rushed into Grant's presence, declaring such an act barbarous, inhuman, brutal

and at variance with rules of civilized warfare. Captain Rawlins, Assistant Adjutant General, mildly explained the occasion of the order. General Grant added, "General Buckner, it was my intention not to say anything in relation to this matter, in order to spare your feelings, but as Captain Rawlins has thought proper to introduce the reasons, I will conclude them. You come here to complain of my acts without having any right to object to them. You do not remember that your surrender was unconditional. If we compare the acts of the different armies in this war, how will yours bear inspection? You have shot my officers in cold blood. As I rode over the field I saw the dead of my army brutally insulted by your men, their clothing stripped off of them, and their bodies exposed without the slightest regard to decency. At Belmont my officers were crowded into cotton-pens with my brave soldiers, and then thrust into prison, while your officers were permitted to enjoy parole and to live at our hotels. Your men are given the same fare as my own, and your wounded receive the best medical attention. I have taken the precaution to disarm your officers and men because necessity compelled me to protect my own from assassination."

General Grant's quiet exterior frequently deluded officers who were casually associated with him into the assumption that he was an ordinary man. In this interview, however, he proved his claim to more than ordinary power. Speaking in an even tone, looking with his warm, mild gray eye straight into the Confederate General's face, he abashed that unprincipled man, whose cheek had probably seldom before known a tinge of shame. It is said that Buckner hung his head and left the apartment without reply.

Some of the Rebel officers behaved with dignity. One said, "I don't blame the Government for sending us North; I acknowledge that I am a Rebel, taken in arms, and it is fully justified in treating me accordingly."

When a Federal officer remarked that the people in the region of Henry and Donelson said that they voted for the Union twice, but the last time yielded to popular clamor or stayed away from the polls altogether, a Confederate officer

replied, "True, sir, it's always so in these hilly countries. These stupid Hoosiers don't know any better. For genuine southern feeling you must go among gentlemen—rich people."

The prisoners were all extremely indignant because of the desertion of Floyd and Pillow; especially as it was reported that the former, after he was safe on the steamer by which he escaped, repeatedly shouted to the captain of the boat to "cut loose," without any consideration for the soldiers, who, frantic with rage and terror, were rushing along the river bank, and crowding into every part of the boat.

"I denounce Pillow as a coward, and I'll shoot him if I see him again," said an officer.

"Floyd always was a rascal!" was the unanimous voice.

"The thief is a coward by nature's law;

Who betrays the state to no one is true;

And the brave foe at Fort Donelson saw

Their light-fingered Floyd was light-footed too."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

FALSTAFF.—If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a souced gurnet. My whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores, and such as indeed were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves, and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen.

PRINCE HENRY.—Tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF.—Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE HENRY.—I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FALSTAFF.—Tut, tut; good enough; food for powder; food for powder.—
King Henry IV.

At Cairo the prisoners delivered at Fort Donelson were divided, eight or nine thousand were sent to Chicago, and the remainder to the capital of Indiana. In the latter place curiosity to see them was so great that the *Daily Journal* took occasion to warn the citizens against any unseemly demonstrations of triumph. The warning was unnecessary, as it was not possible for loyal northern people to be ungenerous to the fallen and the unhappy, but it so faithfully represents the truly northern ability of uniting condemnation with pity, justice in judgement with charity in action, that a few passages are here quoted:

“Probably no people on the earth ever had better cause to execrate an enemy than we have to execrate the Rebels, who, for the mere perpetuation of a sectional control of the gov-

ernment, have set the whole fabric in flames, and subjected us to the terrible torture and danger of bearing it while burning and of extinguishing it. A more causeless, cowardly, unprovoked outrage was never committed ; it was accompanied with such acts of defiant contempt of law, right and reason, such infinite scorn of us and all our claims on their loyalty and integrity, that no amount of detestation will ever equal the provocation. We cannot hate and despise enough the wretches who whipped Northern women, hanged Northern men, stole Northern property, confiscated Northern debts, and turned to our injury the national prosperity which we had created for them. But these prisoners are not all or chiefly of this class. Their leaders, and, no doubt, many of themselves, are of it, but most were either deluded or forced into the war. For the sake of those who either honestly believe they were menaced with oppression by the Government, or have been compelled in spite of their convictions to join the Rebel army, we ought to spare the prisoners all exhibitions of triumph that would make us appear malignant in their eyes or little in our own."

Saturday, February 22d, the prisoners began to arrive. Sunday and Monday they continued to come, when it was found that no more could be accommodated in Camp Morton, and about sixteen hundred were sent to Lafayette and Terre Haute.

With some abatement for aristocratic disgust, and some allowance for the difference in times and countries, Shakspeare's sketch of Falstaff's recruits would answer for a description of the Southern prisoners as they appeared to Northern citizens, who had hitherto seen no soldiers but our own proud, happy and well-dressed volunteers.

Their dress was not military, but almost uniform in texture and color, being of home-made cloth dyed a dingy yellowish brown with the juice of the butternut. It fit their arms and legs as close as the skin, showing all the bows and angles which nature in her step-motherly way bends or sharpens in the neglected children of poverty and ignorance. Three-fourths of the number wore strips of carpet around their shoulders, while the remainder were wrapped in white or in

grey blankets, in piano-covers and quilts. Their heads were covered with hats and caps of every hue and shape, with here and there a bare poll, surmounted by an enormous quantity of hair. Some carried frying-pans or tea-kettles. Some, fearing starvation in a northern prison, had provided themselves with crackers and bacon, which now were slung over their backs. Nearly all had bundles of bedding or clothing, not in knapsacks, but tied up in old quilts, or stuffed into meal-bags. Gray old men of apparently sixty years stumbled along by the side of slender boys of fourteen.

They were small farmers from Tennessee or landless squatters from the pine hills of Mississippi, excepting here a sharp, black-eyed lawyer from Mobile, and there a subdued Methodist preacher from Louisiana; here a German who knew no English, and there an Irishman who knew no law.

If there existed in any heart a feeling of bitterness towards these unfortunate men it found no expression in words or acts. The spectacle, singular in the history of this world, was presented of disarmed and feeble prisoners walking without harm and without insult through the crowded streets of a powerful enemy, for whose destruction their hands had just been uplifted.

In consideration of some of the late events or disclosures of the war a description of Camp Morton, the only permanent Rebel headquarters in Indiana, and of the general treatment of prisoners, will not be out of place.

The grove north of Indianapolis, known a long time ago as part of the Henderson farm, and as a favorite locality for Methodist camp-meetings, was selected for the first military camp on account of the beauty, healthfulness and convenience of its situation, and was now turned over to the use of the prisoners for the same reason. It is in the highest and driest portion of the suburbs, and is in the neighborhood of the University, which is surrounded by open grounds, and of wealthy citizens whose houses are in the midst of gardens. It is consequently free from impure air. It contains thirty-six acres, and is supplied with deep wells of cold, pure water. The trees are tall, wide-spreading maple and walnut. The blue-grass carpet, which used to be one of the beauties of the

spot, with its border of wild flowers growing in the fence corners, was trodden out long before the prisoners entered into possession; but the ground was not necessarily muddy, being easily drained by a stream which ran through one end.

When Camp Morton was first appropriated to prisoners the Government was not yet familiar with the manifold and perplexing cares incident to the war, and some time elapsed as each new object of attention rose before the business of arranging and managing it was understood. The first prisons, like the first camps, especially the camps of drafted men which were greatly crowded, were inferior in every respect to the prisons of a latter date. Efforts, however, were immediately made to form of Camp Morton a comfortable as well as secure place for prisoners.

Barracks sufficient to accommodate five thousand men were constructed, although more than three thousand were seldom admitted. Hospitals as warm, as airy and as well provided as hospitals for our own soldiers were prepared. The rations of the prisoners were exactly those of our soldiers, and being always at a base of supplies, their coffee, sugar, bread and meat were always of the best quality. The cost of the surplus (few men can eat a full ration) was strictly applied to the benefit of the prisoners. When they were required to build barracks, or to perform any labor, some variation was made in their food. They were supplied with good clothing and comfortable bedding.

A sutler kept his stand within the grounds, and sold at current prices all for which there was a demand. They were encouraged to make themselves bowling-alleys, to procure balls and to spend much of their time in active games. All money sent to them was scrupulously delivered, although if sent in large amounts it was paid over by instalments, and all articles of every kind, except jellies and other delicacies, were given to the individuals to whom they were addressed. The delicacies were divided among the Rebel sick in the hospitals.

Medical attendance was of the best character. Dr. Bobbs, an old physician, well known as a man of science, and as a successful practitioner, was medical director. The subordi-

nate physicians reported to him, and he reported to the surgeon-general. Inspectors from Washington examined the camp and hospitals monthly, or at some regular period. Every precaution was used to prevent corruption.

The first prisoners in Camp Morton suffered more sickness than any who succeeded, partly on account of the want of accommodations already spoken of, but chiefly from the low tone of their health when they arrived. Many, of those, too, who were from regions where roses bloom in the open air every month in the year, had been in the rifle-pits during the whole siege of Donelson, day and night, in rain and snow, with little food and no shelter. They were worn out by exposure, mortified by the surrender, distressed by their distance from home, full of fears for the future, and suffering under a reaction which corresponded in exhaustion with the intense excitement of the long-continued battle. One-tenth of the number had frozen hands or feet. Nine-tenths were destitute of some necessary article of clothing. They were filthy beyond description—actually covered with vermin, and their despondency was such that they had not the energy necessary to wash themselves. They seemed to have almost no vitality, no power to rally if once attacked with fever.

As soon as they reached Camp Morton scores sank under disease. The city hospital could not at that time accommodate more than thirty; accordingly Captain Ekin, United States Quartermaster, appropriated the Gymnasium, which was on the corner of Meridian and Maryland streets, for the use of the sick. It consisted of but one room, but it was well ventilated, and very large. Dr. Fletcher, who, though young, was a man of experience, having practised in hospitals in New York city and in Richmond, Virginia, and who knew from his own life as a prisoner for "another's woe to feel," was placed in charge of this hospital. Bunks were hastily procured, and the citizens were invited to assist in preparing beds and in procuring clean and otherwise suitable clothing for the sick. They responded heartily, sending and bringing contributions, and when needed assisting as nurses.

A loyal woman who lived on the same street declared with

warmth that she could have no sympathy even with suffering Rebels, but her stoicism could not bear the sight of that house full of sick, and coffins coming and going every morning. She made some broth, and calling her daughter, a young lady who basked in enjoyment, and whose laughing blue eyes had scarcely ever looked upon sorrow, she proceeded to the prison-hospital. Admitted without hesitation, she bestowed her charity with melting heart and voice. The visits and the charity of the mother and daughter were frequently repeated.

One night, at one o'clock, they were roused from sleep by a violent ring at the door-bell, followed by an urgent request to come to the hospital. They threw on their clothes and hastened through the chill night to the heavy air of the sick room. A dying man was watching the door with eager eyes as they entered. To see them was all he wanted, to touch their hands and thank them for their Christian love.

Dr. Fletcher's hospital being found too small Captain Ekin, with Mr. Hay, Assistant Quartermaster, obtained the old post office building, and thirty-six hours after the contract was made, had it prepared for the reception of the sick. Prisoners were employed to clean it, under the superintendence of several ladies, who, impatient of the slow progress made by the workmen, swept the floors, guided the mops and washed the windows with their own hands. They also sewed up the beds, spread the blankets and heated bricks to put at the feet of the sufferers as they came from camp.

The new hospital was on Meridian street, nearly opposite Dr. Fletcher's, and was superior to the latter for the purpose to which it was applied, on account of the great number of rooms which it contained.

Dr. Bullard, one of the oldest and most prominent physicians in the town, was placed in charge. He was an enthusiastic Union man, but no more tender heart than his ever beat, and he did not afterwards toil more devotedly for loyal sufferers, although he died a victim to his exertions, than he did for the prisoners during the whole time a Rebel hospital was under his care.

Profiting by the experience of Dr. Fletcher, who had been annoyed by the officious assistance and the evil influence of

secessionists, he forbade the visits of any ladies but a small number whose patriotism, although in subjection to their charity, was decided and known.

These ladies were faithful helpers. They sat in the medicine room of the hospital hour by hour, tying comfortables, and cutting the eagle off of new suits of Federal uniforms and sewing black buttons in its place, submitting to see traitors even in the honored blue. They wrote letters of hope and comfort to homes in Iuka, Holly Springs, Corinth—names heard then for the first time.

One or two passages from dictated letters, notes of which were accidentally preserved by one of the ladies, show the tone of all which were written in the first enjoyment of the unexpected comforts in the hospitals:

Dear Mother—I have been sick nearly two weeks. The people here are clever; they are not heathens. Make yourselves easy. I hope soon to be well. Tell brother he had better stay at home as long as he can. Tell all the kinfolks I am a heap better satisfied than they expected.

Your affectionate son,

J. T. ROBINSON.

My Dear Wife—I have been sick six weeks, and have suffered a great deal, but I hope soon to be well. I am treated better than I expected. David Frazier takes care of me. Your brother Marshall was killed at the fort.

Your husband,

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS.

Dear Mother—I have been sick since ever I left Fort Donelson. I was exposed there two or three days and nights in rain and mud. I am now in the hospital among friends instead of foes. The people are as kind as you could be, so don't be uneasy. I should rather be at home, but find friends here much more than I expected when I started. Tell aunt I'm doing fine, not to study about me. I don't forget any of you. I have not heard from home since January.

Your son,

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Dear Father—I have been sick ever since I came, but I

am mighty well taken care of now in the hospital, treated better than ever before since I joined the army. If I was only well I would be pretty comfortable. Brother Mat is sick in Cairo, brother Russ is sick in town here, at another hospital; Cicero was killed at the fort; Cousin Henry died. Tom and Nick Doty are sick at Fort Henry. I wish you all good luck. If I ever get home I'll want to stay. If we never meet on earth again, I hope we'll meet in heaven.

Your son, *[Signature]* PETER RAY.

The writer of the above had pneumonia. He was as white as snow, and his face was convulsed with emotion while he dictated his simple letter. He could scarcely utter the sentence about meeting his friends in heaven if not on earth, and his language was very strong when he spoke of the cruel treatment to which he had been subjected in the army. Yet all the time he was dictating a man stood on each side of his bed laughing at him, with no attempt at restraint. If war does not harden men's hearts they are made of stony stuff originally.

J. C. McLernan writes to his father that he is in comfortable quarters and treated kindly, as kindly as he could ask, that he had no clothing when he came, but had drawn all that he needed.

M. R. Barnet writes that the people are kind.

B. H. Rogers says that "the Northern people are kinder than he expected, they are sociable and friendly; very kind to the sick. His feet are frost-bitten, and he has suffered much."

The shelves in the store-room of Dr. Bullard's hospital were laden with oranges, lemons, canned peaches and jellies, while cologne, bay-rum and wine were not lacking. Everything that sick men could desire was there, and in the other hospitals.

When spring came the ladies gathered the pink and white blossoms of the apple, the plum and the pear and made the sick rooms sweet with orchard odors, more pleasant to countrymen than the fragrance of roses.

A young lady appealed to her mother for a pillow to give to a sick Mississippian, who had complained that his head

was too low. "I can't give you one," was the answer she received. "I stripped the house for our sick soldiers in Kentucky, you have stripped it since for the Rebels, and really there is nothing more."*

"Then I will give him my pillow," said the daughter, and accordingly she robbed her own bed.

She went to the hospital in her carriage, driving as rapidly as she could, that the sick man might not lose a moment of the comfort of the pillow, and placed it under his grateful head.

A lady beside the bed of a dying boy, whose hand played with her "yaller beads," as he called the watch chain at her belt, involuntarily exclaimed to a boyish nurse who was wiping tears from his eyes, "Oh, why did you enter the army?" The nurse answered, "They told us we would be drafted, and could have no choice;" after a pause he added, "and what was more, they made us believe it was right."

A number of singers went every Sunday evening and sang a hymn in each of the rooms. It was beautiful to see a stolid face gradually soften or dying eyes light up as the exalted and familiar strain

"When I can read my title clear
To mansion in the skies,"

or the melting words

"Shall Jesus bear the cross alone?"

swept softly over the prone and feeble forms.

The poor strangers, although even their names were often unknown, did not go unmourned to the grave. Tearful eyes watched the coffins carried away from the dreary hospital door, and sympathizing hearts would fain have consoled the far away mourners to whom consolation would never come.

A third hospital was established under the care of Dr. Dunlap, the oldest physician in Indianapolis. Dr. Dunlap

*This was true. She had not only sent sheets, pillows, blankets and clothing, but the fruits and vegetables she had canned for family use. When her boys were old enough she sent them into the army, and being then somewhat at liberty herself, served three months in a hospital in Kentucky. It was told, the first summer of the war, that Massachusetts had sent ten regiments, would send six more, and if that was not enough, would go herself. This Hoosier mother did better—she went.

had had an unusually warm affection for the South, but when the rebellion broke out he declared "if the rascals succeeded he would drag himself to some other country to die."

He was a keen observer, and pronounced his patients the most regardless of others of any men he had ever seen. He ascribed their selfishness, however, entirely to ignorance, and had rather more pity for them on account of it.

The first week in March the number of prisoners in Camp Morton was three thousand two hundred and thirty-three. About four hundred were sick at that time—one hundred and forty in Dr. Fletcher's hospital, one hundred and sixty in Dr. Bullard's, forty in Dr. Dunlap's thirty in the city hospital, and about forty in the receiving hospital and barracks at Camp Morton.

The city hospital was under the charge of Dr. Kitchen, an excellent and popular physician, and a very amiable man; and Camp Morton was under the care of Dr. Jameson, a physician and gentleman of high character.

The number of sick gradually diminished, and the third week in March Dr. Jameson reported that the general health of the prisoners in Camp Morton was good. The last of April the city hospital, which had been enlarged, was found sufficient to accommodate both our own sick soldiers and the Rebels.

The prisoners in Lafayette and Terre Haute received even more attention and kindness from citizens than the larger number in Indianapolis.

Some of them preserved unstained in calamity their lofty Southern spirit.

"Let all the world take notice," said a Confederate newspaper, "that the Southern troops are gentlemen, and must be subjected to no drudgery."

Mrs. Reed, an active and generous lady in Terre Haute, in her frequent visits to the hospital, was annoyed by the spectacle of a heap of filth remaining day after day by the side of a sick man's bed, and in the way of every one passing by. "If I were in your place," she said at last to a stout looking man, who had insinuated himself into the hospital, "I would

clean up that dirt. It wouldn't take you more than three minutes."

"Madam," replied the man, with dignity, "the Southern spirit could never brook such degradation."

"It seems," indignantly retorted the lady, "that the Southern spirit can brook any amount of dirt."

The Fort Donelson prisoners were allowed to go about town on parole, to make calls and to see visitors, until they abused these privileges, when their liberties were more restricted.

Many of them had relatives or friends in the North, and claimed them without hesitation. Their claims were generally allowed, and many a bank bill of five and ten dollars went from loyal into disloyal pockets. One of the best citizens of Indianapolis, a man who afterwards gave his life for his country, had six cousins among the officers and privates from Fort Donelson. He answered the demands of such as applied to him, giving them clothes and lending them money and books, until he found that his humanity was interpreted disloyalty, when he suddenly and absolutely shut down the doors of his charity. None of the money lent was returned, although the borrowers offered to give notes for quadruple the value they received.

The prisoners' letters were restricted as to length, and subjected to an examination, which sometimes resulted in wicked, sometimes in absurd disclosures. The following whimsical epistle, from a Southern girl to her cousin, was published in the Indianapolis *Journal*, and, silly as it is, was copied in a number of papers in the United States. In sentiment and expression, excepting the metre, it is a fair specimen of the epistolatory ability of Southern ladies, who talk with ease and grace, and are in good standing in society:

"I will be for Jeffdavise til the tenisee river freazes over,
and then be for him, and scratch on the ice.

"Jeffdavise rides a white horse,
Lincoln rides a mule;
Jeffdavise is a gentleman,
Lincoln is a fule."

The first guards of Camp Morton were the Sixtieth and

Fifty-Third regiments, with portions of the Sixty-First and Sixty-Third.

The Sixtieth was ordered to Indianapolis during the progress of enlisting, on the 22d of February. While on duty there the organization was completed in the month of March. Colonel Owen, of the Sixtieth, had been the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth. He is the son of the celebrated Scotch Reformer, Robert Owen, and is a gentleman of literary and scientific attainments. Thoroughly liberal in his views, he is also thoroughly generous in feeling and act, and the Rebels could not have desired to be in better hands.

The Fifty-Third, partially organized at New Albany in January, was perfected by a union with the Sixty-Second, which was partially organized at Rockport. Walter Q. Gresham, of the Fifty-Third, was made Colonel, and William Jones, of the Sixty-Second, Lieutenant-Colonel.

The recruits of the Sixty-First, or Second Irish, who assisted in guarding Camp Morton, were under the command of Bernard F. Mullen, and first guarded the prisoners in Terre Haute.

The prisoners at Lafayette were guarded by companies A, B, C and D, of the Sixty-Third, being all of the regiment which was at the time enlisted. They were organized as a battalion, with John S. Williams as Lieutenant-Colonel, and in March removed to Indianapolis.

The prisoners from Fort Donelson were exchanged in the following summer. They came to Indianapolis silent, subdued and sickly, ragged, cold and dirty. They went away stout and healthy, and filling the air with their curses.

As has been mentioned, Camp Morton continued during the war to be used as a Confederate prison. The greatest number of prisoners it contained at one time was five thousand five hundred. The period in which it was crowded in this manner was very short. The greatest number of deaths occurring in one month was one hundred and forty-four. This terrible mortality took place in March, 1862, among the prisoners from Fort Donelson.

It was invariably found that the most sickness and the greatest number of deaths occurred in the first days of im-

prisonment, the unfortunate captives being worn out by exposure, exertion and often by ill-treatment when they arrived. As they remained their health improved, and when they were exchanged they were, as a general thing, as stout and hearty as men with southern constitutions can ever become.

CHAPTER XXVII

BOWLING GREEN.—NASHVILLE.—COLUMBUS.

"I passed General Wigfall on my return from dinner, and asked him if there was any news. "No," said he; "but I don't believe we have been whipped since dinner."—*Correspondent of New Orleans Crescent.*

TAKE him all in all, the greatest man in General Buell's army was General Mitchell. He united the mathematician's power of concentration with the poet's imagination; the soldier's daring with the Christian's trust; the master's strictness with the teacher's tenderness; the reformer's ardor with the learner's patience. He commanded the third division, which was not unworthy of him. Colonel Sill, who was afterwards for a time commander of the second (McCook's) division, was one of his brigade commanders. General Dumont, formerly Colonel of the Seventh Indiana, was another. Dumont was appointed Brigadier General on the 3d of September, while he was in West Virginia, and had charge of a brigade at Elkwater until early in December, when he was ordered to Bacon creek, and assigned to Mitchell's division. Colonel Turchin, a Russian, who believed that war meant fight, and that traitors were not brothers to true men, also commanded a brigade in the third division. The Thirty-Seventh Indiana regiment and the Fifth Indiana battery were in Turchin's brigade, which consisted principally of Illinois troops.

General Mitchell wintered on Bacon creek, not many miles in the rear of McCook. On the 10th of February, at nine at night, he gave orders to his division to march in the morning at five.

General Buell was at last ready to move towards the South, and while Foote and Grant invested Fort Donelson, he determined to lay siege to Bowling Green. Almost at the same time he gave the command to move to the six divisions which composed his army, to Thomas on his left, McCook in his

front, Crittenden on his right, Mitchell and Nelson forming his center, and to Wood in his rear; but to Mitchell he gave the honor of the advance.

The men were not yet so familiar with the soldier's life as to get ready at a moment's warning, and the most of the night was spent by the third division in preparation. Colonel Turchin's brigade was the foremost on the march. On the evening of the first day the division encamped on the north bank of Green river, having passed McCook's troops, and on the second day encamped on the south bank, having been all day crossing the stream.

As had been reported by cavalry scouts of the second division, the railroad was torn up, the turnpike obstructed with logs, and the ponds at the roadside and all other reservoirs of water rendered impure by carcasses of hogs and cattle. The weather was pleasant, however, and the division accomplished twenty miles on the third day of its march. That night the sudden change already described in the siege of Fort Donelson took place, rain coming on in the evening, and turning to hail, sleet and snow before morning. Thus far no enemy was visible. General Johnston had evidently withdrawn all his outposts and retired to Bowling Green.

The road lay through a pleasant country, but it was frozen and stony, and the trees across it were troublesome. The march was tedious and toilsome. When Colonel Turchin approached Barren river, which flows in front of Bowling Green, he ordered his cavalry and one battery to advance rapidly. In less than an hour the roar of artillery at the front was heard. With the expectation that the advance had met the enemy, and that a battle was opening, the infantry hastened forward, seizing the wagons along the road and appropriating them to add to their speed. When Barren river was reached it was found that the enemy, without any effort at resistance, was hastening out of Bowling Green towards the south, and that Turchin's advanced battery was pouring a steady fire across the river to increase the celerity of their movements.

It was near night, the bridge was destroyed, and as there seemed no possibility of crossing the river, the men pitched

their tents and lay down to much needed rest. They were not yet asleep when they were roused, called into the ranks, and ordered to march three miles to a point where engineers were constructing a rope-ferry. They hastened over the frozen ground, descended steep, slippery banks, crossed the river slowly, toiled up the southern bluff, and cautiously neared the town. It was lighted up as if with bon-fires. Cars and engines, vast stores of pork, beef and coffee, piles of grain twenty and thirty feet high, were burning. And the Confederates were actually gone. They had been evacuating the town two or three weeks in expectation of Buell's advance, but were surprised in the end by Turchin's cannon, and forced to destroy stores of immense value. The Texan Rangers, which formed the rear of the Rebel army, fled by the light of this funeral pile of Confederate hopes in Kentucky.

General Mitchell issued the following address to his soldiers:

"Soldiers of the Third Division! You have executed a march of forty miles in twenty-eight hours and a half. The fallen timber and other obstructions opposed by the enemy to your movements have been swept from your path. The fire of your artillery and the bursting of your shells announced your arrival. Surprised, and ignorant of the force that had thus precipitated itself upon them, they fled in consternation.

"In the night time, over a frozen, rocky, precipitous pathway, down rude steps for fifty feet, you have passed the advance guard, cavalry and infantry, and before the dawn of day you have entered in triumph a position of extraordinary natural strength, and by your enemy proudly denominated the Gibraltar of Kentucky.

"With your own hands, through deep mud, in drenching rains, and up rocky pathways next to impassable, and across foot-paths of your own construction, built upon the ruins of the railway bridge, destroyed for their protection by a retreating and panic-stricken foe, you have transported upon your own shoulders your baggage and camp equipage.

"The General commanding the department, on receiving my report announcing these facts, requests me to make to the

officers and soldiers under my command the following communication :

“Soldiers who by resolution and energy overcome great natural difficulties, have nothing to fear in battle, where their energy and prowess are taxed to a far less extent. Your command have exhibited the high qualities of resolution and energy in a degree, which leaves no limit to my confidence in them in their future movements.

By order of Brigadier General BUELL.”

“Soldiers! I feel a perfect confidence that the high estimate placed upon your power, endurance, energy and heroism is just. Your aim and mine has been to deserve the approbation of our commanding officer, and of our Government and of our country.

“I trust you feel precisely as does your commanding General, that nothing is done while anything remains to be done.

By order of Brigadier General O. M. MITCHELL.”

Bowling Green is a pretty little town, with four or five thousand inhabitants. Prosperous in business and Union in sentiment, it was a happy and growing place before it became a Confederate fastness. General Buckner girdled it with fortifications, building nine, one on each of the encircling hills, and inflicted on the people the privations and anxieties of a siege. When General Johnston assumed command and increased the size of the army, Confederate camps not only filled the town, but covered a circuit of two or three miles around. Disease preyed upon the troops and thousands died. The sufferings of the Federal army in northern and central Kentucky, great as they were, are believed to have been much less than the sufferings of the troops concentrated in and around Bowling Green, and of the citizens of the region.

Adding insult to injury, the “Provisional Government of Kentucky,” so-called, according to Greeley, from the inability of the secessionists to make any provision for its support, adopted Bowling Green as the Confederate capital of the State.

General Mitchell found the enemy fled, the fortifications

dismantled, nearly all the business houses, with several private residences, in flames, streets and depots smoking with the burning stores, and over all an atmosphere of ruin, disease and death.

Notwithstanding his energy, he was more than a week in getting his train across Barren river. His advance, however, did not wait, but pushed on after the enemy. The roads were obstructed, and progress was slow. The country seemed almost deserted until Franklin was approached. The national flag waved from the houses of this little town, and the national colors ornamented the dress of ladies and children, who thronged the balconies and waysides, while old citizens uttered cheering welcomes and blessings. Six miles beyond Franklin Tennessee was entered, and the next day, the 23d of the month, the division encamped near Edgefield, on the Cumberland, opposite Nashville.

McCook's division was not far behind Mitchell's. To the six Indiana regiments which were in the second division at the time of its formation, the western squadron of the Third cavalry was added in January, and the division now contained more Indiana soldiers than any other, except the sixth, in the Army of the Ohio. When General Mitchell passed Munfordsville, McCook's camps were all astir with the intelligence of the surrender of Fort Henry, and with the prospect of an early spring campaign. Two days after, on Friday, the 14th, the first bitter cold day of winter, tents were struck, baggage loaded, and the division on the march, not to join in the attack on Bowling Green, but to assist in the siege of Donelson. Long and loud shouts filled the air as regiment after regiment, impatient of a moment's delay, moved out from the hated old camping-ground. The earth was frozen and covered with two or three inches of snow. The cold was so intense that the water provided to drink on the way turned to ice and burst the canteens. Without pitching tents the soldiers slept on the ground, at Upton, fourteen miles north of Munfordsville.

Early in the morning they were ready to march, but hour after hour wore away without orders, until at one o'clock they were directed to move back to Munfordsville. Knowing that Fort

Donelson had not yet fallen, and that their comrades were now assaulting it from every quarter, they retraced their steps with a disappointment and chagrin which were almost intolerable. They were only consoled when at night they were informed that their destination was not the old camp and the stagnant rest of Munfordsville, but Bowling Green and Nashville. Sullen mutterings ceased, scowling brows cleared, and the troops proceeded with renewed enthusiasm, but the second day of their march beyond Munfordsville the skies clouded over and chilled their ardor with a cold, drenching rain.

McCook's division spent nearly a week at Bell's Tavern, repairing the railroad. In clearing out a tunnel which was blocked with huge masses of rock and earth, the soldiers were unwillingly assisted by the neighboring secessionists, who had aided the Confederate troops in the work of ruin.

Willich's pioneer system, although it had performed its duties well, was at this time broken up, on account of rivalry and contention between his engineers and the Michigan engineers.

Rain fell almost incessantly during the stay of the troops at Bell's Tavern, and mud was all-prevailing.

February 23d McCook's division moved to Camp Rousseau, three miles from Bowling Green, where it remained until, on the 26th, it was ordered to leave tents and baggage, for transportation by rail, and with three days' provisions in haversacks, to march as soon as practicable. Having to cross a muddy, swampy bottom, three or four hundred yards wide, the main body of the division did not reach the river until dark, and the passage was not effected until late in the night. During the week following the river bottom was a quagmire filled with struggling horses and mules, wagons, boxes, provisions, ordnance and quartermasters' stores, with rails for bridges, poles for levers, and exasperated men furiously striving to advance.

The 2d day of March McCook encamped near Edgefield.

General Wood's division, the sixth of Buell's army, began to move from Bardstown, Rolling Fork and other points to which its regiments had been scattered, at the same time with McCook's division, and was also on the march on that cold

Friday. It reached Bowling Green on the 19th of the month, after a tedious march. There it was joined by Colonel Hascall's brigade, which, after having been subjected to the stern discipline of General Nelson through the winter, now became a part of Wood's division. It consisted of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Indiana, the Sixth Ohio and Fiftieth Indiana. Colonel Carr's brigade formed the remainder of the division, and consisted of the Thirty-Fifth, Fortieth, Fifty-First, Fifty-Seventh and Fifty-Eighth Indiana regiments. The Second cavalry regiment was also in Wood's division.

After leaving Bowling Green, Colonel Carr received an order from General Wood directing him to move his brigade forward as rapidly as practicable. On the back of the envelope was written, "Five miles an hour," a direction which General Wood intended for the bearer of the dispatch. Colonel Carr, however, understood it to relate to the rate of movement required of the troops, and forced his brigade over sixty miles in two days, arriving at Edgefield on the 7th of March, two days sooner than he should have arrived. As three miles an hour with a light knapsack and an unobstructed road is good progress, five miles, with a heavy knapsack and a road so crowded that it is impossible for a man to choose or even to know his steps, is cruel, if not murderous. In consequence of this march many good soldiers broke down utterly. Twenty days later one hundred and seventy-five men from one regiment, the Fortieth, were still unable to move.

Beside the batteries of artillery which have been mentioned, General Buell's army, on the opening of the campaign, included the Fourth, Seventh, Tenth and Eleventh.

While General Buell's third, second and sixth divisions went directly towards Nashville, his fourth, under General Nelson, what remained of his first, General Crittenden's, since the departure of Cruft's brigade, and his fifth, under General Thomas, embarked on steamers, and went towards the same point by the more circuitous, but more speedy, route of the rivers.

The Ninth Indiana, which left Fetterman, West Virginia, February 19th, under Colonel Moody, its former Colonel having been appointed Brigadier General in September, went

with Nelson's division, of which it afterwards formed a part; also the Thirty-Sixth regiment and the Eighth battery, which, although it reported to McCook on its arrival in Kentucky, had lately been removed to Nelson's division. The Thirty-Sixth regiment was in Colonel Ammon's brigade; the Ninth in Colonel Hazen's brigade.

In General Thomas' division were the Tenth Indiana regiment and the Twelfth battery, Captain Sterling. The battery reached Kentucky but a few days before Thomas' division, which was the last, began to move.

The journey of the Forty-Second, in Crittenden's division, was as variable as the course of a shifting wind. Orders were received in the evening of the 15th of February, and the regiment marched that night twenty-five miles, reaching Owensboro in the morning. It embarked on steamboats, and arrived at Evansville the next morning about four o'clock. On the 17th it went to Smithland, on the 18th was ordered back to the mouth of Green river. When half way between Green river and Evansville it was ordered to return to the latter place. On the 19th it was remanded to Smithland, on the 20th it was moved to Paducah, whence, after two or three days of waiting, it was allowed to go in peace up the Cumberland.

Meantime the Confederates were suffering no small degree of excitement and alarm. In Nashville the beautiful Sunday on which Fort Donelson surrendered was ushered in with the security and triumph consequent upon the dispatch of General Pillow, received the evening before, "On the honor of a soldier the day is ours!" General Johnston with his army was at Edgefield, and joined in the rejoicing of the city. Perhaps he regretted that with over haste he had abandoned Bowling Green.

Church bells had ceased their ringing, religious services had begun, and thanks and praise were rolling from organ and choir, when the Governor of the State galloped wildly through the streets, shouting, "Fort Donelson has surrendered! The enemy is approaching!"

The shock of an earthquake could not have been greater. Terror seized the city. With bleached faces and distracted

senses, the people rushed from the churches. The streets were at once crowded, and the houses, in their confusion and grief, reflected in a thousand forms the panic of the streets. In frantic haste, the most valued movables were packed, and sometimes hurled in trunks from three-story windows. In groups and squads fugitives poured through every passage which led out of the city, with carpet-bags, satchels and saddle-bags in their hands. Trains of cars, coaches, carts, horsemen, drays and wheel-barrows soon hastened along all the roads to the South, except those which were blocked up by Johnston's retreating army.

Governor Harris gathered up the archives, and summoned the members of the Legislature, when all fled together.

At night the Confederate store-houses were thrown open to the poor. But when greed was added to terror the mob became uncontrolable, and the order was retracted. No authority, however, could clear the multitude from the doors, and at least a million of dollars in stores was lost before, by means of jets of water from fire-engines, the ravenous crowd was dispersed.

Two fine gunboats at the wharf were burned. Two bridges over the river, one a railway, the other a wire suspension bridge, belonging to the orphan daughters of General Zollicoffer, were destroyed.

The panic begun on Sunday subsided only as the population decreased. Towards the last of the week all the business houses in Nashville and nearly all the fine dwellings were shut and barred, and the streets were deserted and silent.

General Mitchell did not arrive at Edgefield until Sunday. He then made no attempt to cross the river, but waited for General Buell, who came Monday. The same day two of Commodore Foote's gunboats, following eight transports with General Nelson's division and part of General Crittenden's, came up the Cumberland.

The following passage from a private letter, written February 25th, by James Shanklin, Major of the Forty-Second regiment, describes a part of the voyage up the river, and the arrival in Nashville:

"Yesterday we landed at Clarksville, one of the prettiest

towns I ever saw. As we approached we saw white flags floating from some of the principal buildings, indicating that the people had followed the wise example of Captain Scott's 'coon, and were ready to come quietly down. That their original intentions, however, were not quite so amiable was evidenced by the fact that just at the head of the bend of the river, which sweeps round in the form of a crescent as you approach the place, there had been planted three heavy cannon, which commanded the river as far as the eye can reach. These had been placed on a mound of earth, thrown up for the purpose, and were nearly under water, as the river had since risen high. They were completely surrounded by water, the river having backed up all over the country, and seemed to be floating on top. We passed by these savage looking pieces, "ghostly, grim and ancient," standing on the nightly shore, and rounded in at Clarksville. While we were waiting for the other boats to come up, we walked round the town. It is on high, undulating ground, clean streets, fine buildings, great wealth and fashion, about four thousand inhabitants, two fine college buildings, one for ladies. People seemed doubtful as to which side they should take. Business was very dull, coffee seventy-five cents a pound, and other things selling at proportionate prices. One citizen told me that Confederate money passed among the citizens at par. Another, more candid, informed a crowd of bystanders that he would sell a twenty dollar bill he had for seventy-five cents. A small command of our troops, under General Smith, occupy Clarksville.

"This morning in coming up to Nashville we saw more evidences of what the Rebels would have liked to do to us. Three heavy cannon, mounted on the river bank, looked grimly down on us. The place is built right against the river. It does not look well as you approach by water. It has the appearance of being with its back to the river. The water, being high, is close up to the buildings, and into some of them.

"As we passed up, only a few feet from the houses, a goodly number of people came out in the street waving caps and handkerchiefs. When our band struck up 'Yankee Doodle'

they greeted it with a pretty hearty cheer. In a yard close by the river I saw real joy. Some twenty were collected, mostly women. One old woman, I took her to be old, waved her handkerchief as if she meant to make it her business for the rest of her life. But the real joy I spoke of was manifested by a young girl, a grand-daughter, I imagine, of the old lady of the handkerchief. She did not restrain herself, but taking off her bonnet and whirling it round and round her head, broke into impossible jigs and graceful pigeon-wings, dancing and shuffling as though full to overflowing of genuine happiness. The soldiers cheered her loudly, and she danced with renewed energy, and swung her bonnet as a man does his cap when he feels three hearty cheers bursting from his soul.

"The magnificent State House, built of white marble, stands on a high hill, and can be seen away down the river before any other building is visible. From the dome a Rebel flag has floated for many a long month past. It was there I verily believe this morning, though I may be mistaken. But as we neared the town I saw something like a flag disappear from the building. After a few minutes the glorious old banner of our fathers danced and flapped and floated in the bright sun over the dome of the capitol. My heart never beat quicker, and my soul never leaped with greater joy, than when I saw it, beautiful in the clear morning light, wave over the marble pillars."

On the evening of Monday, the 24th, General Buell was visited by the Mayor of Nashville, but the city was not formally surrendered until the next day, when assurances were given to the citizens that their liberty and property would be sacredly respected, and the following order was issued to the soldiers:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO.

General Order.

The General Commanding congratulates his troops that it has been their privilege to restore the national banner to the capitol of Tennessee. He believes that thousands of hearts in every part of the State will swell with joy to see that

honored flag reinstated in a position from which it was removed in the excitement and folly of an evil hour; that the voice of her own people will soon proclaim its welcome, and that their manhood and patriotism will protect and perpetuate it.

The General does not deem it necessary, though the occasion is a fit one, to remind the troops of the rule of conduct they have hitherto observed and are still to pursue. We are in arms not for the purpose of invading the rights of our fellow-countrymen anywhere, but to maintain the integrity of the Union, and protect the constitution under which its people have been prosperous and happy. We cannot, therefore, look with indifference on any conduct which is designed to give aid and comfort to those who are endeavoring to defeat these objects; but the action to be taken in such cases rests with certain authorized persons, and is not to be assumed by individual officers or soldiers. Peaceable citizens are not to be molested in their persons or property. Any wrongs to either are to be promptly corrected, and the offenders brought to punishment. To this end all persons are desired to make complaints to the immediate commander of officers or soldiers so offending, and if justice be not done promptly, then to the next commander, and soon until the wrong is redressed. If the necessities of the public service should require the use of private property for public purposes, fair compensation is to be allowed. No such appropriation of private property is to be made except by the authority of the highest commander present, and any other officer or soldier who shall presume to exercise such privilege shall be brought to trial. Soldiers are forbidden to enter the residences or grounds of citizens on any plea without authority.

No arrests are to be made without the authority of the Commanding General, except in cases of actual offence against the authority of the Government; and in all such cases the fact and circumstances will immediately be reported in writing to headquarters through the intermediate commanders.

The General reminds his officers that the most frequent depredations are those which are committed by worthless

characters who straggle from the ranks on the plea of being unable to march; and where the inability really exists, it will be found in most instances that the soldier has over-loaded himself with useless and unauthorized articles. The orders already published on this subject must be enforced.

The condition and behavior of a corps are sure indications of the efficiency and fitness of its officers. If any regiment shall be found to disregard that propriety of conduct which belongs to soldiers as well as citizens, they must not expect to occupy the posts of honor, but may rest assured that they will be placed in positions where they cannot bring shame on their comrades and the cause they are engaged in. The Government supplies with liberality all the wants of the soldiers. The occasional deprivations and hardships incident to rapid marches must be borne with patience and fortitude. Any officer who neglects to provide for his troops, or separates himself from them to seek his own comfort, shall be held to a rigid accountability.

By command of General BUELL.

After the week of desolation that followed the surrender of Fort Donelson, Nashville saw another sight, when the magnificent army of Buell poured along her streets. Nelson's, Crittenden's and Mitchell's were the first divisions to encamp in the neighborhood of the city. The first battery of United States artillery in Nashville was the Eighth Indiana, under Captain Cochran. General Thomas arrived on the 2d of March with his division in readiness to take the field.

McCook's troops crossed the Cumberland in the evening of the same day, in a storm of wind and snow. They mistook the road, and went two miles after night in the wrong direction, then returned to the city, marched four miles on the Franklin turnpike, and bivouacked without supper and without tents, in a wild snow storm, which continued all night. The next day a beautiful wood was selected for a camp, and named "Andy Johnson." General Wood's division encamped near Edgefield.

Notwithstanding the flight of a great number of citizens with their families, many secessionists, in fact, the great

majority, remained in Nashville. They willingly accepted national protection, but were malignant in their feelings towards national troops, and not inclined to dissimulation. The women especially indulged in aversion towards northern soldiers, and finding words an impotent mode of expression unconsciously copied from the snake the trick of spitting, which that unhappy creature, it is surmised, was forced to adopt when deprived of the power of speech. Pollard says, "The ladies of Nashville gave instances of patriotism that were noble testimonials to their sex." They were generous to Confederate soldiers, and showed themselves good lovers as well as good haters.

As might be expected, Nashville was full of spies, and as General Johnston had retired no further than Murfreesboro, the surrounding country was infested with Confederate scouts and guerillas. John Morgan, whose name was already familiar to the second division, as he had harassed it throughout the winter, now made himself widely known as a partisan leader. Captain Scott, the commander of a body of Louisiana cavalry, though less notorious and efficient, was scarcely less active. Sometimes openly in Confederate uniform, sometimes stealthily in citizens' clothes, but oftener in the dress of Federal officers, these guerrilla chieftains, with or without commands, ranged the country.

Morgan was at home everywhere. He entered at night the house of a friend within the Federal lines, slept in the best bed, and departed with only a sly recognition. He walked on the streets of a town which was full of Federal soldiers, chaffered with the trades-people, gave them a wink, and received from them the result of their observations as to the numbers or movements of the enemy. He went into a Federal telegraph office, sent a dispatch to a friend or an enemy in the North, and walked off unsuspected, or with threats imposed silence until his safety was secured. He waylaid a train, destroyed the cars and took the passengers prisoners. But his most common performance, as also that of Captain Scott, was a sudden swoop on Federal pickets.

One morning as company C, of the Thirtieth Indiana, was on the picket line south of Nashville, nearly a hundred Rebels

disguised in the national uniform, coolly rode up, and while their commanding officer informed the Federal Captain that there should be a different disposition of the pickets, they dashed upon the company and carried off four men. Pursuit was vain, as the enemy was out of musket range before the affair was really understood.

Another morning a still bolder attack was made by a larger troop, also in Federal dress. Approaching within fifty yards of a picket line of Wisconsin soldiers they fired on them before they were suspected. The pickets stood their ground, the long roll was sounded, and nearly the whole of McCook's division was called to arms. But the enemy meant nothing more than a dastardly destruction of pickets, and fled immediately.

One evening Captain Braden, an officer on General Dumont's staff, was attempting to make a purchase at a farm house on the Murfreesboro turnpike, when he was caught by about sixty of Morgan's band. They disarmed him, took from him a noble horse which he rode, and which belonged to General Dumont, mounted him on a poorer animal, and moved towards Murfreesboro to deliver him to General Hardee. After proceeding about twelve miles, the Captain saw a party of Federal cavalry at a distance. Managing to fall behind his captors, he put spurs to his horse, and wheeling him round, dashed into the woods. He was fired upon and pursued, but the Federal troops, who were out in search of him, came to his rescue, and in a sharp fight with the marauders, killed four, took four prisoners, and put the rest to flight. Besides Captain Braden, several captured teamsters were released.

Sometime after a fine horse of John Morgan's was captured, and came into the hands of General Dumont, who satisfactorily retaliated by retaining the animal.

During the stay of the Army of the Ohio in Nashville, the Louisville railroad was completed, and the bridges were rebuilt; the troops were paid, were again thoroughly equipped and prepared for the field; the army was partially reorganized; Government stores in vast quantities were daily received, and Nashville was the scene of endless bustle and activity.

After the abandonment of Bowling Green, nothing was left

to the Confederates in Kentucky but Columbus, and after the surrender of the two small forts at Clarksville, which commanded the Bowling Green and Memphis railroad, Columbus was no longer tenable. Without waiting for a direct demonstration, the Confederates left in hot haste. A few Illinois troops who were scouring the hostile region of western Kentucky, heard a rumor of their departure, and cautiously approached the stronghold. They deliberately surveyed it from without; spying no enemy they entered, and looked suspiciously about them.

All was as silent as the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Here was everything that indicated life—chairs, tables, stoves, beds, provisions, letters, newspapers; and everything which signified destruction or defense—muskets, bayonets, immense piles of torpedoes, and one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, commanding the river for nearly three miles; imbedded in the bluff was one end of a massive chain which had stretched across the river to prevent the passage of the gunboats, and was broken by the current; but no human being was visible.

Only a thorough examination could convince the scouts that they had really entered into possession of the vast and formidable fortifications of Columbus, and then they had no flag to signify their triumph, and their authority. However, they bought some striped calico in the little town, manufactured a banner, and the next day welcomed Commodore Foote, whose gunboat fleet, with a hundred spy-glasses directed towards the strange flag, slowly drew near.

Kentucky was at last free. The national colors floated from Louisville to Bowling Green, from Maysville and Mill Spring to Columbus.

And in Tennessee the Stars and Stripes were planted never more to be removed.

The retreat of General Price in Missouri, his defeat on Sugar Creek, the loss of Henry, Donelson, Bowling Green, Nashville and Columbus, especially the fact that Bowling Green, Nashville and Columbus had fallen without a blow, struck terror and grief to the heart of the Confederacy. But the resolution of the South, like iron hardened by burning,

was only strengthened by trial and defeat. The Governor of Arkansas issued a proclamation, drafting into service within twenty days every man in Arkansas subject to military duty. The Governor of Tennessee called upon every man who could obtain a weapon to march with the armies. He bade the old and the young, wherever they might be, to stand as pickets to the struggling armies, and he appealed to all citizens to open their purses and their store-houses of provisions to the soldiers. The Governor of Mississippi directed every man who was able to bear arms to have his arms in readiness; and required the appointment of enrollers in all the counties preparatory to drafting, and for the establishment of gunshops. A terribly earnest spirit pervaded all the officials of the Confederate Government, and started a system of measures which led to the passage of a stringent conscription act.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEW MADRID AND ISLAND NO. 10.

ON the day designated by the President's General Order, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, the Army of the Mississippi, under the command of General Pope, left St. Louis to join Commodore Foote in the long projected movement down the river. It landed at Commerce, where it was reinforced by five Indiana regiments, the Thirty-Fourth, Forty-Third, Forty-Sixth and Forty-Seventh, which had spent the winter in Kentucky, and the Fifty-Ninth, which was just organized, and was the first to reach Commerce. Jesse J. Alexander, Colonel of the last named regiment, had been a captain in the Mexican war, and afterwards a member of the State Senate. He was engaged in business as a banker when appointed to the position. The Indiana regiments were brigaded together, and Colonel Slack was assigned to the command of the brigade, which was placed in the third division of the army, under General Palmer. The Fifty-Ninth was shortly after removed to Colonel Worthington's brigade.

General Pope's army numbered forty thousand men when he moved from Commerce. He met with no opposition, except some slight skirmishing with Jeff Thompson, who was always found roving the banks of the great river, but the mud was so deep and universal that his progress was scarcely five miles a day, and it was the 3d of March when he arrived in the vicinity of New Madrid.

On abandoning Columbus, General Beauregard, to whom the defence of the Mississippi river had been entrusted, fell back about forty-five miles to Island No. 10, which, with New Madrid, now formed the left of the new Confederate line, and became the chief barrier to Federal progress.

Island No. 10 is situated at the base of one of the short turns which retard the current of the Mississippi, and New

Madrid is at the top of another, and is northwest of the island. Southeast of New Madrid is a long, narrow promontory; north of No. 10 is a similar tongue of land. From No. 8, which is on a straight line above No. 10, to New Madrid the distance is six miles across the land, while by water it is fifteen. The distance from No. 10 south to Tiptonville is five miles by the road and twenty-seven by the river. Reelfoot lake, a large body of water, surrounded by hundreds of acres of impassable swamp, extends along the base of the peninsula opposite New Madrid, making it in reality an island, and flows into the river forty miles below Tiptonville.

Access to No. 10 from the interior was impossible, except by a small flatboat, which plied two miles along the lake, and through a passage cut in the cypress swamps. New Madrid seemed to be the only vulnerable point, and it was not to be expected, as the river was the only means of supply for the forces on the island and on the peninsula around it, except a road from Tiptonville along the west bank of Reelfoot lake, that New Madrid would be left without formidable defences.

Its fortifications, however, though they were considerable, did not compare in strength with those of the island. They consisted of a bastioned earthwork, mounting fourteen heavy guns, about a half mile above the town, and another fort of like construction, mounting seven pieces of heavy artillery, at the lower end of the town, together with lines of intrenchments running round from one to the other. Five regiments of infantry and several companies of artillery formed the garrison. Six gunboats, which had formerly been part of the armament before Columbus, and which carried from three to eight heavy guns each, were anchored along the shore, and looked directly over the low and heavy banks. The approaches were commanded by at least sixty pieces of heavy artillery.

General Pope had no heavy field pieces; it was impossible to operate against such a force with light artillery, and he sent to Cairo for a few siege guns. Meantime he thoroughly reconnoitered the ground, lined the river bank below with rifle-pits for a thousand men, and established artillery in sunken batteries of single pieces between the rifle-pits. This arrangement presented but a slight mark to Rebel gunboats,

while it so blockaded the river that transports could neither go up nor down without suffering under a heavy fire.

At this stage of affairs General Mackall, whom Beauregard had placed in command, reinforced New Madrid from the island, increasing the garrison to about nine thousand. About the same time four heavy siege guns reached General Pope. They arrived at sundown on the 12th. The men fell to work as soon as it was dark, threw up two lines of breastworks, placed the guns in battery within eight hundred yards of the enemy's redoubt, and opened fire at daylight. The Rebel commodore immediately collected his whole fleet of gunboats at New Madrid, and poured a rapid and furious, but inaccurate, fire upon the breastworks. The cannonading, begun so early, continued through the day, nevertheless the trenches were advanced and were extended until they reached round the town. During the afternoon, an attempt was made to flank our batteries, but the expedition came suddenly upon some field guns which were concealed by trees, and supported by the Indiana Forty-Third, and was driven in confusion back into the works.

Ohio and Illinois troops were the grand guard for the night; but a terrible thunder-storm raged, and they were unable to discover through the darkness of the night and the turmoil of the tempest any evidences of movement on the part of the enemy.

At three in the morning, while it was yet dark, and the rain was pouring down, General Palmer called out his division to march to the relief of the troops in the trenches. When the color-bearer of the Forty-Seventh appeared with his flag, Colonel Slack told him to take it back and get his rifle and bayonet; he expected an earnest day, and wanted every man to carry his gun. His orders were to throw up new intrenchments several hundred yards nearer the enemy, to replant the batteries, and to be prepared to storm the fortifications at the point of the bayonet. Men never went into battle with a higher resolve than that with which the Indiana brigade now moved, through field and wood, mud and water, up to the intrenchments.

They received an easy triumph. A rumor met them that

the place was abandoned. Colonel Slack sent forward a reconnoitring party, which made the discovery that Fort Thompson was vacant at the same time that a deputation of citizens, with a flag of truce, sought an interview with General Pope to surrender the town.

The Forty-Seventh regiment was the first to enter, and the banner of the Thirty-Fourth was the first to rise within the walls.

The Confederates fled during the storm. They left their dead unburied, with many other though less painful evidences of haste. Thirty-three cannon remained within the fortifications, with great numbers of small arms and a large amount of ammunition.

The only point of approach to the island now open to the enemy was the landing at Tiptonville. To command the landing Palmer's division was sent to Riddle's Point, which is opposite. It started at nine Sunday night, drawing three pieces of light artillery and one heavy iron twenty-four pounder by hand fourteen miles through mud and water and pathless woods. The men dug rifle-pits, and were ensconced in them when on Tuesday morning at sunrise they were discovered by two Rebel gunboats. At once, but slowly, the boats steamed up the river, and when within a half mile commenced firing upon the earthworks. In a short time five other gunboats arrived and joined in the unequal contest. Two hours the four guns in the trenches responded to twenty on the boats, when, relying on their superiority, the boats approached the shore in front of the Forty-Seventh Indiana to effect a landing. Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson was in command of the regiment. The men were steady and trusty, but they had only one cannon, and their strength seemed trifling in comparison with that of the gunboats. However, they lay still until they could distinctly hear the voices and could even distinguish the words of the Rebel officers, when they rose and fired with correct aim, and their single cannon threw out its balls so accurately, that one boat was disabled and sent drifting down the river. This was but the opening of the struggle. It continued with determination on both sides. In the heat of the battle Sergeant Lindsay sprang forward and

coolly removed from the gun a flag to save it from injury, and carrying it to the rear he planted it behind the rifle-pits. Another boat was seriously injured, when all withdrew.

Frequent efforts were afterwards made by the enemy to introduce supplies to the island, or to pass transports for the removal of troops, but the vigilant Indiana regiments in the rifle-pits frustrated every attempt.

Commodore Foote with the gunboat flotilla sailed from Cairo the day of the surrender of New Madrid. On the 16th he commenced bombarding the island, and continued cannonading it day and night. In addition to seven gunboats he had ten mortars, which were larger than any that had ever been brought into use at that time. But they were inaccurate, and while the firing was noisy it was not sanguinary. It was evident that the rear of the fortifications must be reached in order to close the road to Tiptonville. While Pope prevented steamboats from ascending, he had not even a skiff by which he could cross to the Tennessee bank; but he was resolved to make the passage, and, greatly to the merriment of the Confederates, he cut a canal twelve miles in length, from one bayou to another, through corn-fields, woods and swamps, in the last of which he had to saw off a thousand large, strong trees three feet below the surface of the water.

Pope then requested Commodore Foote to send him one of his gunboats. The naval commander consented, but with hesitation, as running batteries was then an untried experiment. One dark, stormy night, a small force of Illinois troops landed at the upper Confederate fort on the Kentucky shore, and frightening the sentinels back, spiked all the guns. Two nights after, before the mischief was repaired, and while it was again dark and stormy, the Carondelet slid swiftly past, her guns silent and all her ports closed. The batteries on the island fired fast and furiously upon her; but an hour after she started she fired three signal guns to indicate her safety to the listening and anxious fleet. General Pope's army welcomed the vessel with wild delight, cheering for Commodore Foote, for the Carondelet, for its Captain, for its cabin-boy, and for the Navy!

Two nights after this feat of the Carondelet, the Pittsburg

ran the batteries, and the next morning four little stern-wheel steamboats, which, after passing through Pope's canal, had lain hidden in a bayou, appeared in front of Pope's army. With this sight the conviction was forced upon the Confederates that success was hopeless, and that their only safety lay in flight, if indeed flight were not now unavailing. Some found their way over the lake and through the swamp, but the main force, after drawing up three times in line of battle, surrendered unconditionally to Pope's army, which, protected by the gunboats, had crossed the river at midnight.

The stores on the island were vast. The armament was magnificent. The fortifications were constructed with the highest engineering skill. Seldom has a success, so bloodless in its accomplishment, so great in its results, been achieved.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SHILOH.

"Is not death, when freely chosen and prepared for, the most solemn and beautiful thing to which life can aspire?"—*Neibuhr*.

"Men, in the glowing morning light,
What gleams defiance from yonder height?
See, 'tis the flaunting rebel flag!"
With throbbing hearts, and eyes aflame,
From soldiers' throats the answer came:

"Yes, 'tis the cursed rebel rag!
It shall fall, though in falling it cost us life!
God be with you, children and wife!"

Hark to the drum! Hark to the fife!
Through the ranks the summons pealing,
Rousing every noble feeling!

*God grant, my brother,
If not in this world, that in another
We meet again!"*

—*The Battle. Adapted from Schiller, by G. W. Birdseye.*

After their retreat from Nashville, the Confederates formed a new line of defence along the Charleston and Memphis railroad for the preservation of northern Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. Grand Junction, Corinth, Florence, Stevenson, all situated on this railroad at points intersected by other roads, were important positions, and were guarded accordingly. Early in March General Beauregard assumed command, and made his headquarters at Corinth, which was near the center of the line. He was shortly after joined by General A. S. Johnston, with twenty-five thousand men, from Murfreesboro, by General Polk, with two divisions, from Columbus, by General Bragg, with ten thousand Alabamians, from Pensacola, by General Pillow, with the fugitives from Fort Donelson, and by new troops who had responded to the call of the Governors of Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. He expected Van Dorn with thirty thousand men from Arkansas, and he labored indefatigably to create an

army so vast that the fact of its existence would revive the discouraged, and so powerful that it would check in one battle the progress of the victorious Union forces.

Corinth is a lively little town in the northwest corner of Mississippi, about twenty miles from Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee. It is built on low land, and on clay soil, and in consequence is swampy in wet weather and dusty in dry. In the direction of the river the country is thickly wooded, very hilly and crossed by numerous, rough, narrow, crooked roads. High ridges near the town afford such advantages for fortifications that it might have been made nearly impregnable. But Beauregard simply built separate redoubts, and connected them in part by a parapet and ditch, and in part by shallow rifle-pits. He felled the trees so as to give a good field of fire to the main road and beyond it. The fortifications were undoubtedly strangely inferior, but the Confederate army, according to the testimony of Pollard, "in numbers, in discipline, in the galaxy of distinguished names of its commanders, and in every article of merit and display, was one of the most magnificent ever assembled by the South on a single battle-field."

The Generals in chief command were all men of mark. The most of them, also, were men of a fine, stately presence. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee and Polk were all educated by the National Government at West Point.

Perhaps no Confederate commander, except General Lee, had the unquestioning confidence of the Rebel government and public to an equal degree with General Johnston. He was nearly sixty years old, and had spent his long life in the United States army. In his youth he was a duellist, and through his life he retained a high, stubborn temper, which he owed perhaps to Scotland, the land of his origin.

Beauregard, the commander of the department, and second in rank to Johnston, was at this time the hero of the hero-worshipping South—in genius a Napoleon, in chivalry a Bayard. In some points of character he was not unlike Napoleon. He was quick in thought, prompt in action, and no braver man ever carried a sword. He was, also, as Napoleon is described by one of the best analyzers of his character,

"behind his age, a man of the past. The value of the modern heart and growth he did not discern. He went groping in the mediæval times, not having yet learned that ideas are stronger than blows. He was not the original genius he has been vaunted, he was a vulgar copyist."

Beauregard resembled Bayard less. Truth sat on the knight's manly lips; loyalty girded his armor on; honor pointed his sword; charity to the captive and the wounded drew upon his head the blessings of his enemy; and modesty veiled, while it irradiated, his virtues and his genius. To preserve union he gave his life to his country. The historian says: "The traitor Bourbon (he who would have divided France into three independent paltry States,) found him mortally wounded, sitting with his face to the enemy and his eyes closed in prayer. In this posture, which became his character both as a soldier and as a Christian, he calmly awaited the approach of death. Bourbon expressed regret and pity at the sight.

"Pity not me," cried the high-spirited Chevalier; "I die as a man of honor ought, in the discharge of my duty; they indeed are objects of pity who fight against their king, their country and their oath."

General Beauregard knew truth and honor, modesty and loyalty only in name, and as for charity—under his polished French manner he concealed the keen cruelty of the shark.* He was as deficient in common sense as in the delicate attributes of manhood. Fancying the word "abolitionist" would fret the noble North, produce perhaps a mutiny in the northern ranks, he gravely and officially recommended its adoption instead of the more common terms Federal and Yankee.

Beauregard's hair before the war was of unmingled black, "now it was sprinkled with snow,

'Nor turned it white

In a single night,

As men's have done from sudden fears;'

nor did it blanch under the all-absorbing labors and anxieties of his position," as was partially the case with General Fre-

* See Beauregard's request to the Confederate Government to starve prisoners.

mont;* but from external causes produced by the enforcement of the blockade.†

General Bragg was a stern, harsh disciplinarian, and not much loved, but he possessed great energy and resolution, and was invaluable to the southern cause.

General Hardee was a man of less gravity, and of a lower tone of character in every respect than Johnston, and in some particulars than even Bragg and Beauregard, but he was more affable and equally prompt and spirited.

General Polk, or "the bishop," as the jealous General Pillow preferred to call him, was more intense, more impressible, more vivacious than any of his co-adjutors.

Breckinridge, a handsome, discontented Kentuckian, was another General of note. Withers, Ruggles and Cheatham were division commanders, and Yancey, Crittenden, Gladden, Gibson were not mean names among the Brigadier Generals.

While General Beauregard chose his position, and gathered about him a great part of the strength and talent of the South, neither Buell nor Grant was idle.

Having clothed and equipped his army anew, and in some respects re-arranged his brigades, General Buell was ready to continue his progress. Before leaving Nashville, however, at the earnest request of General Mitchell, he directed his third division to advance through Murfreesboro, in a southeasterly direction, in order to destroy the communication of the enemy along the Charleston and Memphis railroad, over which supplies passed in the West to the Rebel army in the East, and troops might be sent from the East to reinforce the Rebel army in the West; he detached Negley's brigade, in which was the Thirty-Eighth Indiana, from the second division for the defence of Nashville, transferred Colonel Miller from the command of a brigade to the charge of the barracks in the city, and assigned General Dumont to the command of the post.

On the 16th the movement began through a beautiful and highly cultivated part of Tennessee. War had not yet devas-

* Richardson's "Field, Dungeon and Escape."

†The Turveydrops of the South suffered untold mortification for want of hair dyes, wigs and other such necessities of the toilet.

tated that region; and farm and forest, mansion and cabin were fair and smiling in the midst of nature's plenty and peace. Hostile feeling, however, was very strong among the inhabitants. In Williamson county, where, it is said, not a single vote was given for secession, not a single cheer was now uttered for the Union. Some wept at the sight of the almost ceaseless stream of invaders, but generally its course was watched with scowls and sneers.

At Rutherford creek and at Duck river, while a troop of Buell's cavalry, consisting principally of the Second Indiana, held at a distance a troublesome force of the enemy's cavalry, the second division, which was in advance, was forced to build bridges. The Michigan engineers were no longer at hand, and Willich's pioneers having been disbanded and their tools turned over to the quartermaster's department, the work was no small task. Where laborers are plenty and pay is little or nothing, tools are scarce, and it was with great difficulty, after scouring the country, that a sufficiency could be procured. The more difficult affair of the two, the bridge over Duck river, was completed under the direction of Colonel Willich. During the progress of the work, by means at first of a small flat-boat and a rope ferry, afterwards of a pontoon bridge, the divisions of Generals Nelson and Crittenden and part of McCook's crossed the river.

Columbia, on the south bank of Duck river, showed more than any place through which the army had passed the presence of war. Four seminaries or colleges, in which a thousand or twelve hundred young people were generally in attendance, were either closed or used as Rebel hospitals.

Beyond Columbia progress was exceedingly slow and toilsome. It continued during five days at the rate of six and twelve miles a day. The road was narrow, rough and hilly. The only relief to the tedium of the march was furnished by the change in the appearance of the country and in the character of the people.

In southern Tennessee poverty and ignorance succeed to the wealth and intelligence of the central region. The farms are small patches of stony or clay soil. The farming implements belong to the eighteenth century, and the manner of

house-keeping is as ancient. A creaking sweep dips up water from the well. The big wheel or the little wheel hums and drones in the best room of the cabin. A gigantic loom, such as furnished the similitude for Goliath's beam, fills up half the kitchen. Linen whitens on the grass-plot beside the door. Cotton-cards tear apart and roll up the fleecy product of the little fields. Shadows mark the time. A crane swings the kettle over the fire, and a skillet bakes the bread. A large portion of the women encroach on a custom which in other districts of the United States is the nasty prerogative of men. Not uncommon during the war was the spectacle of a mother with three or four grown up daughters sitting in a semi-circle and spitting tobacco juice over the sacred hearth, which the father and sons were fighting for in the Confederate army; or of girls in rivalry with boys expectorating through closed teeth; or of a woman dipping snuff and fondly sucking her snuff-dipper, sometimes kindly passing it from her own mouth to that of a friend. Lowest in the scale of southern humanity are the clay-eaters, a "feeble folk," who actually "eat dirt," and by this custom give to southern literature the expression "dirt-eater," which, though applied to the North, was never understood in that portion of the United States until the march of armies displayed the recesses of Tennessee and Alabama life.

Not being in the habit of living on unpaid labor, such of the people below Columbia as labored at all, were honest, and in consequence loyal. They warmly welcomed the Union army.

April 6th, as the army plodded along, or prepared to renew its march, a hollow rumbling like the far off gathering of a storm was heard. In the sky there was not a cloud; the morning sun shone serenely; but louder and more distinct swelled the sound. It was the roar of battle. The North and South had met on the field of Shiloh.

"Forward!" was the command which passed along the line. "Forward! without the baggage trains." The men loaded their muskets, inspectors saw that they were provided with forty rounds of cartridges, and horse and foot tramped through all

the long hours of that dreadful day, hastening towards the rising and falling but never ceasing tumult.

General Grant left Fort Henry, where he had concentrated his army after the siege of Donelson, before General Buell left Nashville. He occupied the second week in March in moving up the Tennessee with his army, on nearly a hundred transports. He landed at Savannah, a little town, of two hundred inhabitants, one hundred and seventy miles above the fort, before the middle of the month. Making this place a depot for stores, and retaining to guard it a few troops, he sent his army further up the river, five divisions to Pittsburg Landing, ten miles, and one division, under General Lew Wallace, to Crump's Landing, but four miles above Savannah. Pittsburg Landing was selected as a place of debarcation, and as an encampment by General Smith, because creeks flowing each side of the position left open to the enemy, should he choose to make an attack, only the front, and new troops resist a front attack more bravely than a flank assault.

The position, now known as the battle-ground of Shiloh, is an oblong area, nearly encircled by streams. The broad Tennessee is on the East, Owl creek rises in a ridge on the West, curves round, and with Snake creek, into which it flows, forms the northern boundary. Lick creek has its source in the same ridge, pursues an opposite course, makes the same sort of curve round the southern limit, and creeps into the river through a narrow marsh not more than three miles from the mouth of Snake creek. The landing is in a ravine midway between the Lick and Snake, and is connected with Corinth by a wagon road, which divides a mile or two from the river, one branch being the lower, the other the ridge Corinth road. Pittsburg itself is nothing more than two shabby houses. The original forest, and dense thickets under the trees and in wet ravines, have seldom been disturbed, but besides the roads one or two clearings, which consist of a cotton-field, a corn-field, a peach-orchard, and a cabin, show that the country is inhabited. In the spring of 1862 a hewed log-house, called the Shiloh Church, stood on the ridge road, not quite three miles from the river, in the shade of a noble

oak grove. Not one log now lies upon another to mark the spot. At the point of the ridge, near the church, two fine springs, now as then, gush up from gravelly beds. Many springs and rivulets of clear water flow at the base of the sharp hills into which the ground is broken.

The five divisions round Pittsburg Landing were under the command of Sherman, Prentiss, McClelland, Hurlburt and Smith. General Smith, immediately after encamping the army, was attacked by an illness which terminated fatally. He was succeeded in the command of his division by W. H. L. Wallace. Except Sherman, all the division commanders were Illinois men. The only Indiana troops on the field were in Hurlburt's division, the "Fighting Fourth," as it came to be called. They formed the Twenty-Fifth, Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth regiments. The Twenty-Fifth was in the second brigade, which was commanded by Colonel Veatch, and the Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth were in the third brigade, Colonel Lauman, who assumed command only the day before the battle, and made the acquaintance of his men under fire.

General Sherman's division fronted the South, and was arranged as outlying pickets. Three brigades, forming the extreme right, were three miles from the landing, and reached from Snake creek, the bridge of which they guarded, beyond Shiloh Church. One, the extreme left, guarded the ford of Lick creek, not more than a mile from the Tennessee. This last brigade was under the command of Colonel Stuart. The brigade east of the church was under Colonel Hildebrand. The first line of Sherman's right was on the brow of a ridge, the declivity of which was covered with thick woods, and the base watered by a willow-bordered brook. The division was made up of Illinois, Iowa and Ohio troops, who were all inexperienced and undisciplined, not one regiment having yet seen a battle.

Nearer to the river, almost parallel with it, and between the sundered parts of Sherman's division, lay McClelland and Prentiss, the former overlapped by Sherman. McClelland's men were nearly all from Illinois, and, having been engaged at Donelson, they had both experience and reputation. Prentiss

with raw Illinois, Iowa and Missouri troops, was on the left and southeast of McClelland.

Hurlburt and W. H. L. Wallace were in the rear, not far from the river.

No defences were thrown up in front, although both Grant and Sherman were well aware of the danger in which their proximity to the Rebels placed them, and though ridgy ground and thick woods offered such advantages that either breast-works or an abatis could easily be made.

The Confederate commanders, meantime, watched with solicitude the concentration of Grant's forces and the approach of Buell. As early as the 14th of March Beauregard gave minute instructions to his men in regard to their conduct in the coming battle. Under all circumstances they were to fire with deliberation at the feet of the enemy, in order to avoid over-shooting, and because wounded men would give more trouble than dead. Each man must single out his mark. Whoever quit his standard on the battle-field under fire, on pretence of removing or aiding the wounded, would be shot on the spot.

Not only instructions were given, preparations of every kind were hastened in order to attack Grant's forces before Buell's arrival. Beauregard was confident that taking the armies singly he could capture them, or drive them into the river, or on their transports, and bring to Corinth the abundant Federal stores which were at Savannah. His movement, however was delayed by various difficulties, and it was not until he ascertained, on the 2d of April, that Buell was dangerously near, that he issued orders to advance. Saturday morning, April 5th, was fixed for the attack, but the roads were so bad that the army did not reach the approaches to the Federal camp until late Saturday night. Friday and Saturday a cavalry reconnoitring force appeared in front of Crump's Landing. After skirmishing with Wallace's cavalry it was driven back and pursued.

Saturday night the Confederate troops rested not a mile from General Grant's front, within the sound of the Federal drum. Sunday morning, while the stars were still shining, they rose, moved on silently in three lines of battle, led re-

spectively by Hardee, Bragg and Polk, and¹ with a strong reserve under Breckinridge, towards Pittsburg Landing. Cavalry formed the rear of each wing of the first and second line, of the left wing of the third line, and the right wing of the reserve. In order to embrace the whole Union front, the reserve was brought up as the army approached, and made to extend the line right and left. A brigade of Bragg's corps took the left of Hardee. A brigade of Breckinridge's reserve supported the left of Bragg's corps, while the rest of Breckinridge's force and Yancey's brigade of Polk's corps advanced on the right to the fords of Lick creek, and later in the day assumed a commanding point opposite Stuart.

When the Union pickets became aware of the Confederate approach, they strove to fall back slowly and give the army time to spring to arms, but they were captured or scattered, and, almost unannounced, Hardee and Bragg came sweeping in towards the center. They expected to strike Prentiss and McClelland, and turn upon Sherman when they had swept away the main army, or crushed it into one mass. But while Bragg struck Prentiss full in front, McClelland was so far behind Sherman that he escaped the first blow, and Hardee's attack fell hard on Hildebrand, standing near the little church.

There was now no careful choosing of position, nor arranging of lines on the field of Shiloh. Ordered from the tent, from the table, from the bed into the full blaze and roar of battle, the troops could scarcely hear, or hearing comprehend, the plainest directions. General Prentiss drew up in front of his encampment in an open space of which General Bragg had full sweep. He could not hold it. He was instantly forced back. He formed his brigade within his encampment, but only to be driven back again, and so rapidly that some of his men were captured or slain in their tents before they had time to arm or even dress themselves.

Sherman stood somewhat better. The church, held by Hildebrand, was his center. But Hildebrand's raw troops gave way. One regiment fled without lifting a hand; another wavered, then broke and ran wildly to the rear; the third was in confusion. To retain the central point was hopeless, and Sherman lost no time in gaining a new position for such of

Hildebrand's brigade could not be collected. As his foremost batteries fell back, he met Captain Behr, and ordered him to come immediately into action. Behr gave directions to his company to assume the position pointed out. Before his instructions could be heard he was shot from his horse. His death so confused his men that when four were wounded and sixty-eight horses were killed, they fled in disorder, leaving nearly all their guns, though carrying off their caissons.

The two remaining brigades on the right, like wild steeds of the prairie when flames roll from every side, stood, startled and trembling; but the regal spirit of their commander held them steady. The impetuous Sherman, his face soiled with powder and blood, was a target to the enemy. A bullet cut off his bridle within two inches of his fingers; a second whistled through the top of his hat. His horse was shot under him; he mounted another; the second fell; he bestrode a third; his hand was shot through, an aid bound it in a sling. Wherever he went the bullets fell; wherever the enemy poured his hottest fire he went.

When McClelland in his camp heard the din of battle on his right and left, he promptly marched forward to the Corinth road, extended his line toward Shiloh, and waited the coming in of the battle tide. He had not to wait many minutes. It rolled up against his right, then all along his front, but he stood like a rock until the Confederates, rushing in where Sherman had broken, threatened to flank him, then he too drew back, leaving his camp in the possession of the enemy.

Before eight o'clock Sherman and Prentiss both sent to Hurlburt's reserve for aid. The second brigade, the Twenty-Fifth Indiana and three Illinois regiments, were marching to Sherman in ten minutes. In a little more time the first and third were on their way to Prentiss. As they drew near his rear and left, they met flying thousands, all unmanned, haggard, panting, pushing in blind strength towards the river. The fugitives drifted over and through Hurlburt's men. A white-faced Colonel shouted to the Forty-Fourth Indiana, "They outnumber us two to one! My command is all gone! You'll be cut to pieces!" "Hold your tongue, you cowardly rascal!" cried Lieutenant Hodges, of company I; "or I'll

run you through. If you have stampeded your regiment, you shan't run off ours!"

The "Fighting Fourth" drew up in line of battle, the first brigade on the south side of a large open field, the third continuing the line with an obtuse angle round the eastern edge of the field, and extending beyond some distance into the woods. One battery was placed in the angle, one at each end of the line. Scarcely was the fire of the enemy felt when the artillerymen on the right fled, leaving caissons, guns and horses, without control. Volunteers from the two other batteries, Mann's in the angle, and Ross' on the left, brought in the frightened horses and spiked the guns.

General Breckinridge, with his reserve, approached the third brigade. As he neared, the young Major of the Thirty-First Indiana rode along his regiment, his face aglow with the light of battle, and said, "Be cool, men, be cool!" While the words were still on his lips, a sweeping volley hurled him from his horse, and struck the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel. A half hour's steady and continuous fire repulsed this fierce attack. But the pause was short. The struggle was renewed by a return of Breckinridge's force. It advanced steadily and gallantly over the open field in front within four hundred yards. Fire from both batteries and both brigades drove it back, but only to return. Three hours a bitter struggle continued along Hurlbut's line. General Johnston was in Breckinridge's rear, delivering an order to an aid, when a piece of shell struck him and cut an artery, from which he bled to death. Colonel Cruft was three times wounded. One bullet cut through the surface of his shoulder, a second lodged in his thigh, while a piece of shell stuck fast in his skull. He picked them out, without dismounting, as coolly as a man would draw a splinter from his finger.

Colonel Veatch's brigade, sent early to the assistance of Sherman, bore itself as manfully as the rest of Hurlbut's division. A private letter written the next day by the Major of the Twenty-Fifth, tells the story of Indiana on the right of the field with more spirit than the cold pen of the distant writer:

"We had hardly left the camp before we saw the roads full

of our flying men, and all along the two miles we passed over were strewn guns, knapsacks and blankets. We found to our dismay that our front had been completely surprised, one whole division scattered and retreating in utter confusion, and the enemy in force already a mile within our camps.

"We were drawn up in line of battle, our brigade under Colonel Veatch, in a skirt of timber, bordering on a large field, on the outer edge of which our troops were engaging the enemy. But the Confederates pressed on in overwhelming force, and just as the troops in front of us began to waver, we discovered that the enemy had flanked us on the right, and was rapidly advancing (in what force we knew not, but the woods were swarming,) to attack our brigade on the right and rear. So it became necessary for us to change front to the rear to meet them. The Fifteenth Illinois was on the right, the Fourteenth Illinois in the center, and the Twenty-Fifth Indiana on the left, the other regiment, the Forty-Sixth Illinois, by the rapid flanking of the enemy becoming detached from the brigade, was not with us again during the whole action. This brought the first fire upon the Fifteenth Illinois, which stood it nobly, but was soon overpowered, likewise the Fourteenth.

"In the meantime our troops in front and on the left were completely routed, and came pell-mell right through our lines, causing some little confusion, and hardly had they passed through to our rear, when the enemy was upon us; and here the fire of musketry was most terrible. Our men tried to stand up to it, but everything was breaking to pieces all round us, and it was more than we could do short of annihilation. We poured in a few well-directed volleys, and reluctantly left the field, many of our men firing as they fell back. The loss here was heavy. All the field officers of the Fifteenth Illinois were killed instantly. Two of our Lieutenants were killed and three wounded, and one of our Captains, George W. Saltzman, became separated from us, being on the extreme right, and covered entirely by the thick undergrowth. After vainly seeking for the regiment he went into the thickest of battle on the left, joining the Sixteenth Wisconsin, and there bravely fighting for his country, was shot through the heart.

We left dead on this field fifteen men killed almost instantly on the first fire, and a large number wounded.

"At the first fire Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan was shot in the leg and carried off the field. From this time I led the regiment in person. I did all I could to make the men contest the ground firmly as we fell back, and on the first favorable ground, about a hundred yards from the first line of battle, I planted the colors, mounted a fallen tree, and, waiving my hat with all my might, I cheered and called on the men to rally on the flag, never to desert their colors. All the left wing responded to my call most nobly, and rallied under a galling fire. Our loss was very heavy. Lieutenant Henry L. Brickett, commanding company C, was mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes, refusing to be carried from the field. Lieutenant Patterson fell here, and other noble men.

"I did not see Colonel Morgan fall, and supposed he had charge of the right wing, but the various captains collected a large number of their men, and as soon as I got under cover of the regiment on the left and rear, they brought the men up and joined me, and I thus had quite a battalion, notwithstanding the killed and wounded and lost. The men who came to me at this time had been tried in the furnace, and were true men, and during all the trying scenes of the rest of the day they never faltered in obeying my commands and did most nobly. As soon as our brigade was collected, Colonel Veatch moved us over to the right to support General McClelland's division, which was being very hard pressed by the enemy."

Stuart's brigade, which stood at the far left, was the last of the outer line to be attacked. When Colonel Stuart saw long lines of bayonets appear through the leaves, he drew his troops together near the ford and awaited their approach. But he attracted no attention until ten o'clock, when, as he stood listening to the advancing and receding roar of battle on his right and in the center of the field, he was startled by a shell from the opposite bluffs of the creek. He had already requested aid from W. H. L. Wallace, and Wallace had sent him Colonel McArthur's Brigade. But McArthur bore too

much to the right, and almost immediately after commencing his movement he found himself in the midst of Bragg's and Hardee's forces, which had poured in after Prentiss. He held his ground until Wallace, with the rest of his division, came to his assistance.

Now eighty thousand men were fighting in that small area, one side with the energy and the bitterness of despair, the other with the fury of a bloody and sweeping triumph. General Grant was like the demon of old Greek superstition, moving to and fro, undisturbed and cool, untouched by bullet or ball, and so quiet that none noticed him except those to whom he spoke. He said to Sherman, "Make a stubborn resistance. I will keep you supplied with ammunition;" to Prentiss, "You are doing right;" and so to one and another he gave a suggestion or a word of encouragement, seldom an order. On that wooded field it was impossible even for him to be advised of all the movements; each General, therefore, understood he was to do the best he could.

The desperate fortunes of Prentiss could not be retrieved. He tried once more to reform his broken brigades. But he had no longer a brigade, nor a regiment, nor a whole company, except that grouped around him, were three thousand faithful men. They fought well, but they were overpowered, captured and carried to the rear of the Confederate army.

With Prentiss gone, Hurlbut's right was more exposed than ever; his left also, by the falling back of Stuart. He sent two batteries to the rear, because of the death of artillerists and horses, and was obliged to call upon two pieces of Cavender's battalion to check the advance of the enemy on the first brigade, while he moved his third from the right to the left. These pieces were brought into action by the surgeon of the battalion, and a Lieutenant, and effectually checked the enemy for half an hour, during which a new front was formed with the third brigade. Lauman was now in an open field, in which were a few scattered trees. The enemy came over a ridge to the right of Stuart's former line, and directly in Lauman's front, Texans waving their lone star. An hour of uninterrupted fighting followed, during which the brigade did not swerve. The color-bearer of the Forty-Fourth

fell; another seized his flag; the second bearer was shot down; again the banner was tottering to the earth, when a third hand grasped it; soon the third heroic hand relaxed its clasp on the fatal staff; one more was bold enough to snatch the trembling colors, Lieutenant Newman, of company F. He also fell. Then, to a man, the regiment rallied round the flag, bore it to the front, and held it stoutly up while the battle lasted.

Willard's battery, under Hurlburt's direction, was thrown into position and kept up a steady discharge of artillery on the Confederates, until Lauman's brigade, first delivering a deadly volley, obstructed the line of fire by charging full up the hill. A heavy force threatened to close in between Lauman's brigade and the river, and after allowing him to push forward three or four hundred yards, Hurlburt recalled him, and retreated quietly and steadily beyond his camp to several twenty-four pound siege guns which were in battery on the bluff.

While Hurlburt defended the left, Sherman on the right saw that what remained of his division was held by a breaking cord. He ordered it back; and still as the struggle went on he ordered it further back; until at last his broken ranks stood where Wallace's reserves had been encamped.

Major Foster again tells the story of Veatch's brigade:

"In the afternoon our pickets reported the Rebels advancing against us on the left of General McClelland. As soon as we had drawn them well up by our picket skirmishers, under Captain Rheinlander, the Fourteenth Illinois flanked them, and was beginning to pour upon them a heavy fire, while we were moving up in fine style, when our whole left, which had been for eight hours steadily and stubbornly resisting the advance of the enemy in that direction, gave way, and came seeping by us in utter and total confusion—cavalry, ambulances, artillery and thousands of infantry, all in one mass, while the enemy was following closely in pursuit, at the same time throwing grape, cannister and shells thick and fast. It was a time of great excitement and dismay. It appeared that all was lost.

"I was cut off from Colonel Veatch by this receding move-

ment, and as I could receive no orders from him, I saw nothing left for me to do but to withdraw. But I was unwilling to throw our regiment into the flying mass, only to be trampled to pieces and thoroughly disorganized and broken. So I held the men back in the wash on the side of the road, until the mass of the rout had passed, when I put them in the rear of the retreat. By this means I fell into a heavy cross-fire of the enemy, but I preferred it to being crushed to pieces by our own army. Here we lost a number killed and many wounded.

"Colonel Veatch acted with great courage. He was always with his brigade in the thickest of the fight. Two horses were shot under him, one was shot twice, and he was wounded, but he never left the field."

Wallace was the last division commander to yield ground. When he ordered his brigades to retreat he turned his back slowly and sadly on the lost field. Where he turned, there he fell. His men tried to snatch him from the ground, but pursuing bullets swept them back, and they left him alone on the field of his glory.

General Grant went about among his officers; he had not far to go, they were close together on the river bank, and said, "The enemy has expended the fury of his attack. We can keep him off to-day, and to-morrow go at him with fresh troops."

With General Sherman he estimated our loss and our strength. He related to his favorite division commander that at a certain stage of the battle before Fort Donelson he saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front, and that he accordingly assumed the requisite effrontery, and won the day. He thought the position of affairs on the present field was similar, and he trusted with Lew Wallace's fresh division united to the troops which had already been engaged he could assume the offensive at daylight. He gave orders accordingly.

It was a bold heart that did not quail at the thought of the morrow. The front, originally three miles in length, now extended but three-quarters of a mile. Nearly all the camps were gone. Nearly half the artillery, and more than twenty

flags had fallen into the hands of the enemy. One division General, with two thousand two hundred of his men, was a prisoner. Another was among the slain. The hospitals could not hold the wounded, and surgeons pursued their work upon a long bluff in the open air. Every regiment reckoned its noblest and its best on that bloody bluff, or abandoned on the field. Hundreds of distorted dead lay not a mile from the landing. Repulse after repulse had been suffered; one more, and all that remained of the army, not nineteen thousand men would be swept into the river. Already the enemy's balls were dropping in the water. Hours Sherman had held a bridge for the passage of Lew Wallace, who before noon was ordered from Crump's Landing, only six miles off. His division had seen service. The call to battle was to him as the blast of the bugle to the merry huntsman, but Sherman had waited in vain. No reinforcements and no word from them had arrived. Would they yet come? Was it not possible they had shared the fate of Prentiss, or suffered worse? Five thousand men, nearer ten thousand, whose heart and flesh had failed for fear, cowered on the river brink. They clung to their helpless guns, but showed no other feature of the soldier. Would their courage be restored on the morrow by the sight of the slippery and ghastly field?*

As General Grant repeated, "To-morrow we will assume the offensive," only the heart of Sherman responded. The placid tenacity of the Commander-in-Chief seemed too like that obstinacy which will not look fact in the face. But perhaps the tide was already turning. The gunboats, Tyler and Lexington, had been all day moving up and down,

* A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* relates that while he was looking at officers going round among the men on the river bank, storming, coaxing, commanding, he heard a Major utter the following exhortation: "Men of Kentucky, of Illinois, of Ohio, of Indiana, of Iowa, I implore you, I beg of you, come up now. Help us through two hours more. By all that you hold dear, by the homes you hope to defend, by the flag you love, by the States you honor, by all your love of country, by all your hatred of treason, come up and do your duty now!" "That feller's a good speaker!" remarked one of the fugitives, who had so far recovered his equanimity as to be able to listen, but as he made the remark he nestled more snugly in his place of security. Life is sweet.

anxious, but unable to take a part. At last, when Beauregard's success brought the Rebel troops near the mouth of Lick creek, into a ravine which was open to the gunboat artillery, Lieutenant Gwin asked leave to fire. He promptly and skillfully availed himself of the permission which was at once given him. The work was not left in his hands. Broken regiments and disordered battalions came gradually into line. The siege guns, behind which Hurlburt had fallen, were kept in play. Colonel Webster, chief of Grant's staff, collected other guns, and so directed them that they swept every approach to the landing.

All unexpectedly, on the other side of the river, came a brave sight—cavalry, banners, bayonets, long lines of men in blue, tramping gaily to the music of the cannon. Buell! Buell had come!

Ammon's brigade of Nelson's division, accompanied by thirty-five men of the Second cavalry, under Major Stewart, was immediately ferried across, together with Generals Buell and Nelson. The runaways on the bank crowded to the water's edge as the boats approached. Guards with fixed bayonets kept them from leaping aboard, but could not hush their piteous stories of the day's disaster. "Our regiment's all gone but sixteen; all killed!" "You'll never come back!" "Oh, I pity you!" Such exclamations may have caused some tremor, but excited more indignation and scorn on the part of the fresh soldiers. The rage of General Nelson waxed hot. Scattering curses right and left, he hastened to the presence of General Grant and requested permission "to open fire on the knaves."

The Sixth Ohio and Thirty-Sixth Indiana, Colonel Grose, advanced into line with Grant's forces about six o'clock. Their position was in the road directly under the fire of the Rebel artillery, and they soon became actively engaged. General Nelson ascribed to these two regiments, especially to the Thirty-Sixth Indiana, the secession of firing and speedy withdrawal of the enemy to a more distant part of the field.

General Wallace arrived shortly after dark. After standing all forenoon with his forces concentrated and ready

to move, he received orders to take position on the right of Sherman, forming his line at right angles with the river. He started at once, and had almost reached Snake creek on a road which led directly to Shiloh Church, when he was overtaken by two of General Grant's aids, who informed him that our army had retreated, that the right to which he was directed to proceed was then fighting close to the river, and that the road he was pursuing would take him to the enemy's rear, where he would certainly be cut off. Wallace accordingly made a countermarch to the river road, which, following the windings of the Tennessee bottom, crosses Snake creek by the bridge Sherman had so long held for him. It was dark, but a junction was effected, and, moving in silence, Wallace obtained a position which was not far in the rear of the line occupied by Sherman in the morning.

The tumult of the day was followed by a deep silence, which was broken only by the landing of troops, until it occurred to General Nelson's mind, ingenious for the contrivance of pain, that the enemy would be refreshed by repose. He forthwith dispatched a message to Lieutenant Gwin, advising him to throw an eight-inch shell every ten minutes among the Confederates, to prevent their sleeping. Gwin immediately acted on the suggestion, and continued a regular fire through the night, not only disturbing the enemy's sleep, but forcing him up towards the church, and the south-west corner of the ground.

A storm of rain came up, greatly to the discomfort of the troops, many of whom were unprovided with blankets, while all were without fires and already shivering with the cold; but as much to the refreshment of the wounded, who, thirsty, feverish and bleeding, received no consolation but from the cooling drops.

Before nightfall General Beauregard sent the following dispatch to Richmond:

"We have this morning attacked the enemy in a strong position in front of Pittsburg, and after a severe battle of ten hours, thanks to Almighty God, gained a complete victory, driving the enemy from every position.

"The loss on both sides is heavy, including our Com-

mander-in-Chief, Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell gallantly leading his troops into the thickest of the fight."

General Beauregard, however, could not be entirely satisfied with the state of affairs. General Johnston was dead; General Gladden would die; Generals Cheatham, Clark, Hindman, Bushrod Johnson and Bowen were all wounded. The Provisional Governor of Kentucky, fighting in the ranks, had fallen a sacrifice to his zeal. The list of the lost and of the incapacitated for further service was long and black. The Confederate officers were ill at ease about the Army of the Ohio. The coming of Buell was not known or suspected; it was now not even feared that he would arrive in time to unite his forces with those of Grant; the cheering of his troops as they ascended the river was heard; it was also responded to by Confederate troops who mistook the source; the strains of "Hail Columbia" were wafted over the bluffs below Pittsburg, but they excited no suspicion of the arrival of a new force. The anxiety of the Confederates rose from the probability that the Army of the Ohio would appear on the ground, and drag them into another desperate battle before they could recover from the exhaustion to which they were now reduced, and would thus cause them to lose the spoils which they had so hardly gained, and all the fruits of victory. The severity of the storm and of the fire from the gunboats robbed them of needful rest, and the impenetrable darkness of the night, added to the confusion into which the fighting of the day and especially the repulse of the evening had thrown the army. General Anderson says in his report: "With my saddle for a seat, and a blanket thrown over my head, I sat all night at the root of an apple tree. My staff and troops cheerfully partook of the same fare." Many officers, not so happy, searched all night for their troops, and many soldiers for their regiments. General Jackson's brigade in General Bragg's corps could not at all be found. Many regiments were broken into squads, which were scattered beyond possibility of concentration, and all were exhausted and partially disorganized.

General Beauregard made strenuous efforts to restore order, and his officers gallantly seconded him. A strong rear-guard

MAP OF SHILOH.

Positions Morning of the 6th.

1. Sherman.
2. Prentiss.
3. McClelland.
4. Harlbut.
5. Smith.
22. Artillery.

Evening of 6th.

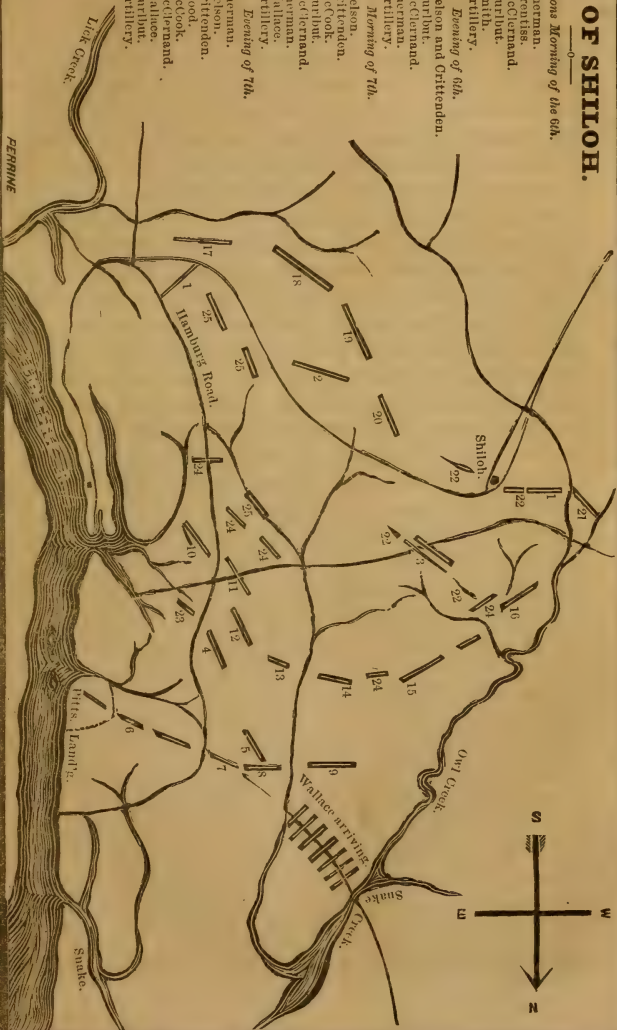
6. Nelson and Crittenden.
7. Harlbut.
8. McClelland.
9. Sherman.
23. Artillery.

Morning of 7th.

10. Nelson.
11. Crittenden.
12. McCook.
13. Harlbut.
14. McClelland.
15. Sherman.
16. Wallace.
24. Artillery.

Evening of 7th.

1. Sherman.
17. Nelson.
18. Crittenden.
19. Wood.
20. McCook.
3. McClelland.
21. Wallace.
4. Harlbut.
25. Artillery.



was placed to catch or shoot all stragglers. Another effective force was sent to look up thieves who were burrowing in the Federal tents. Miscellaneous regiments which did good service the following day, were formed of troops who had lost their commanders, and of commanders who had lost their troops.

General Beauregard and General Bragg snatched a few hour's sleep in Sherman's encampment, near the church, and were early at work arranging their forces with the intention of making an attack before Grant's disheartened troops were in motion.

The Federal officers were not less busy during that gloomy night. General Buell's troops came in every hour, either on crowded steamboats or along the river banks through eight or ten miles of mud from Savannah. Tired and dripping, shocked by the sight of the pale wounded and the ghastly dead dimly descried in the darkness, and not unaffected by the prognostications of the fugitives, who renewed at each arrival their doleful explanation of their position, they yet marched steadily to the front.

"Like a cloud of dread,
Heavy and dead,
Was the sound of their earnest, anxious tread."

General Buell arranged his lines with great care. Nelson had the left, the ground over which Stuart and Hurlburt retreated. His division was in three brigades, under Colonel Ammon, Colonel Bruce, and Colonel Hazen. In Ammon's brigade, and on the extreme left, was the Thirty-Sixth Indiana and two Ohio regiments; Bruce's brigade consisted of three Kentucky regiments; Hazen's of two Ohio, one Kentucky and one Indiana, the Ninth, Colonel Moody. In front was an open field, partially screened on the right by a skirt of woods, which extended through the enemy's line.

On Nelson's right, where Prentiss was captured, was General Crittenden with seven Ohio and Kentucky regiments and two batteries. In front of Crittenden's left was a thick undergrowth, before his right was an open field.

General McCook's division, which did not begin to arrive until daylight, and was not all landed until ten, was arranged, as it came up, to the right of Crittenden, where McClelland

the day before made his desperate stand. An open field was in front of McCook's left, and woods with a thick undergrowth before his right.

The ground, mainly level in front of Nelson, formed a hollow in front of Crittenden, and fell into the bed of a small tributary of Owl creek in front of McCook. The Hamburg road, which crosses Lick creek a mile from its mouth, passed perpendicularly through the line of battle near Nelson's left. The distance from one extremity to the other of Buell's army was a mile and a half.

On McCook's right was Hurlburt's first brigade, McClermand's division, and such of W. H. L. Wallace's and Prentiss' troops as could be collected. Hurlburt's third brigade, the Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth Indiana, the Seventeenth and Twenty-Fifth Kentucky, was next. This brigade, though wet to the skin by the rain, though without food since the broken breakfast of Sunday, and sadly reduced in numbers, seemed neither weary nor faint. Cruft was a stoic, unconscious of pain, and Reed, though more ardent, was not less enduring.

Sherman's division stood still further to the right, and last was Lew. Wallace's. In the division of General Wallace were three brigades, under Colonel Smith, Colonel Thayer and Colonel Whittlesy. The first contained the Eleventh Indiana, Colonel McGinnis, the Eighth Missouri and the Twenty-Fourth Indiana, Colonel Hovey, which had joined Grant's army immediately after the fall of Donelson. The second brigade was composed of the First Nebraska, Fifty-Eighth Ohio and the Twenty-Third Indiana, Colonel Sanderson. The third was composed of three Ohio regiments. The division was on a steep ridge, at the western foot of which was a small creek, bordered by a low, muddy bottom.

Each brigade of Buell's army furnished its own reserve. Veatch's brigade, with several smaller bodies, was held back as reserve by General Grant.

Recapitulated, the divisions from left to right were, Nelson, Crittenden, McCook, Hurlburt, McClermand, Sherman and Wallace. The Indiana troops, in order from left to right, were the Thirty-Sixth and Ninth, the Sixth, Twenty-Ninth,

Thirtieth, Thirty-Second and Thirty-Ninth, the Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth, the Eleventh, Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Third, with Thompson's and Thurber's batteries; and in the reserve the Twenty-Fifth regiment. At one end of the long curving line was the Thirty-Sixth, at the other end was the Twenty-Third, and forming the center were McCook's troops, about half of which were Indiana men.

The Confederate officers were not able to form their army with much regularity. A part of Bragg's and a part of Polk's corps had the extreme Rebel right before Nelson. General Bragg himself with another portion of his corps was on the extreme right in front of Wallace.

Breckinridge was in front of McCook, and some of his brigades were before Wallace and Sherman. Beauregard was in the center of the Rebel line, near Shiloh, with a strong body of reserves. A battery commanded Nelson's left; another the woods in front of Crittenden's left; a third commanded the same woods and the fields before Crittenden's right and McCook's left; a fourth was in front of McCook's right. The Confederate line was well defended by batteries, especially the center, where, beside the others, was a celebrated New Orleans battery, the Washington Light Artillery, and in front of Wallace, where, also, with others, was a fine Louisiana battery.

The design of the Northern commanders was to make a steady advance, especially with their right and left, the center co-operating according to circumstances. The Southern Generals determined with their left to make a steady and vehement effort to gain the right of Wallace, with their center and right to make rapid and concentrated assaults, first upon one point, then upon another.

General Nelson roused his men at four in the morning by riding quietly along his front. When the line of battle was dressed and the skirmishers were well out, he sent an aid to General Buell to inform him that he was ready for action. About half past five his division moved toward the enemy in perfect order, as if on drill. The action began slowly, but as Nelson advanced grew warm, until he was obliged to pause for the completion of Crittenden and McCook's lines.

About the same time that Nelson made his advance on the left, Thompson's battery on the extreme right, supported by Thayer's brigade, opened fire on the Rebel battery on the opposite point. Thurber aided Thompson by a cross fire. In a short time one of the enemy's guns was dismounted, and he fell back to a strip of woods in his right and rear. Wallace's troops crossed the muddy hollow, forced the Rebel left back on its center, and the mass to retreat confusedly under a deadly fire. When off the point the Confederate commander spread out his flank again, and fought for every inch of the ridges and hollows over which, in the end, he had to retreat. Wallace changed his front to meet the change in the enemy's movements, and kept his flank still beyond that of the enemy.

General Beauregard sent from the center a detachment of apparently twelve regiments, which moved in beautiful order across the opening, in plain view of Wallace's division, evidently aiming at his right flank. Thompson's battery shelled the approaching column vigorously, but without checking or turning its course, and, at length, out of ammunition, was forced to retire, and give the defense of the flank to Thurber. Thurber's battery had scarcely gained a position when the Rebels attempted to charge it, first with a force of cavalry and afterwards with a body of infantry, but Wallace's third brigade advanced into a strip of woods in front of the battery and protected it successfully. During these assaults on the flank, the front of the division was exposed to a severe cannonading, but by means of ravines and gullies it so sheltered itself as to suffer little loss.

Wallace's movements were several hours restrained by the necessity of keeping unbroken his connection with Sherman, whom Grant had forbidden to advance until the approach of Buell's army along the main Corinth road could be distinguished. At length, mingling with the waves of sound on his right and his front, but plainly distinguishable, rolled along the uproar on the left. Now, free to advance, Sherman kept pace with Wallace, who pushed his division steadily forward. Skirmishers creeping along singly or grouping themselves behind hillocks commanded the force in their front while they

protected the troops in their rear. An open field, the willow fringed run, the steep bank beyond it, were all gained, when, as Wallace's skirmishers were not more than seventy-five yards from the Rebel lines, a battery opened on them, and the woods blazed with musketry. The skirmishers stood, and Thayer and Smith fixed their bayonets for a charge, but the enemy removed his guns and fell back to a new position. Here Lieutenant-Colonel John Gerber of the Twenty-Fourth was killed. "No man died that day with more glory, yet many died, and there was much glory." Captain McGriffin and Lieutenant Southwick also fell,—gallant spirits, deserving honorable recollection. Many soldiers, equally brave, perished or were wounded in the same field.*

Beauregard's center pressed hard on Sherman. Three times Sherman's line was broken, once so completely that Wallace's left flank was gained, but the Eleventh Indiana and Seventy-First Ohio formed a new line of battle at right angles with the first, and sharply repelled the intruders. During this struggle on the flank, Thurber's battery, supported by two Ohio regiments, diligently played on the enemy's left, and the center of the division continued the onward movement. In the woods and out of the woods, up hill and down hill, standing, charging, lying flat, steady but quick, cool yet fiery, always obeying orders as the wave obeys the wind, Wallace's troops fought their way hour by hour towards the woods and hills west of Shiloh church.

In less than four hours after the first shot was fired, and in every form except of cavalry engagement, from right to center and from center to left, from Wallace to McCook, and from McCook to Nelson, the conflict was in progress. There were no idlers in the battle of the 7th. Batteries on the crests of opposite hills bellowed and smoked. Skirmishers crawled from thicket to log, and from log to tree, warily picking out and grimly bringing down their victims. Long lines of men faced each other, and at the word of command fired straight before them into clouds of smoke and dust, impenetrable to the eye. Regiments advanced, delivered fire, and seemed to

* General Wallace's report.

sink into the earth, while an answering fire skimmed over them. Pity and fear were alike unknown, except in the dread moment, when change of front, or the formation of a new line of battle, or the fixing of bayonets for a charge caused delay in the midst of thousands of flying bullets. In such a pause fear for a moment has birth, the pack of cards is flung hastily to the ground, the little Testament in the side-pocket, the last letter from home, the daguerreotype of some dear face, is pressed close, while a furtive tear steals from many an eye, and an unuttered prayer rises from many a heart.

“Trail arms! Double-quick! March!”

They march. Scores drop killed or wounded. On they go. Thick and thicker fall the bullets. “Charge bayonets!” The muskets are raised. A long line of bright steel glitters. On they go. Tramp! Tramp! Awful and firm! Tramp! Tramp! Steady as fate! They rush upon a battery. The artillerists, the infantry support stand until they catch the gleam of the glaring eye, of the white face, until they note the dilated nostril and the sharp eye-teeth, then they run. Very rarely they stand, then they fire close, they taunt, they jeer, they curse, they sweep off and on, up and down, they dash madly together. War is noble and fiendish, and in its turmoil men are devils and angels.

When General Nelson had advanced a mile with little opposition, two Rebel batteries threatened to demolish him. His first brigade was forced to use all its efforts to protect his flank, while his third bent its energies to the capture of the battery in its front. With blood and sweat the guns were won, but scarcely won when lost again. A wild storm of musketry raged round them; and a fearful cross-fire from another battery swept over the assailants, the Ninth Indiana, the Kentucky and Ohio regiments. The woods were one sheet of flame.

Nelson had entered the field without artillery, as, owing to want of transportation, the three batteries belonging to his division were left at Savannah. General Buell sent him Mendenhall's, from Crittenden's division, and afterwards, before it reached McCook's division to which it belonged, he ordered Terrill's battery to his aid. Both batteries put on

their full power. Their fire was terrific; Terrill's guns especially were effective, wherever they turned, silence followed on the part of the enemy. Yet in a little time from one of those powerful guns every man was gone but Captain Terrill and a corporal.

General Nelson was in his element. He rode along the embattled line and gave it the keenest scrutiny. It bore his searching eye as it bore the enemy's missiles, unflinching. Colonel Ammon's brigade, at one time forced to stand under a fire which it could not return, smiled to see its commander seat himself on a pile of corn, which happened to be in front, and composedly husk some ears of corn for his horse. The Thirty-Sixth Indiana cheerily responded, while Colonel Grose rode slowly and talked cheerily in its front. The Ninth Indiana, saluted with "Buena Vista!" "Buena Vista!" as it made a gallant assault on a battery, shouted "Donelson!" captured the battery and dragged it off.

So bravely did the Ninth bear itself that the granite-hearted General could not wait until the battle-storm had lulled to give it words of commendation. Deep down in the soul of that pitiless man was a spring of genuine humanity, which heaved up under the sound of artillery or at the sight of generous courage.

While Nelson captured the second and third Confederate batteries, Crittenden attacked the enemy in front and took possession of his fourth battery. But Crittenden met with fierce resistance, and his advance was slow. At the same time Rousseau, McCook's left, fought his way through the open ground in his front, in order to relieve the Sixth Indiana, which, in its first position, was exposed to the enemy's artillery, and formed a new line on a crest which was partially sheltered by woods. Here Kirk's brigade, which, on its arrival, had been placed in the rear of Rousseau, moved to the front and continued the line towards the right.

Rousseau and Kirk protected the road to the landing, which the enemy, at this point Kentuckians, who were almost brave enough to atone for their disloyalty, if one virtue can atone for the lack of another, was resolved to gain. The Sixth, obliged to hold its position next to Crittenden, was exposed

to heavy cannonading on the left and front, but stood at its post until ordered forward to protect a battery, which was advanced beyond Rousseau's center. Here it also held its ground, twice beat back a much larger force, and twice brought down the Rebel flag.

A weakness in the Confederate resistance became gradually apparent. At the close of every engagement the Federal line was farther on. Rousseau at last ascended to McClelland's camp. There it was that Sherman first saw Buell's army. Looking off to his left he saw Rousseau and Kirk and Gibson marching in unbroken array through the enemy's fire towards the enemy's front. His eye rested with generous satisfaction on the soldierly movements of the fresh troops. Willich, with his regiment in double column, two companies deployed in advance as skirmishers, filed through Kirk's brigade, and advanced towards Crittenden's right, which the Confederates were threatening from the oak grove near the church. With as much trepidation as he could feel, Sherman watched the Germans enter and disappear among the woods and thickets, behind which were massed the Confederate reserves. In twenty minutes he saw them return, bearing the marks of a severe struggle. It was not the enemy which forced the Germans back. When they entered the wood the foe fired on their front, and they did not falter, but their own comrades, by some strange mistake, poured hot volleys on their rear, on their right and on their left. Such a fire the oldest troops will not stand, and the Thirty-Second retreated, compelling Kirk, who had just advanced to Rousseau's position, in order that Rousseau might replenish his ammunition, also to fall back.

There was no disorder in Kirk's regiments; they had just cheered Rousseau's retiring column, and shouted a proud response to the General as he cried, "Colonel Kirk, the fourth brigade will never forget the noble manner in which you have stood by us this day. My ammunition's gone, but when you need me I will stand by you with the cold steel!" and they now closed up after the passage of Willich's men, presenting again an unbroken front, crossed a field and entered the dangerous wood.

Almost at the same moment the commander of the Illinois regiment was killed, and Colonel Bass, who had before been struck by a ball and injured, was again wounded, this time mortally. The loss of their commanding officers staggered the two regiments. Colonel Kirk galloped in their front, and shouted, "Forward!" The color-bearers advanced with the colors and planted them near the Colonel. The men rallied, answered with a shout, and with a rapid advance. At the word of command they threw themselves on the ground until the enemy was almost on them, then sprang up and sent a volley home. All of McCook's division was soon in the dreaded wood. Colonel Gibson's brigade, on the left of Kirk, the Thirty-Ninth Indiana connecting itself with the Thirtieth, which was on Kirk's right, Colonel Willich, having reformed his regiment, marched back towards the enemy. In the midst of a fearful fire which, reaped the ground almost like a sickle, his men again became slightly unsteady. The Colonel, as cool in the fiery battle as on the secure parade ground, stopped their firing and drilled them in the manual of arms until they could point their rifles with steady and deliberate hands. McClelland's and Hurlburt's Illinois men had kept together in the struggle and in the advance. To a charge of the Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth Indiana and the Seventeenth and Twenty-Fifth Kentucky Sherman owed the retreat of the enemy before his left, and these untiring regiments were still pressing on. The division of General Wood now arrived at the landing, and the Fifteenth, Fortieth and Fifty-Seventh, Colonel Wagner's brigade, marched up, and formed in line of battle; the other brigades followed, but were not able to reach the ground in time to take part. Grant's cool eye examined the situation, and measured the strength and the spirit of the combatants. The wings of the enemy were pushed back on his center, and his case was desperate, but it was not yet lost. He was not yet beaten. With his mind made up to retreat, he was watching to give a fierce parting blow and escape triumphant in defeat.

Suddenly the Union Commander-in-Chief ordered up Veatch's reserve to make a charge. Veatch formed his regiments into a column of battalion, dashed forward through

the deserted camps, and through Buell's army. Buell recalled him; his task was done. The enemy was so weak that the demonstration snatched from him his last hope of assaulting our broken lines.

Nothing is now left him but ruin and retreat. On one side come the fiery troops of Wallace, on the other the stout hearts of Nelson and of Crittenden, while up from the center, struggling and fighting through the woods, press McCook's gallant soldiers, and the haggard warriors of McClelland, Hurlburt and Sherman. At last the Rebels run. Over the hills and through the woods, far back to the hospital, to the surgeon's bluff, and to the river, ring the shouts of victory."

"Which side is cheering?" asked Major Arn, of the Thirty-First, opening his dying eyes. "Our side," was the reply. "Then I am willing to die," he said. While the glad shouts reverberated, many a brave soul passed away, leaving on dead lips a smile of triumph.

The enemy did not retire in confusion, but the pursuit was short, the soldiers after two days' hard fighting being too much fatigued for further effort. Colonel Wagner's brigade, which was fresh, followed a mile, when it was ordered back. General Wallace on another road kept up the pursuit for a mile and a half. Night closed in cloudy and rainy.

Victory is scarcely less terrible than defeat. Tuesday's sun could not shine on the torn and defaced field of Shiloh. Sullen and dripping skies held above it an appropriate gloom.

The official report of the battle of Shiloh contains no statement of the forces engaged, but regimental, brigade and division reports show a strength of about thirty thousand in Grant's army, and fifty thousand in Beauregard's on Sunday. The reinforcements received by Grant on Sunday night and Monday morning were probably equal in number to the whole force engaged in the first day's battle. The Federal loss was one thousand six hundred and fourteen killed, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-one wounded, and three thousand nine hundred and sixty-three taken prisoners. Total, thirteen thousand two hundred and ninety-eight.

The Confederate loss was one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight killed, eight thousand and twelve wounded, and

nine hundred and fifty-nine missing. Total, ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

The total of the Indiana killed, wounded and missing was one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven, distributed as follows:

Twenty-Fifth regiment—Twenty-three killed, one hundred and thirteen wounded, and thirteen missing—total, one hundred and forty-nine.

Thirty-First regiment—Twenty-two killed, one hundred and ten wounded, and ten missing—total, one hundred and forty-two.

Forty-Fourth regiment—Thirty-three killed, one hundred and seventy-seven wounded—total, two hundred and ten.

Thirty-Sixth regiment—Eight killed, thirty-seven wounded, and two missing—total, forty-seven.

Sixth regiment—Four killed and thirty-seven wounded—total, forty-one.

Eleventh regiment—Eleven killed, fifty wounded, and one missing—total, sixty-two.

Twenty-Third regiment—Six killed, forty-two wounded, and three missing—total, fifty-one.

Twenty-Fourth regiment—Five killed, forty-three wounded, and one missing—total, forty-nine.

Twenty-Ninth regiment—Four killed and sixty-five wounded—total, sixty-nine.

Thirtieth regiment—Twenty-five killed and one hundred and twelve wounded—total, one hundred and thirty-seven.

Thirty-Second regiment—Fourteen killed and eighty-four wounded—total, ninety-eight.

Thirty-Ninth regiment—Two killed and thirty-four wounded—total, thirty-six.

Ninth regiment—Twenty killed, one hundred and forty-seven wounded, and four missing—total, one hundred and seventy-one.

Fifty-Seventh regiment—Four wounded—total, four.

Thompson's battery—one killed and five wounded—total, six.

Behr's battery—one killed and four wounded—total, five.

Klein's company of the Third cavalry, having advanced with Nelson's division, and a small number of the Second

cavalry was on the field of Shiloh during the battle of the 7th, but not engaged, as the formation of the ground is such that horses could not be used to advantage.

The whole number of killed was one hundred and seventy-nine, wounded, one thousand and sixty-four, and missing thirty-four. Total loss, one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven.

It is a black list. When we at home heard of the battle of Shiloh, and that our national loss was ten thousand, such was the first tidings, our hearts seemed to stand still with horror. In the majority of the battles which had as yet taken place, the casualties, as they were called, had been numbered by the score, or by the hundred, now at one fell swoop thousands were gone.

All channels of benevolence, almost all channels of action, were turned towards that field. The best physicians in the State offered their services, their patients willingly consenting to their absence. Governor Morton chartered several steam-boats and sent them to Pittsburg Landing, with surgeons and nurses and every comfort and luxury which money could procure and which love could devise.

During the night of the 6th, the transports which came up the river with Buell's fresh soldiers, went back laden with Grant's disabled men. The work of removal commenced then continued until every house in Savannah was a hospital, and the streets and wharves were covered with the wounded. Pale and patient they lay. Now and then a voice murmured "Water!" and the new-comers of Buell's army, while waiting for their turn to go up to the battle, knelt and held their canteens to the lips of the sufferers. None but they who passed through the ordeal of Sunday night and Monday can conceive the strength of will it required to subject horror and pity and fear to the stern demands of duty.

An officer who visited the boats Tuesday wrote: "I went through the bloody work of Sunday and Monday with calmness, and without much feeling, but when I went down to-day and saw our noble officers and men wounded, on the boats, I could not keep back the tears."

Notwithstanding that so many were carried away it was

long before the number on the ground seemed to decrease. Some of the wounded found the shelter of tents, but others lay in the open air, without surgeon, or attendant or a mouthful to eat until Wednesday morning. And still later, nearly a week after the battle, many lay about in tents, on straw, with no nourishment, exposed to the weather.

They were inexpressibly thankful when laid on soft beds, between clean sheets, stimulated by nourishing diet, and soothed by cheerful and encouraging words. Forgetting all their pains they sweetly slept.

The rebels, while they had possession of the field, were not guilty of the cruelty which disgraced Pea Ridge. Many of our dead who lay within their lines during the night were robbed, but their bodies had in no instance been insulted. The robberies, probably, were as often committed by the country people of the region, who, regardless of storm and darkness, prowled among the dead like wolves, as by the soldiers. General Wallace was found where he fell, unconscious, but still breathing. A kind hand had placed a folded blanket under his head and had spread another over him.

The torn and defaced field also bore testimony to the severity of the struggle. Where the missiles from the boats had fallen, the trees were not only broken but burned. There were sad evidences that the wounded who lay on this part of the ground had suffered from burning bushes and logs. Some, it may be, were smothered or scorched to death before the rain fell and extinguished the fire.

The Twenty-Ninth Indiana had fought two hours where three regiments, one after another, had been driven back. Hardly a tree on that spot had not from fifteen to twenty bullets in it, and every twig, every bush and every stem was cut off. Beside a little rill stands a young oak, fourteen inches in diameter, which was probably used as a cover by a Rebel sharp-shooter. Within a space of six feet upon its trunk were ninety bullet holes. A few feet from it is a little hickory sapling, about three inches through, in which were eighteen balls within a length of three feet. Near the extreme right the bushes looked as if a hurricane carrying a scythe had passed over them. Scores of trees had twenty, thirty and

forty bullet marks on them from the root to a line as high as the head. It looked as if every inch of the space had been covered by a leaden cloud, which cut and crushed as it passed.*

Many a story was related of courage and fortitude. General Wallace told that while he was pursuing the Rebels he came to a man, shot through both knees, lying by a tree. He gave the General an imploring look. A soldier asked, "Shall I carry him to the rear?" The General answered, "No, not till the battle is over." The wounded man said, "That's right, General." He was dead when the pursuers came back.

As Wallace passed on he saw a soldier going back to a wounded man. He asked him what he wanted. "I'm out of cartridges," answered the soldier. The wounded man rolled over, took off his cartridge-box, handed it to the other, and said, "Now kill somebody with them."

Johnny Robinson, a son of the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eleventh regiment, was a drummer boy in the regiment, but on Monday he dropped his drum, obtained a gun and a cartridge-box from a wounded comrade, and fought all day with the boldest. At one time, while skirmishing, he crept forty or fifty yards ahead of the whole line, and, resting his rifle on a log, deliberately fired ten or twelve shots at the Rebels before he would hear the order to come back.

A wounded man, who lay on the ground through Sunday night told how he heard a voice not far from him sing low and softly,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

The Rev. John D. Rogers, of the Twenty-Third, was unwearied in his attentions to the wounded and to the dead, burying the latter with that tender reverence which is due to the temple of man's spirit, even when deserted and shattered.

The Rev. Mr. Fischer, of the Thirty-Second, performed not only his duties as Chaplain, but showed himself a skilful

* Berry Sulgrove, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

surgeon in the effective service he rendered Dr. Jeanson, the surgeon of the regiment.

Dr. Martin and Dr. Rerick were with the Forty-Fourth at all times during the fight, caring for the wounded. They were both struck with balls, but neither was injured.

With the exception of Pea Ridge, Shiloh was the first battle in which the Rebels showed a courage worthy of the American name. The long series of disgraceful surrenders and retreats and defeats had almost destroyed the reputation of the South for bravery. April 6th and 7th they fought with a courage and endurance which shed a sort of mournful glory over their wicked cause.

Beauregard did not actually claim a victory, but he said in his report, "Despite the heavy casualties of the two eventful days of the 6th and 7th of April, this army is more confident of ultimate success than before its encounter with the enemy. Not only did the obstinate conflict for twelve hours on Sunday leave the Confederate army masters of the battle-field, and our adversaries beaten, but we left that field on the next day only after eight hours of incessant battle with a superior army of fresh troops, whom we had repulsed in every attack on our lines; so repulsed and crippled, indeed, as to leave it unable to take the field for the campaign for which it was collected and equipped at such enormous expense and with such profusion of all the appliances of war." He confessed that he was disappointed in not beating Grant back to his transports and the river, or capturing him in time to profit by the victory and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions before the arrival of Buell's army on the scene. The stores and munitions excited the cupidity of Beauregard, if we may judge by his repeated allusions to them. "The first day," he says, "we gained all the substantial fruits of a complete victory, such, indeed, as rarely have followed the most successful battles, for never was an army so well provided as that of our enemy." Again he speaks of the "rich and opportune spoils of war scattered broadcast on the field;" and in closing he states "that most of our men who had inferior arms exchanged them for the improved arms of the enemy.

Also most of the property, public and personal, in the camp from which the enemy was driven on Sunday was rendered useless or greatly damaged.”*

Although Grant's loss was almost equal in killed and wounded, and was greater in captured, than Beauregard's, he retained the battle-field with “all the substantial fruits of a victory,” and buried not only his own dead but Beauregard's.

Also, the second day was fought according to a masterly plan, and even on the first before nightfall the enemy had perceptibly recoiled. But Grant's claim to a victory was scarcely allowed. Impatient as was the nation, it was not willing to buy success at so costly a price, and could not accept without shame the fact that the army was surprised. The camp lying asleep in the enemy's country with defenceless front, even the outlying pickets, as sherman calls his division, roused from dreams by the Rebel shout! Denunciation was poured upon General Grant in no measured terms. He was accused of drunkenness, cowardice, sympathy with the rebellion and imbecility. Even the soldiers, who seldom fail to support a commander while they find in him anything to love or to honor, turned against him. They gave him the ignominious appellation of “Surprise Grant,” and the people, impotent to inflict punishment, yet eager to express their sense of its desert, snatched up the nickname and bandied it about with a satisfaction which somewhat relieved their weight of mortification and grief.

President Lincoln bore with the apparent short-comings of the General, with the indignation of the army, and with the impatience and fretfulness of the country, only saying that if Grant was addicted to whisky he wished some more of his Generals could be provided with the same article.

*After the battle of Shiloh, the following *jeu d'esprit* appeared in the Louisville Democrat:

“Epitaph discovered on an old tombstone in the church-yard of Wels-nichtwo:

‘Here lies Toutant de Beauregard,
Who for the truth had no regard;
When seized by Satan he will cry,
‘I’ve caught old Satan! Victory!’”



General Grant declares that he was not surprised. "As to the talk of being surprised," he says, "nothing could be more false. If the enemy had sent us word where and when they would attack us, we could not have been better prepared. Skirmishing had been going on two days between our reconnoitring parties and the advance. I did not believe, however, that they intended to make a determined attack, but only a reconnoissance in force."

General Prentiss also asserts that he had more than the usual number of pickets in his front, and that he was more than usually watchful.

However it may have been with the Generals, the privates and subordinate officers were certainly taken by surprise, and it is not fair to ascribe to them the guilt of the confusion and disorder into which they were thrown. And if they who fled are excusable so much the more honor belongs to the brave, patient men who stood their ground on Sunday. An officer of the 'Twenty-Fifth, in a letter to his wife, said: "I felt that the honor of the regiment that day and at that hour was almost equal to life. I did all that I possibly could to save it, and am satisfied with the result. I believe you would have been reconciled if my life had been lost in that terrible fire rather than have had me and the regiment disgraced by a total rout."

Such was the universal feeling with those who had the resolution to stand. Having borne the first fire, they could bear everything. No Indiana banner fell, no Indiana regiment fled; no Indiana battalion was cowering on the river brink when the impetuous Nelson requested leave "to open fire on the knaves."

Indiana's robes were flecked with blood, and her face was stained with tears, but her honor on the field of Shiloh was white like snow.

A ballad which appeared the first day of 1863, as a New Year's Address, may fitly close this chapter:

THE OLD SERGEANT.

BY FORSYTH WILSON, OF NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

The Carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go,
Rhyming the grand rounds of the happy New Years
That are beneath the snow;

For the same awful and portentous shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the Carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
Come up from every mart,
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, like a scarred and weather-beaten veteran,
Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles,
In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story;
For the story you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant Surgeon Austin
By a soldier of Shiloh:

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the Adams,
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the Assistant Surgeon
On the same night that he died:

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right
To sing the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night:

"Come a little nearer, Doctor—thank you, let me take the cup!
Draw your chair up—draw it closer—just another little sup!
Maybe you may think I'm better, but I'm pretty well used up—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up.

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it is no use to try."

"Never say that," said the Surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"

"What you say will make no difference Doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint they say; You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"
 "No, my venerable comrade." "Doctor, will you please to stay?
 There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay.

"I have got my marching orders, and am ready now to go;
 Doctor, did you say I fainted? But it couldn't have been so—
 For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
 I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh.

"You may think it all delusion—all the sickness of the brain—
 If you do, you are mistaken, and mistaken to my pain;
 For, upon my dying honor, as I hope to live again,
 I have just been back to Shiloh, and all over it again!

"This is all that I remember: the last time the lighter came,
 And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
 He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name—
 'ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON!' just that way it called my
 name.

"Then I thought it's all a nightmare—all a humbug and a bore;
 It's just another *grape vine*, and it won't come any more;
 But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same words as before,
 'ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON!' more distinctly than before.

"That is all that I remember till a sudden burst of light,
 And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
 Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
 When the river seemed perdition, and all hell seemed opposite;

"And the same old palpitation came agin with all its power,
 And I heard a bugle sounding, as from heaven or a tower,
 And the same mysterious voice said: '*It is the eleventh hour!*
 ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON, *it is the eleventh hour!*'

"Doctor Austin, what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know,"
 "Yes, to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below.
 "What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go;
 Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark, rebellious host,
 And where Webster semi-circled his last guns upon the coast—
 There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost,
 And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"And the whole field lay before me, all deserted far and wide—
 There was where they fell on Prentiss—there McClermand met the tide,
 There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlburt's heroes
 ded—
 Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew. Wallace showed them he was of the *cannie* kin—
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook 'sent them to breakfast,' and we all began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread,
And but for this old, blue mantle, and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted to this moment I was dead;
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence! Death and silence! Starry silence overhead!
And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head!
Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty based it towered—up into the infinite,
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it with a rapt and dazzled stare—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of 'Halt! and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.'—'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced—that sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne—
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line—
'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome by the countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand I shuddered—thinking only of the grave—
But he smiled, and pointed upward, with a bright and bloodless glaive—
'That's the way, sir, to headquarters.' 'What headquarters? 'Of the
brave!'
'But the great tower?' 'That was builded of the great deeds of the
brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light—
At my own, so old and tattered, at his so new and bright.
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night!
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night.'

"And the next thing I remember, *you* were sitting *there*, and I—
Doctor, it is hard to leave you. Hark! God bless you all! Good bye!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son—to my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him, as he never did before—
And to carry that old musket—Hark! a knock is at the door—
Till the Union—see it opens." "Father! father! speak once more!"
"Bless you!" gasped the old gray Sergeant, and he lay and said no
more.

When the Surgeon gave the heir-son the old Sergeant's last advice,
And his musket and his knapsack—how the fire flashed in his eyes
He's on the march this morning, and will march on till he dies—
He will save this bleeding country, or will fight until he dies!

CHAPTER XXX.

CORINTH.

"Thus was Corinth lost and won."

—*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

DURING the ten days following the battle of Shiloh there was no small degree of suffering in the National army on the Tennessee, especially among General Buell's troops, who, after their forced march of twenty, thirty or forty miles, rendered doubly hard by the necessity of avoiding the long trains of lumbering wagons in the narrow road, were unprovided with the shelter of tents, blankets or overcoats. Rain poured down almost the whole time; the stench of the battle-field was intolerable; heavy details were made for the burial of the dead, for laying corduroy roads, for bridging swamps, and for bringing supplies from the river; and a large number of troops was required to reconnoiter the country and to guard the camps. Privation and hardship were borne with patience, and toil was performed with cheerfulness, but their effect was severe, and the number of sick in the hospitals increased daily, until the slow wagon train arrived.

On receiving intelligence of the battle, Major General Halleck immediately left St. Louis to assume command at Pittsburg Landing. He devoted himself during several weeks to the reorganization of the army, which was now increased by the arrival of General Pope with twenty thousand men, and of a few regiments which General Grant had left behind at Paducah, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, to one hundred thousand. He divided it into three corps, called the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Ohio, and the Army of the Mississippi, under the command of General Thomas, General Buell and General Pope. The corps of General Thomas formed the right wing, and included five divisions, his own, Hurlburts, Sherman's, Davis' and that

of General Smith, who died at Savannah. Buell had the center with the fourth division of his old army, which had accompanied him from Nashville, and Pope held the left, with three divisions, under Paine, Stanley and Hamilton. The reserve consisted of McClernand and Wallace's division, and was under the command of McClernand.

In March General Wallace was promoted Major General, in acknowledgement of his gallantry before Donelson. He was Indiana's first Major General. In the same month Colonel Manson was made Brigadier General, as a reward for his services at Mill Spring, and Colonel Hascall was advanced to the same position. The former was succeeded in the command of the Tenth regiment by Lieutenant-Colonel Kise; the latter in the command of the Seventeenth by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder, who had already distinguished himself in Western Virginia, having led the regiment at Cheat Mountain and Greenbrier, and in most of the severe skirmishes under General Reynolds and General Rosecrans.

In April Colonels Hovey and Veatch were promoted for distinguished services at Shiloh. They were succeeded, the one by Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, the other by Lieutenant-Colonel Spicely, who had two weeks before been appointed to the place of Lieutenant-Colonel Gerber. Several other changes were made in regimental commanders. Colonel Wilson, who resigned in March, was now succeeded in the command of the Fortieth by Lieutenant-Colonel Blake. In the place of Colonel Bridgeland, who also resigned, Lieutenant-Colonel Ed. McCook was appointed to the command of the Second cavalry.

To the Indiana troops who were engaged at Shiloh were added during the four ensuing weeks the Second cavalry, only thirty-five of which were on the ground on the 7th, the Seventeenth, Fifty-First and Fifty-Eighth regiments, belonging to General Wood's division, but unable with all the speed they could use to join in the battle; the Tenth; the Fifty-Third, which left Camp Morton the middle of March, but had a slow journey round by Cairo and St. Louis; the Fifty-Ninth, which came from New Madrid; the Forty-Eighth from Paducah, and the Fifty-Second from Fort Henry. The Fifty-

second was put in Lauman's brigade, the Fifty-Ninth and Forty-Eighth were brigaded together, under General Buford, in the second division of the Army of the Mississippi, and were not separated during the war. The Eleventh Indiana battery, Sutermeister's, also arrived immediately after the battle. It was placed in the reserve artillery, which was independent of any division, and was under the command of Colonel Barnett, a pleasant and intelligent volunteer officer from Ohio.

"Our camp," writes a young Lieutenant in the battery, April 26th, "is about two miles from the river, near where the hardest fighting was done. We are, as it were, in a grave-yard, and this we know not only by the sight of graves. The army is moving gradually, to-day one brigade going a little beyond the advance, and in a few days another somewhat beyond that.

"Since leaving Nashville the battery has had sixteen mule teams, six mules to each. It should have five more to carry the requisite amount of ammunition. It still attracts attention. There are other siege-guns here, but none rifled, I think. Our company would be called by some an abolition concern. We have eight contrabands hired for cooking, and this in spite of General Buell's order excluding them."

The army reached from Hamburg's Landing to Crump's, and filled the woods for many miles along the river with the din of military life. When it moved from the river towards Corinth the extremity of each wing was thrown back in echelons to prevent a flank attack. Grant, in whom Halleck evidently had the utmost confidence, was, to the disgust of the country and the displeasure of the army, appointed second in command. General Halleck excited no enthusiasm, his reserve and taciturnity were even forbidding, but he was felt to be great, and where there is genuine force of character men will excuse many deficiencies. General Pope, who joined the army the last of May, also forced an acknowledgement of ability and earnestness from all who came in contact with him. For Buell and the division Generals who fought at Shiloh, their troops conceived that sort of affection which can exist only between those who worthily share danger and suffering. The army was well

provided with wagons, forage, provisions, hospital stores and all that could be necessary for the comfort of so vast a body of men.

The Confederates were also reinforced, re-organized and again well prepared for battle. "For the first time," said Beauregard, "we shall meet the foe in strength that should give us victory. Let the impending battle decide our fate, whether we are to be freemen or the vile slaves of those who are free only in name, and who but yesterday were vanquished, although in largely superior numbers, in their own encampment on the ever-memorable field of Shiloh." Not only was every preparation made by the armies for a battle of a magnitude hitherto unknown, and which would probably decide the fate of the war, but also by the two opposing districts of the country. All churches put up prayers for the success of one side or the other. All civil officers and all women of the land engaged in preparing sanitary stores for one side or the other. The Governors of the Northwestern States, with hundreds of nurses and surgeons, and a fleet of steamboats, collected at Pittsburg Landing, and awaited the momentous day. Governor Morton applied to the Secretary of War for permission to appoint two additional assistant surgeons to each regiment in the army of General Halleck. The permission was granted, and he sent about seventy surgeons to that army. The movement led to the amendment of the law by which a third surgeon was added to each regiment. Governor Morton visited all the Indiana regiments, and affectionately exhorted them to do their duty, and to remember in the dread hour which was close at hand that all loyal eyes and hearts were upon them.

On Thursday morning, May 12th, Indiana met with a calamity in the death of Miles J. Fletcher, Superintendent of Public Instruction, as he was on his way to Pittsburg Landing. In Governor Morton's annual message for 1862 occurs the following tribute to the memory of Professor Fletcher:

"The death of Miles J. Fletcher was a misfortune to the State. Possessed of fine talents, highly educated, endowed with every accomplishment that can make a man attractive in society, with a heart full of the warmest affections and the

most generous impulses, he united with all these an indomitable energy of character that gave him no rest, and ever pressed him forward in the path of duty. His industry was a marvel, and the amount of labor he accomplished wonderful. The duties of his office he discharged, not scantily as a task, but with a devotion and pleasure that were satisfied only with a full performance. The cause of education he regarded as of the first importance, and the vocation and calling of the educator the most honorable and dignified, next to that of the Christian minister. The misfortunes of his country deeply afflicted him, and notwithstanding the delight he took in the performance of his official duties, and his untiring devotion to the education of youth, he would have resigned his office and gone to the field had he not been dissuaded by his friends, who urged that he could serve his country better in the position he then held. He devoted much time, labor and money to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. He visited the hospitals and the fields of battle to hunt up and minister to the neglected and the dying, and in carrying a wounded man upon a steamboat at Pittsburg Landing, shortly after the battle of Shiloh, suffered a bodily injury, from which most likely he could never recover. When he was killed he had started upon another mission of mercy to the army. I was standing by his side at the moment of his death, and never before did I have brought home to me in full force that passage of Scripture which declares that 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Had I been asked a moment before who, among all the young men of Indiana, bade fairest for a life of great usefulness and fame, I would have answered Miles J. Fletcher."

General Halleck advanced with a prudence which was more than commensurate with the vast interests at stake. His progress was scarcely perceptible, and at every halt he threw up intrenchments which were stronger than the fortifications of Corinth. Trees were felled, roads were made, streams and swamps were bridged. Expeditions were sent out to seize advanced positions, to cut the communications of Corinth on the East and West, and to scour the country. An expedition to Purdy, under General Wallace, suffered great hard-

ship from exposure to a long continued and furious storm. Another to Wilmington, under General Paine, had two severe struggles with the enemy before the place was permanently taken. A daring raid to the south of Corinth cut the Mobile road.

The troops worked cheerfully day and night. Life in the enemy's country improved them in all soldierly qualities. They marched with the firm step of veterans. Much more than at any previous time, they were on the alert as skirmishers and on picket. Stragglers were no longer to be seen.

Orders were peremptory not to bring on a general engagement. One day a single Rebel cavalryman rode towards a company of the Thirty-Ninth Indiana, which was scouting, and fired, sending his bullet so close to a private that it went through a tin cup at his belt; but no return fire was allowed, and the bold ranger rode off unmolested.

After the middle of May skirmishing was constant. The orders to avoid an engagement were still enforced, but the skirmishes were often equal in warmth and in the number engaged to the battles of the early part of the war.

The enemy preserved an unbroken front, and fought for every foot of ground; but at length Halleck threw up redoubts and placed siege-guns so close to Corinth that trains of cars, drums and even voices within the hostile intrenchments could be heard.

At nine o'clock on the morning of May 29th, the enemy's musketry firing ceased. After that hour there were no more close engagements. Towards evening the Confederate batteries slackened their fire, and before night they also ceased. During the night heavy explosions within the enemy's works shook the ground, rousing every camp from sleep. In the morning clouds of smoke hung over the little Confederate city. Cautious examinations were made, but no enemy was discovered, and shortly after daylight Halleck's army, without obstruction or molestation, entered the fortifications of Beauregard. The town was abandoned by soldiers and citizens, an empty, desolate place, smoking with the worthless refuse of Rebel camps, and mocking its invaders with wooden guns, manned by stuffed images in Rebel uniform.

A close and vigorous pursuit was kept up more than a week by General Pope. He had several warm skirmishes with the Confederate rear, and took a number of prisoners, but Beauregard's army escaped with little loss in men and still less in munition. The Confederates had so long practised evacuations that they had become expert beyond example. They did not leave in Corinth or lose on the retreat a single piece of ordnance.

The abandonment of Corinth was forced upon the Confederates by the surrender of New Orleans, the fear of Halleck, and the necessities of Richmond; but it was not so great a misfortune as it seemed. It was now too late in the season, and the rivers were too low to allow Halleck to make further progress into the interior, and with the possession of Corinth he was obliged for sometime to rest content.

General Beauregard in his retreat paused at Tuscumbia; finding that position too near the Union army, he proceeded to Baldwin, but finally assembled the main body of his forces at Tupelo.

CHAPTER XXX.

ADVANCE TO THE CHARLESTON AND MEMPHIS RAILROAD.

O my country, God through trial brings the man as pure, as strong!
O blind giant, shorn and fettered by thy little masters long!

Battle of the Dead Cid.

It will be recollected that when General Buell left Nashville to march towards Pittsburg Landing, General Mitchell, at his own request, moved off on an expedition to Huntsville to cut or take possession of the Memphis and Charleston railroad at that point. Although this road was of vital importance to the Confederacy, connecting, as it did, the two great Rebel armies in Virginia and Mississippi, and although nearly all the rolling stock of all the railroads from Bowling Green southward was collected on it, Huntsville, the central point between Corinth and Chattanooga, was allowed to remain almost undefended, a false security being induced by the ease with which a concentration of troops could be effected. It was true, however, that only a movement conducted with unprecedented secrecy and celerity could have the slightest chance of success.

Such an enterprise General Mitchell was capable of leading, and such a one his division was well fitted to carry out. Within ten days after they left Nashville they rebuilt sixty miles of railroad and twelve thousand feet of heavy bridging. When this work was done, Mitchell made Shelbyville his dépôt of supplies, and from this point advanced with a speed which defied announcement. On the 9th of April he was little more than a long day's march from Huntsville. Early in the morning of the 10th General Turchin's brigade, in which were the Thirty-Seventh Indiana and Simonson's battery, pushed on several hours before the other brigades of the division were roused from sleep. The roads were wretched. They dipped down into unbridged swamps, mounted rugged

hills, lost themselves in tangled wildernesses, and at the best were full of logs, stumps and stones. Battery and wagons creaked and groaned after the toiling beasts of draught; countless times they stuck fast in the mud, obliging the men to throw down their knapsacks and put their shoulders to the wheel. At night no tents were pitched, and sleep round the log fires was short. When the moon went down and the woods grew dark, the bugle called the tired sleepers to their feet and to the march. The way now gradually grew smooth and open, progress became rapid, and at dawn the beautiful town of Huntsville, the key to the coveted railroad, lay sleeping and defenceless before their eyes. Captain Simonson placed his battery in position on a convenient eminence, while the infantry and cavalry continued their swift and silent march. Suddenly the stillness of early day was broken by a steam whistle and the roar of a rapidly moving train. At the sight of the Federal force, crowding on steam, the train rushed off at the highest speed, easily distancing a party of cavalry which, with singular simplicity, started in pursuit. Simonson's guns were brought to bear upon the road, and another train, with one hundred and fifty-nine passengers, was captured before it was under full headway.

Colonel Turchin now hastened into the town. Three horsemen, boldly galloping in advance, found a large number of Rebel soldiers sleeping about a train, and captured one hundred and seventy of them, including a Major, six Captains and three Lieutenants. The citizens of Huntsville, roused from slumber by the clatter of horses and the cries of soldiers, rushed to their windows and doors, and stood in speechless dismay as they beheld in their streets the Stars and Stripes, and the blue uniform of the North.

The Thirty-Seventh Indiana immediately occupied the city as guard, and Colonel Gazlay, who, in March, succeeded Colonel Hazzard in command of the regiment, was made Provost Marshal.

By this sudden and unexpected stroke, General Mitchell captured not only the enemy's chief military road, but a considerable amount of artillery, and seventeen locomotives, with a great number of passenger and freight trains. Making

immediate use of his rolling stock, he took possession in less than five days of nearly one hundred and forty miles of the road, extending his force to Stevenson on the East and to Tuscumbia on the West. At Decatur he captured the entire camp equipage of a regiment. His guns, when fired at Tuscumbia, were distinctly heard by Halleck's army on the field of Shiloh. Seldom has so great an enterprise been accomplished with so little expense of time, suffering or life. Not a single life was lost.

While Mitchell's advance was thus proudly established in Huntsville, and along the railroad, the Forty-Second Indiana which formed his rear and guarded his communications, was still far behind. Its movements may be best related in the words of Major Shanklin, extracted from private letters:

"We left Nashville March 18th, on the turnpike leading to Franklin. After three or four miles we were overtaken by an order from General Buell to turn back and join General Mitchell's division, on the Murfreesboro turnpike. We met an Ohio regiment from Mitchell's division going over to take our place in Crittenden's. Both regiments were greatly displeased. Our regiment likes Crittenden; he is the most modest, unassuming, perfect gentleman you can find; retiring, kind, conscientious, with a high sense of honor. He said as he pressed my hand, 'God bless you!' He had already parted with an entire brigade which had been with him all the winter, and to part with us was adding the last straw to the camel's back. All felt sad at leaving our pleasant acquaintances in the brigade, and going among entire strangers. The only consolation was the prospect of being under Dumont, but now we hear that he is ordered to Nashville to command a division on the way to that place. We marched about seventeen miles a day, being one day behind the balance of Mitchell's division. The roads are magnificent; the country is beautiful. Cedars grow in great abundance. The soil is very rich. Clear streams, rushing over stone or gravelly beds, abound. On each side of the road farms which were once fine, but now are abandoned to stubble and weeds, reach acres and acres. Some of the residences and grounds have been adorned and cultivated to the highest degree. Away

off in the distance I could see the blue hills, which, I think, must be spurs of the Cumberland, with the blue haze of spring gathering around them.

"The Union sentiment in Nashville improved greatly while we were there, but along the road we saw very little. The people have fled, frightened by lies about our devastation. Occasionally negroes come to us for protection, and I, for one, never intend to force them to go back. An old black woman came into camp the other day with pies to sell, old fashioned turn-overs, which made me think of my boyish days. One of the men asked her if there was any poison in her pies. 'No, indeed, Massa,' said she; 'there is no pison in dem pies. I knows de kind of soldiers to pison.' Coming along the road we met a man on horseback, who inquired if we had seen his two runaway niggers. We told him there was a couple of stray negroes among our men somewhere. We were halted, at the time for a rest, and he passed along down the regiment, which was standing on the slope of a hill; espying the negroes he made them come out, and drove them at a full run up the hill, urging his horse fairly on them, and cursing and hooting after them, striking at them as they went. Will you believe it? We all stood there and saw him do it without lifting a finger. It was a brutal affair, yet there we stood, each waiting for the other to interfere. No one but Colonel Jones really had the right to stop him. He seemed to have forgotten his Republicanism, and the man was allowed to drive and ride down the panting negroes right past us. The last I saw of him he was, after having driven them some distance ahead, tying their hands behind them to lead them to their homes (?) again. I felt ashamed of myself after they had passed, and do not think I shall ever see any member of the human family treated so brutally again without interfering. As the regiment moved off after the flying negroes the band struck up 'Yankee Doodle.' I thought how old Robinson would talk if he had witnessed or should hear of the scene. 'Jones!' he would say, then rubbing his nose a minute or two he would repeat, 'Jones, umph! Denby, umph! Shanklin umph! Nice men; oh, yes, nice men!' We are camped about a mile from Murfreesboro, in a beautiful place, cedar

all around, a swift, clear, little stream in front. Very cold and a little snow. Perhaps we shall have to remain here two weeks, until the bridge, burnt by the Rebels, is rebuilt."

April 13th, the Forty-Second was at Shelbyville, from which place Major Shanklin writes:

"At last I have been in a battle, not large, but an exceedingly desperate and bloody contest, where the killed and wounded, in proportion to the numbers engaged, fall but little, if any, short of the great battles lately fought. One week ago to-morrow General Mitchell ordered three regiments of our brigade, under Colonel Lytle, to march, and our regiment to remain behind, part at this place to guard Government stores, to be forwarded to his division by the Rilla road, and the balance at a little place called War-Trace. The object in occupying War-Trace was to guard two bridges, about three miles apart, on the railroad, which, if destroyed, would endanger the transmission of supplies.

"The General ordered that two hundred, under a field officer, should guard the bridges, and Colonel Jones deputed me with four companies, I, K, B and C, amounting to one hundred and ninety-seven men, to go to War-Trace which is about eight miles from Shelbyville. We started on Monday, and arrived about nine p. m., the roads being exceedingly rough and stony. War-Trace has three or four hundred inhabitants. We encamped between the bridges half-way, and sent out men to guard each bridge, so that my force in camp was not one hundred and twenty-five. The first three days were delightful. We found good Union citizens, who kept us supplied with fresh butter, eggs, bread and turkeys, and at the cheapest figures. We were on a high piece of ground, covered with large timber, but open and clear of brush. Right in front ran a swift creek, called the War-Trace, from a tradition that the Indians traced their way along its banks in early times, when on the war-path, to attack the whites at Nashville. The ground descends a little towards the creek, then abruptly and with rocky banks twenty feet or more perpendicularly to the water's edge, making it impossible for a man to ascend. A road runs on the left of the position to the creek, and is cut out so that a bridge is thrown over the

stream. On the left of the road, going to the creek, is a large field. We were encamped on the right of the road, in an open woods extending far back to the right for a mile or more. It is a wild spot, well suited for guerilla fighting. I picked my camp as carefully as possible, but having no cavalry could send out no scouts. Thursday night, about midnight, I was roused by a sentinel, who told me that a man wanted to speak to me immediately. I struck a light, and John Douglass, a good Union man, who lives in the neighborhood, entered the tent. He stated that four or five hundred Rebel cavalry had encamped near his house, only four miles from our camp, that he had seen their fires, and that a faithful, intelligent negro had been close to the camp and estimated their numbers. I rose and dressed myself, aroused the men, had them load their guns and retire sleeping on their arms, sent out Captain McIntyre with Douglass to reconnoiter, and roused the officers. We all sat round a camp-fire and passed away the small hours. After a while I heard through the darkness a sentinel challenge, 'Who comes there?' and the answer, 'Friends.' Who should appear but Captains Atchison, Cooper and one or two others. The down train had run off the track between War-Trace and Shelbyville, and they had come out to see if we knew why. They said that Colonel Denby had sent out Sanders and his company on horses as scouts, and that the men we had taken for Rebel cavalry were undoubtedly our own scouts. I thought it might be true; still I sat up and watched. The officers one by one went back to bed, and finally, about four, I went to bed. Cooper and the rest of our visitors went back to Shelbyville. I took off my clothes and put on my double-wrapper, fearing no danger whatever. I was partly awakened at daylight by reveille, and by hearing the boys, as usual, call 'Turn out,' 'Turn out.' Suddenly the noise seemed to grow louder, and I heard a shout, 'They are coming, boys! They are coming!' and at the same time the crack of the sentinel's gun in the rear of my tent. The confusion grew rapidly. I sprang out of bed, pulled on my pantaloons, and ran out in my stocking feet. The bullets pierced my tent in more than forty places. I turned to see which way they were coming, and

saw their whole line not fifty yards off, running at full speed towards our tents, (officers' tents are always in the rear of an encampment.) I had a pistol in each hand, fired immediately at them, and running down to the quarters of the men I shouted for them to fall in. They ran out, some not more than half dressed, others not more than half awake, nearly all more or less bewildered. I shouted to the men to fall in behind some timber, which a cavalry company that had left us had cut down to protect themselves. They rapidly took their places and began firing. I then began to feel assured. The men brought their guns to bear with accuracy, and the effect was tremendous. The horses of the enemy became frantic. Three men were almost instantly killed, and many were wounded. Seeing their disorder, I, together with all the officers, who acted most manfully, urged our men forward. They advanced, cheering and shouting, from tree to tree, keeping up an almost incessant fire. The Rebels rallied, fighting close. After about thirty minutes they gave way, retreating in every direction. Our loss was four killed, five dangerously, thirty severely and slightly wounded. The attacking party said along the road, as we afterwards heard, that we were fifteen hundred strong, that they had killed one hundred and lost thirteen, besides many wounded. We knew of seven of their men being dead. It was a complete surprise, they having noiselessly let down the fences and got between our pickets and camp. My long wrapper with its fancy figures and red lining made me very conspicuous. One man says I looked forty feet high, and was the object of frequent shots, especially when coming from my tent between the two parties. One soldier says that I called to him as he was standing by a tree, and told him to shoot the man that was firing at me. I sent to Jones next day, and he to Dumont, for reinforcements, but there were none to spare, and Jones ordered me back to Shelbyville. I am very proud, from the bottom of my heart, of the noble conduct of the men."

After Major Shanklin fell back to Shelbyville, Mitchell ordered the entire regiment to repair to War-Trace, where it remained until the last of April, when it moved to Fayette-

ville, about thirty miles from Huntsville. May 1st the Major writes from Fayetteville:

"This is one of the meanest secession holes in Tennessee. It seems that the only way effectually to stop guerrilla fighting is to hang all we catch and to burn the towns where the outrages are committed. I am struck with the utter desolation which hangs over the place. If a plague had visited the town it could not be more deserted or desolate. Every house is closed. Very few people are to be seen, and they look dark and gloomy. You can have no idea of how the towns look. It is not like a Sunday in our Northern towns, as some newspaper correspondents says. It is as though some fearful and terrible calamity had swept over this once happy land, leaving blight and desolation at every hearth and over every home. The dreadful horrors of war are visible on every hand. It was the same way at Murfreesboro, and even at Shelbyville, the people there not knowing but affairs might take a turn, and bring the secession army on them again.

"This county has sent two thousand into the army. One whole regiment, lacking a few, from this county was taken at Fort Donelson, and the men are now prisoners in Indianapolis, Chicago and Columbus. Every day increases the intensity of the hatred felt by the people towards us. Every dead soldier brought home rouses a tenfold deeper hate against the Northern army.

"Yesterday there was a report in town that the Rebel General Johnston in Virginia had killed and captured fifty-seven thousand of our troops, that General McClellan had been cut in two by a cannon ball, and his remains were at Richmond; that sixty thousand (they always get up their stories by thousands) of Halleck's army had been killed by Beauregard, and any number wounded and taken prisoner. Strange to say, many actually believe these foolish and absurd stories. I think more lies, and bigger ones, have been told in the South since this rebellion broke out than were ever told before since the creation of the world. It was by this extravagant lying that secession got its start, and having got the habit established the people find it impossible to quit."

Before closing the extracts from Major Shanklin's letters, the following passage, although not bearing on the war, may be introduced for the suggestion it contains on a subject which is of equal general interest:

"I long to see my dear little boy grow up to be a pure-minded, honorable man, a true gentleman. I know you will teach him all the little politenesses of life in your own gentle way. I should rather have him a finished, accomplished gentleman than what people usually call great or brilliant. These brilliant men generally have about them some way that is unpleasant, sometimes disagreeable. I think that the evenness of temper and gentleness of manner which characterize the true gentleman will, in the long run, accomplish more in the world than the showy brilliancy which all young men invariably strive after. There must be a new era in the manners and morals of this country. Our national misfortunes will humble us, and if they will only have the effect of destroying the 'Young America' spirit which has been so general over the land, they will accomplish one great good at least. The arrogance and vain boasting with which our people have been in the habit of treating other nations have gradually led us to be arrogant and boastful in private life, and now, that we can no longer be so arrogant to other nations, it may be that we shall become less so among ourselves."

The Forty-Second left Fayetteville at nine o'clock on the morning of May 29th, and reached Huntsville at nine the next morning, just a month after the Thirty-Seventh entered the town.

General Mitchell, who delighted to honor his soldiers, lost no time, after his division was established along the railroad, in making known his esteem and gratitude. The Government returned thanks to General Mitchell, and made him a Major General, and his command an independent corps, but sent him no reinforcements, while the enemy began to confront him, to threaten the whole length of his line, and by way of Bridgeport and Chattanooga to menace both his rear and his communications with Nashville. His right, under Colonel Turchin, found the position at Tusculumbia untenable, and fell back, fighting all the way, to Decatur. Crossing the

river here, Turchin burned the bridge, a railroad structure, behind him, and pursued the remainder of his retreat undisturbed to Huntsville. Shortly after his retreat he was ordered to occupy Athens, where he came near falling into disgrace on account of depredations on Rebel property committed by his troops.

Hitherto the most scrupulous respect for propriety and law had controlled the intercourse of the soldiers with the citizens of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. The long marches had been performed not only without any general devastation, but without injury to property, except in extremely rare cases. Exorbitant prices had been paid for food. Runaway slaves had been denied the refuge they sought, and returned to their claimants. Cabins, corn-cribs, hay-stacks had been strictly guarded. Hot secessionists laughed to see their flying property driven back to them, and sneered while they arrogantly requested protection for their orchards and their granaries.

Especially was this punctilious care for the enemy's property exacted by General Buell. His soldiers sometimes actually stood on guard before the houses of men who sat in doorways and cursed them. General Halleck and General Grant were little less strict in their requirements.

Even this picture, however, has its bright side. Near McClernand's encampment, at Pittsburg Landing, was a poor widow's house, before which guards marched day and night. It might be policy, it might be timidity, or it might be prejudice which gloved the iron hand of power in its intercourse with citizen foes, but it was only beneficence which embraced with a protecting arm the fatherless and the widow, imitating as far as it went in this direction the divine source of righteous government.

General Mitchell's troops were kept so constantly employed that they seldom violated strict military law, except when exasperated beyond human endurance. And this was the case with the soldiers at Athens. They were fired upon from the houses, pelted with dirt by boys in the streets, mocked and spit upon by the women. Their retaliation went no further than the destruction of property, and if they were not justifiable they were, at least, excusable. So seemed to think the

Government, for while the court to which Colonel Turchin's acts were submitted, reprimanded him, the Administration at Washington made him Brigadier General.

April 29th General Mitchell surprised Bridgeport, and after a sharp engagement with the small part of the Rebel force, which, in spite of the surprise, made a stand, he took possession of the only remaining bridge between Florence and Chattanooga.

His campaign was now ended. He occupied Huntsville in security, with the railroad extending from one end to the other of his lines. The Tennessee river lay in his front, and on its further side was all the enemy he anticipated. He reported to the Secretary of War: "All of Alabama north of the Tennessee floats no flag but that of the Union."

During the month of May General Mitchell sent out numerous expeditions against small bodies of Confederate cavalry, and several warm skirmishes took place.

When General Buell's army marched towards the South, General Negley's brigade was left behind, as was first stated, for the protection of Nashville, a work which required sleepless vigilance and the exertion of military power in almost every direction. Under the orders of General Mitchell, General Negley advanced with his force to Columbia, where he found five thousand sick of Buell's army. Disposing of these by placing a few in comfortable houses, and sending the greater number back to Nashville, he divided his troops among eight or ten different points, which it was important to guard. The Thirty-Eighth Indiana was sent to Shelbyville, from which place it made frequent and rapid marches to intercept John Morgan's guerrillas. But infantry soldiers are at great disadvantage in pursuit of cavalry, and run as it might the Thirty-Eighth could never catch John Morgan.

On the 8th of May General Negley concentrated at Pulaski nearly all his forces, in order to surprise large troops of Rebel cavalry, which were collecting at Rogersville. On the 13th he left Pulaski, and marched twelve miles. Encamping a few hours, the troops then made a forced march of twenty-one miles in six hours. They surprised the Rebel pickets, but not succeeding in capturing them, the alarm was given and

the enemy escaped. General Negley with his cavalry pursued to the river, but was obliged to content himself with destroying all the water-craft he could lay his hands on, with arresting all the manufacturers of cotton and woolen goods near Florence, and all the iron foundries who had been working for the supply of the Confederate army; with exacting from them heavy bonds and their promise not to sell anything to the enemies of the Federal Government, and with levying taxes upon prominent secessionists to remunerate Union citizens for the losses they had been made to sustain by the enemy. The expedition was not after all a failure, and General Mitchell did not by any means consider it such. He warmly thanked General Negley and the troops engaged with him.

General Negley had hardly returned to Columbia, when the gathering of Confederate cavalry before McMinnville became so alarming that he asked to be allowed to make a demonstration before Chattanooga, on the principle of carrying the war into Africa. He was confident that such a demonstration would collect at that point not only the troops in front of McMinnville, but many of the guerrilla parties in middle Tennessee, and even General Kirby Smith with the force which was then holding Cumberland Gap.

He was right. Pushing forward hastily from Columbia he passed through Pulaski, Fayetteville and Winchester, where he dispersed a small force of the enemy and captured a few prisoners, and he reached the mountains in time to surprise General Adams' Rebel cavalry, with which he had a hand to hand fight, in a narrow lane, over broken ground. At Jasper the safety of his flanks was endangered, and he placed Colonel Sill's brigade at Shell Mound to protect his right, and a regiment at Battle Creek to guard his left and rear. He then ordered Turchin's brigade, which, with nearly all his division, Mitchell had placed at his disposal, to advance by one road on Chattanooga, and another brigade by another road. The attack was made on the 7th, and consisted principally of a heavy cannonade, lasting an hour and a half. The enemy was driven from his guns, three of which were seriously injured.

On the same night Kirby Smith, with five thousand men,

arrived in Chattanooga from Cumberland Gap. General Negley had an equal force, and might have been successful in a continued attack, but "taking into consideration the exposed condition of both front and rear of our line to Pittsburg Landing, the long line of communication over a hardly passable road, the liability of a rise in the streams, the limited supplies and the fact that the expedition had accomplished all he expected it to do," he determined to retire.

If General Mitchell could have received reinforcements, and if supplies could have reached him, he at this time would have cleared East Tennessee of the enemy. But the Government had already acquired more territory than it could hold without an increase of military power, and further efforts in this direction were given up.

General Negley began his retreat across the mountains on the morning of the 8th, while Colonel Scribner with his regiment and a few guns engrossed the attention of the Confederates in Chattanooga. The artillery fire drove the enemy out of the town, but Scribner, of course, did not follow up his success. General Negley withdrew as rapidly as he had advanced, and, leaving the Thirty-Eighth at Shelbyville, again established himself in Columbia. A few weeks later the Thirty-Eighth moved to Stevenson, where the Thirty-Seventh was already encamped, and engaged in the monotonous and wearisome business of guarding the road.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MEMPHIS.

From out the dusk of far receding centuries

One clear, prophetic voice of warning calls—

'Tis this: that in the hour of trust and trial,

He who falters falls!

W. D. G.

MEMPHIS, the principal city between New Orleans and St. Louis, became the object of Commodore Foote's attentions after the surrender of Island No. 10. Fifty-eight and seventy miles above the city, two strongholds, Fort Pillow and Fort Randolph, lay in the way. These must first be taken. On the 12th of April the gunboat fleet, accompanied by transports containing the divisions of General Palmer and General Hamilton, and a part of the command of General Stanley, left New Madrid and stood down the river. They anchored the next day between three and four miles from Fort Pillow, which was situated on a bend commanding the stream some distance above, and consisted of a succession of short breast-works, mounted by siege-guns. The mortars, brought down by the boats, were placed on the Arkansas shore at Craighead Point, and the daily operation commenced of sending a certain number of shells into the fort.

Apparently Commodore Foote had no expectation of immediate success, and, indeed, the result of his expedition depended much more upon the movements of General Halleck's army before Corinth, than on any demonstration which might be made on the Mississippi.

The last week in April General Pope, with his forces, in which was included the Fifty-Ninth Indiana, left the fleet in order to swell the army on the Tennessee. Shortly afterwards Commodore Foote was obliged to surrender the command on account of the condition of the wound received before Fort Donelson, and he departed never to return, and

never again to lift hand or voice in the service which was dearer to him than life.

Captain Davis succeeded to the command of the fleet. The land forces, which included the Forty-Third and Forty-Sixth and part of the time the Thirty-Fourth Indiana, under Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, were landed in Arkansas, near Osceola, with the expectation that they would proceed down the levee and through the woods, cross the river below the fort and assault its rear, while the gunboats stripped its front of gunboat defences. The river was very high, completely overflowing the country, the attempt was consequently relinquished, and the troops returned to the boats. When the waters had somewhat abated the effort was repeated, and during several days the men, wading in mud knee-deep, worked at the construction of roads. At this time the Forty-Seventh arrived, and with most of the land forces was engaged in a severe skirmish with the enemy, who, in making a reconnoissance, discovered the Federal plans. The consequence was the establishment of a strong Confederate body on the western bank of the river, opposite the fort, and the permanent retreat of the Federal troops to the boats.

Meantime, and a month or six weeks longer, regular firing into and out of the fort continued, interrupted in its monotony only on the 4th of May, when a fierce engagement of forty-five minutes duration occurred between the Union gunboats and a Confederate ram and gunboats, in which the latter were either destroyed or crippled, while the former suffered no injury.

June 4th the guns in the fort were very unequal and eccentric in their firing, and at last ceased altogether. On examination it was found that the Confederates had quietly retreated, as a result of the abandonment of Corinth, first having filled the guns, they were obliged to leave, with double and triple charges, and prepared them to explode. June 5th the Forty-Third and Forty-Sixth raised their flags over Fort Pillow. Fort Randolph was also found abandoned.

The proud and beautiful metropolis of Tennessee now awaited the approach of the Federal fleet, and not without apprehension. Commodore Montgomery, the Confederate

naval commander, calmed anxiety and fear by repeated assurances that he could withstand and repulse any number of Northern invaders.

Before sunrise on a bright June morning, four days after the abandonment of the forts, Montgomery's vessels, eight in number, formed in two lines in front of the city, and moved up the river to meet and challenge the approaching Union fleet of five gunboats and four rams. On the levee and on the house-tops spectators stood in almost breathless suspense.

The Little Rebel, Montgomery's flag-ship, fired the first shot. The Cairo replied with a broadside, and in a few moments all the boats were engaged. During the first half hour success varied. Now one and now the other fleet seemed on the point of immediate triumph. Once a joyful hurra rang along the shore as a maneuver of the Federal vessels induced the belief that the whole force was retiring. But the shout died away; the battle continued, and victory gradually inclined towards the North. One after another of the Southern vessels were disabled. The General Lovell, crowded with men, and firing her guns, was struck aft by a fifty-pound ball. She went down like lead. In four minutes the gurgling waters covered the tops of her tall chimneys. Of the few men who were able to free themselves from the sinking vessel not more than twenty escaped the strong current, and these, except two or three who struggled to the shore, were picked up by seamen from the Union flag-ship, who made every effort to rescue the unfortunate beings.

An hour and three minutes after the firing of the first shot the combat was decided. Two of the Confederate boats were in the bottom of the river, two were stranded on the Arkansas shore, one was wrapt in flame and smoke, one was captured, one drifted at the mercy of the current, and one, the last, ended the battle by crowding on all her power and turning her head down the river.

The National vessels were all unhurt, and but one man, though he was one of the most prominent and devoted, lost his life.

Had Providence intended to humble the haughty Memphians by one stroke, to the human mind, none could have been more

sure or signal than the total and swift destruction of their city's only bulwark under their eyes, and almost within the sound of their voices.

Without further resistance Memphis surrendered to what she impotently termed the "brute force" of the Northern invaders. Arrangements were scarcely effected when a drunken sailor who had been shut up in a gunboat several months marched the whole length of the main street with a black woman on each arm. He was seized and locked up in the guard-house by some superior officer, but his poor joke exasperated the citizens almost as much as the success of the Northern fleet.

Colonel Fitch, of the Forty-Sixth Indiana, assumed military authority, and undertook the task of subjecting the rebellious city to the control of law and order. The citizens asserted that they were divided into two or three parties, but in fact, with insignificant exceptions, they formed only different shades of one party, and that opposed to the Government. Nearly all patriots went North when they found they could not express nor even hold their sentiments with safety. Some who had hitherto warmly aided and abetted the Confederacy were now converts to success; some who were sincerely attached to their country were afraid to declare themselves, lest the Union rule should be temporary; a few were both faithful and frank; but ninety-nine one hundredths of the present population seemed to be composed of outspoken secessionists, men who on the assertion of their independence, and while they yet did not imagine the miseries of war, strode the streets like gods, inflated with the touch and taste of forbidden fruit. Now that unanticipated evil had fallen on them, their bearing was little less lofty. They arrogantly advised Colonel Fitch as to the true modes of conciliation. They considered that the introduction of provost guards, the exercise of military power, the requirement of the oath of allegiance, interference with the liberty of the press, inquiry into the coming and going of citizens, might alarm or exasperate the people. They dwelt much and fondly on two weighty words, exasperation on the one side, and conciliation on the

other. They insisted on calling the United States army the "enemy," and the Confederate troops "our forces."

To assure the timid of protection, to confirm the doubting, to convince the selfish, to reward the faithful, to punish the traitorous and rebellious, in short to start again the wheels of Government, and to do it without friction, might well perplex the brain of an administrator of municipal affairs. Colonel Fitch, in harmony with the custom by which each military ruler applied the "rose-water policy" of the Government, somewhat according to his own principles, went to the very extreme of patience and conciliation. He retained in office the city council and police force, although they had faithfully served the Rebel rulers. He allowed any individual on taking the oath of allegiance to go North, or to ship goods for the North. He exhorted residents who had fled from their homes to return, and merchants and others who had abandoned their business to re-open their stores and shops. That he succeeded in giving satisfaction may be judged from the following extracts from the Memphis newspapers of that date:

From the Memphis Argus of June 10th.

Thus far the Federal commanders and soldiers have conducted themselves in a manner unexceptionable to the people. So long as their present conduct is maintained, there will be no clashes with the citizens. A spirit of riot never existed in Memphis, and can only be called into life by persecution.

From the Avalanche of the 10th.

It is due to frankness to state that our present rulers have acted with marked propriety since their arrival in our city. They are orderly, disciplined and well-behaved. In this respect our people have been much disappointed.

From the Avalanche, of the 10th.

AN IMPORTANT ORDER.

We direct the attention of our readers specially to the order of General Fitch, upon the subject of slaves. This is a step in the right direction, and cannot fail to quiet the apprehensions of many of our people upon a subject of vital interest to the South. With candor and truth we can say that Gen-

eral Fitch, while in the councils of the nation, always stood by the constitutional rights of the South.

HEADQUARTERS ON STEAMER VON PHUL,
2d Brigade, 3d Division, District of Mississippi,
Memphis, Tennessee, June 8, 1862.

General Order, No. 10.

All negroes, except those who came with the command to this place, and of whom descriptive lists are filed at these headquarters, will be excluded from the lines and boats.

Any officer or soldier violating or conniving at a violation of this order, will be severely and promptly punished.

This order will be read at the heads of companies to-morrow, 9th instant, and at guard-mounting every morning for a week.

G. N. FITCH,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

So much cotton and sugar had been destroyed by Confederate authorities that it was supposed but little remained in the city or country, but the city alone had succeeded in concealing a hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of those staples, and they now began to find their way to the wharf, from garret and cellar, from meal-bag and pit. Opening the post office was like opening sluice-gates. The citizens mailed a thousand letters the first day.

June 13th Colonel Slack with his regiment arrived from Tiptonville. By platoons, bearing the National flag and the regimental colors, the Forty-Seventh marched through the city to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and encamped about a mile and a half east of the river. The sidewalks and windows were full of silent spectators. The Chaplain of the Forty-Seventh, Mr. Sawyer, preached the next Sunday in a church from which, before the war, he was expelled on account of the Union sentiments. The Thirty-Fourth arrived soon after, and marched along the streets, making also a gallant appearance. The Forty-Sixth disembarked, but returned the next day to the boats, where, with the Forty-Third, it had been in a miserably crowded and uncomfortable condi-

tion for more than two months, with but the intermission of the few days in the mud and water opposite Fort Pillow.

Colonel Slack assumed command of the city, and issued the following order:

"Hereafter the dealing in and passage of currency known as Confederate Scrip or Confederate Notes is positively prohibited, and the use thereof as a circulating medium is regarded as an insult to the Government of the United States, and an imposition upon the ignorant and deluded.

"All persons offending against the provisions of this order will be promptly arrested and severely punished by the military authorities."

The city authorities, indignant with this rough handling, remonstrated, and requested him to leave the matter for sixty days to the judgment and discretion of the people. Colonel Slack refused, saying in the close of his reply:

"The calamity of having to contend with a depreciated currency will come upon the people sooner or later, and I see no reason why it may not as well come now as sixty days hence.

"Those who have been the most active in getting up this wicked rebellion are the individuals whose pockets are lined with Confederate notes, and if sixty days' time should be given them, it is only giving that much time for those who are responsible for its issue to get rid of it without loss, and the worthless trash will be found in the hands of the unsuspecting and the credulous, who have always been the dupes of designing Shylocks."

Colonel Slack received few compliments from Southern papers. He was gratified, however, by hearing now and then of the utterance of sentiments which were so sincerely loyal that they could not easily be forgotten.

One day an old man was seen intently gazing on the American flag as it floated above one of the hotels. "Don't you like that flag?" asked a soldier. "I love that flag," replied the old man. "I live in Mississippi, where they won't let it be raised; but I love it. I carried it through the Indian wars and at New Orleans under General Jackson. I love my country, but they call me a traitor now."

An incident of a different character, but equally worthy of note, occurred at this time. Mr. Meldrum, of Madison, while visiting Memphis, strolled out to the cemetery. Approaching several men who were engaged in digging a grave, he asked if the grave was for a soldier. "Yes," was the reply. "For an Indiana soldier?" he asked again. The answer was again, "Yes." A carriage containing two ladies entered the graveyard, and driving up to the group stopped. The elder of the ladies stepped out, and, after looking about, said to the other, "Come, you need not be afraid on account of your dress, they are only hospital soldiers." The young lady obeyed, displaying as she alighted a dress made of the Confederate flag. "For whom are you digging that grave?" asked the elder; on receiving the reply she added, "I should be glad to see every one of you, every Northern soldier, put into just such a hole as that." She continued asking questions and making remarks, all of the same odious and unwomanly character. The soldiers answered her politely and respectfully, but Mr. Meldrum endeavored to convince her that she was wrong in indulging such a state of feeling. He might as well have argued with the wind.

On the 2d of June General Wallace's division left Corinth to co-operate with the fleet, and to unite with the Forty-Third and Forty-Sixth in the expected attack on Memphis. It passed through Purdy, Bolivar and Summerville, and left the beautiful and cultivated region in which those towns are situated as beautiful and prosperous as it found it. Once or twice an ill-natured secessionist living on the route hid his well-bucket to deprive the troops of the refreshment of a cup of cold water; but oftener the people, either from fear or love, set tubs and buckets brimming with the crystal liquid by the roadside. Whether it was from fear or love they earned a blessing. The sky was cloudless, the heat was intense, as summer had now set in with all its usual southern severity, not a breath of air moved, not a drop of moisture fell, the smaller streams were dried up, the roads were dusty, yet the division, about eight thousand strong, marched on an average fifteen miles a day for five days.

In Summerville a young lady met the Twenty-Fourth

Indiana, waving the Stars and Stripes. Many days had it been since the troops had seen the National flag in any but military hands. They halted and gave three cheers to the brave, warm-hearted girl, while the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner."

Rest was allowed at Bolivar and at Union Station. About noon of June 17th General Wallace, accompanied by a few officers, all dusty, jaded and sun-burnt, arrived in Memphis, the tidings of the surrender having reached them, and hastened their advance. The troops began to come in at midnight in a terrible storm.

General Wallace assumed command of the city by virtue of his rank, and determined at once to put a stop to the bitter tone of the Memphis *Argus*, one of the chief newspapers of the city. Accordingly he placed the correspondents of the New York *Tribune* and of the New York *Herald* at the editor's table, although he left the pecuniary business of the paper in the hands of the proprietors.

Hundreds of citizens, allowing curiosity to overcome pride, attended the first dress parade of the Eleventh regiment, which was famous for its military accomplishments, and in spite of the brown faces of the soldiers, their dusty and worn dress, and the still more objectionable color of their uniform, the spectators actually applauded the skill and grace of their evolutions, and in their remarks to each other admitted that it would be "a hard day's work to whip that regiment."

General Wallace remained but a few days, and the authority fell again into the hands of Colonel Slack, who issued an order requiring all city officials to take the oath of allegiance within three days. The citizens were as usual exasperated, and submitted with their usual ill-grace. In acquiring a practical knowledge of law they felt much as he must feel who becomes acquainted with a hedge by running into its thorns.

When General Grant established his headquarters in Memphis, as he did in June, he found that constant communication existed between men in the Rebel army and their friends in the city, and accordingly ordered the families of all persons in the Confederate army, or in the employ of the Confederate

Government, to move South beyond the lines in five days from the date of his order, or take an oath that they had not furnished information to the enemy, and that they would not give intelligence to him in the future.

After a short administration General Grant returned to Corinth, leaving the reins in the hands of General A. P. Hovey, who, still increasing the rigor of Federal rule, required all male residents of the city between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to take the oath of allegiance. Between one and two thousand succumbed, and five hundred who refused were exiled from the city.

The measure subjected General Hovey to severe criticism. The New York *Herald*, echoed by minor papers, sneered at the nine days' Indiana commandant, insinuating that, clothed with a little brief authority, he was led into indiscreet arrogance, and accused him of increasing the strength of the Rebel army by the addition of at least a thousand men. Admitting the accusation, General Hovey considered a thousand armed enemies without the Federal lines less dangerous than a thousand enemies within, even though the latter should be armed only with a bitter and venomous tongue.

General Sherman was of the same opinion, and on taking command of the post confirmed Hovey's order, and added restrictions upon trade for the purpose of preventing the passage of gold, silver and treasury notes into the Confederacy. He also took possession of all vacant stores and houses, with the promise of turning them over to their owners on proof of loyalty.

Within six weeks the post at Memphis was held by six commandants, each one of which added to the severity of his predecessor. It would have been evident to any ordinary people that they were conquered. But Southern understanding is obtuse, and the Memphians still talked, though with bated breath, of the certain triumph of their sacred cause. Sacred indeed is the ancient cause of ambition and aristocracy, if blood and tears and time can sanctify. What grander galaxy in history than Satan and Eve and Nimrod, than the Spartans and the Patricians, than Louis le Grand and Tilly and the bleeding, love-locked cavaliers?

Step by step the stern power of that Government which hitherto had been so lenient that its restraints could not be felt, moved on towards a firm re-establishment. Treason began to hush even its whisperings, and an unmistakable feeling of loyalty to pervade the community.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CUMBERLAND FORD.

Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race—
None for traitors false and base.

— Whittier.

Cumberland Gap is the only pass in a mountain nearly eighty miles in length, Roger's Gap and Big Creek Gap being roads over accessible peaks, not depressions or breaks in the rocks. They are from ten hundred to fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and are exceedingly rugged, while the road through the notch is good, and not more than four hundred feet high. The mountains are abrupt and wild, clothed and crowned with the usual dark ever-green foliage of mountains, and sparkling with springs and rills. South of the pass is a little semi-circular valley, in which a clear stream, gushing from the mountain side, and a busy mill did constant service to either Confederate or Federal cause during the first years of the war.

The Confederates formed one of their first encampments in 1861 in this lofty and secure valley, while in the pass, and on points commanding it, they built four or five of their earliest fortifications. East Tennessee was thus held in their grasp, and the railroad line of communication between Richmond and Alabama was preserved from any direct northern attack. Ten miles northwest of the Gap, Cumberland river, after winding its way with little obstruction among the mountains, is suddenly and sharply driven to the right and to the left by protruding rocks, until at last it finds an outlet through hollows, which allow also the passage of a road. Here is Cumberland Ford, beautiful to poet and painter if they ever wander to so comfortless a region, beloved by the fervid souls of Kentucky and Tennessee mountaineers, but dreary in the

memory of the United States soldiers who held it in 1862, from the middle of February to the middle of June. To them the rugged peaks only shut out the fair expanse of heaven; the whispering pines, the rushing river, were always lonesome and sad; the little fields, stripped and peeled by winter and by the merciless hands of Zollicoffer's troops, and barren even in the prolific month of June, told only of ugly and doleful poverty. Life at Cumberland Ford was of a piece with the scenery. It was made up of standing picket on sullen rocks, of guarding dark ravines, of scouting with little result, of preparing for expeditions which seldom took place, of hungry days when waiting for the wagon was the sole occupation, and, for too many, of fever in crowded hospitals.

General George Morgan had command of the post, and of the seventh division of the Army of the Ohio. Like many another officer in our army, General Morgan carried a weight of prejudice which prevented the exertion of his capacity to its full extent. He was never especially beloved or honored, and in the course of time he lost even the confidence of his troops, a misfortune to them, if not to him. One brigade in the division was made up of Tennesseans, and was under the command of General Spears, of East Tennessee. The Forty-Ninth Indiana was one of the first regiments to reach the place. It was more than a month sounding the depths of Kentucky soil in the two hundred and fifty miles between Bardstown and Cumberland Ford. The single road from London to the river, though stony, hilly, muddy and cut up by travel, was scarcely worse than the roads the regiment was obliged to pursue in the interior of the State. Colonel Ray, one of the most considerate and upright men in whose care a regiment was ever placed, took all the necessary steps during this long and fatiguing march to secure the comfort and well-being of his men; he watched over their character with equal attention, and on his arrival had the pleasure of reporting that his regiment had not been guilty of a single misdemeanor. To the correctness of his report the stock and farms of both Union and Rebel civilians along the line bore ample testimony.

March 11th, with five days' provisions, and without tents

and wagons, a reconnoitring party of seven hundred and fifty, in which were included parts of two companies of the Forty-Ninth, started over the mountains by way of Big Creek Gap. General Carter was in command, and the second officer in rank was Lieutenant-Colonel Keigwin, of the Forty-Ninth. The troops clambered among the rocks all night of the 13th, at daybreak attacked a camp of three hundred of the enemy, and took tents, horses, mules, wagons and twenty prisoners. Moving on to Jacksonborough, only thirty-seven miles from Knoxville, and to Fincastle, they at each place repeated the attack, and each time with a like result.

On this expedition the troops which belonged to the Sixteenth Ohio and the Forty-Ninth Indiana went close to the Gap. "And I saw," writes an officer of the Forty-Ninth to his wife, "for the first time a Rebel army,—men pretending to be Americans,—in arms against their country. About five hundred marched out of their camp to their works, and of all the ragamuffins I ever saw that crowd would take the premium.

"In company with General Carter and ten or twelve others I went so close to their works that I could hear them talk, and by the aid of a glass could distinguish every marked feature, even the stars on their accursed flag, count their cannon, and carefully examine their entire fortifications. Their works were full of men, as busy as ants in a sand-pile.

"After we had spent the entire afternoon in leisurely examining their fortifications, we dropped back three-quarters of a mile and bivouacked on a small oak ridge, in full view from the Gap. We could plainly see their watch-fires, and our boys soundly slept, with four thousand Rebels within four miles.

"Many of the Rebels are undisciplined troops, lately enlisted, and poorly armed. Their cannon are small, not by any means equalling ours. The position they occupy could be made very strong, but I don't think it is impregnable to men actuated as ours are.

"The Union men of the adjoining counties in Tennessee are still flocking to our army; nearly two thousand five hundred have joined since we came here."

The reconnoissance was so successful that it was determined to make a direct attack upon the fortifications, and on the 21st of March nearly three thousand troops left the ford for that purpose. In skirmishing the Rebels were driven back, but no impression was made on the fortifications by a fierce cannonade, and the attempt was abandoned.

In April the Forty-Ninth was greatly reduced by sickness, which owed its origin to hardship, and which was increased in severity by the want of sanitary stores, damaged bacon and hard-tack, being, for a time, on account of distance from the base of supplies, almost the only articles of food furnished to either camp or hospital. Colonel Ray, after failing in repeated efforts to obtain means for the amelioration of suffering, almost in despair reported to Governor Morton that he had three hundred and sixty on the sick list, with the prospect of a continued increase in the number for the want of necessaries. The following reply was immediately received:

*“Colonel Ray—*The Governor will send you a good lot of supplies, and two additional surgeons, immediately, via Lexington. Never hesitate to call on us for any assistance. It will be promptly given.

W. R. HOLLOWAY,

Private Secretary.

The supplies came without delay, and were received with a gratitude which cannot be described. The kindly remembrance of home friends seemed to repay the sufferers for every hardship. But upwards of seventy of the regiment were with the dead, where there is no more a reward, and no more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun.

Governor Morton requested General Buell to order the regiment to some healthier point, where more and better care could be taken of the sick, and the convalescent could more rapidly recruit. But General Buell refused. Governor Morton then applied to Secretary Stanton, who refused to allow a removal of the entire regiment, but gave permission to General Morgan to do what he chose with the sick. Colonel Ray then made his representations directly to General Morgan, and received an order for their removal to Lexington, whither they were conveyed without delay in Government wagons.

The regiment numbered for duty at this time about two hundred men, and was almost constantly on duty until April 30th, when camp duties ceased for a time, and a third movement was made against Cumberland Gap. The attempt was again a failure.

This same month the Thirty-Third arrived, men, horses and mules together dragging artillery and wagons. The Thirty-Third was nine hundred strong, and in fine order. Other reinforcements were received, but General Morgan delayed until June before he made a decided forward movement. He then advanced in co-operation with General Mitchell's expedition against Chattanooga.

Starting on the 12th, the division wound its difficult way eighteen miles west to Roger's Gap, and hoisted cannon and wagons, by means of pulleys and ropes and strong arms, over the rocks and down to Powell's Valley on the other side. It was night when the work was achieved, the moon had set, and darkness hid all the landscape, but the Tennesseans in imagination saw their homes, and wept with joy. They were doomed to one more disappointment. Just as they were ready to advance to the pass and give the finishing stroke to their work, they were ordered, by a dispatch from General Buell, to retrace their steps, not only to the river, but back to Williamsburg, Kentucky, and there encamp. Again the heavy guns were lifted over the precipitous steeps; again the men climbed after them, and toiled all day along the mountain side to hear at evening an order bidding them to turn and scale the rocks once more.

The pass was abandoned. General Mitchell's advance to Chattanooga, and the movement of Morgan's division, which was said to be thirty thousand strong, convinced the Confederates they were about to be shut up in the mountain. As they were supplied with only a small amount of food and ammunition, and a siege could but result in their starvation or their surrender, they hastily departed.

The tidings of the retreat of the Confederates, and of the approach of the Union troops, spread far and wide through the valleys of the region, and before the pass was reached the division was met by throngs of anxious and joyful country

people. The Tennessee soldiers left the ranks and dropped their guns to clasp hands to which they had long been strangers, to take in their arms prattling children who had forgotten them, and to comfort their fearful and trembling friends with the hope that peace was at hand. They sat down on the rocks to tell of their escape, of their trials among strangers, of their hospital life, of their home-sickness, and their anxieties, and to ask what had been the shelter of the family when the old cabin was burned, what the clothing when the web was stolen from the loom, and what the food when the plough and the harrow were broken, and the grain was fired in the field. Such meetings do not come in many lives, nor are they repeated in any.

But there were wistful eyes which scanned the ranks in vain. No answering glance met theirs. Death had dealt hard with the refugees. Many who had proudly joined the Union army, and had looked forward to the moment of return with an unspeakable longing, were lying now in their silent graves far beyond the shadow of the mountains.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

INDIANA TROOPS IN VIRGINIA.

LEAVING the South and the Southwest, where Indiana soldiers in the prairies of Missouri, in the wilds of Arkansas, on the bluffs of the Father of Waters, among the hills of Mississippi, in the towns of Northern Alabama, on the mountains of Tennessee, and along the railroads and navigable streams of the recovered territory, guarded their hard won acquisitions, it is now necessary to return to our troops in Virginia.

After the removal of the Ninth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth regiments to Kentucky, there remained in the Old Dominion the Seventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Sixteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-Seventh Indiana infantry regiments, with three bodies of cavalry, two of which were independent companies, Bracken's cavalry and Stewart's cavalry. During several months the latter was separated from all other Indiana troops, and engaged in scouting in the neighborhood of Clarksburg, and skirmishing and reconnoitring in the Kanawha Valley.

The summer and fall of 1861 were as active and almost as eventful in the Kanawha Valley as in the Laurel and Cheat mountains. While General Garnet fortified himself on Laurel Hill, General Wise sought to obtain a hold on the west side of the Gauley, and was saved from the defeat which demolished the army of the former only by superior agility. In August he was chagrined by receiving the assistance of General Floyd, who outranked him. While it accorded with his own, he submitted to the will of his superior, but he demurred when Floyd, having fortified the cliffs of the Gauley at Carnifax Ferry, and arranged to attack the rear of the Union troops, under General Cox, on the Kanawha, ordered him to advance with reinforcements. He saw

no reason for abandoning plans he had himself made for attaining the same object, until he failed in their execution. It was then too late to reinforce Floyd, and he retreated thirty miles, to the Sewell, fortified the top of the mountain, and, with open reference to the enemy, but a covert allusion to his rival, called his position Camp Defiance. It was well for the Union force that the independence or the combativeness of Henry A. Wise asserted itself so decidedly at this particular juncture.

General Rosecrans, shortly after entering upon his duties as commander of the Army of Occupation in West Virginia, and of the department of the Ohio, established himself in Clarksburg, from which point he could communicate with both the Cheat mountains and the Kanawha Valley. When General Cox, who was in the Valley, became hard pressed, Floyd and Wise with superior numbers both upon him, General Rosecrans determined to take the field. Accordingly he set out the last day of August, with about ten thousand men. His army made an imposing appearance, stretching over mountain and through defile, yet the country people constantly expressed apprehension for its safety, asserting that it would be easy for a small force from some secure point to give it a decisive check. The General was frequently the recipient of advice, which, though bestowed with simplicity, was received with attention. An old woman shouted from her cabin door, "You'd better take care, Floyd's in a mighty strong, ugly place." Her earnestness excited a smile, but these warnings were all regarded, and the march was made with extreme caution. Skirmishers were constantly on the alert, and among them none were more lively and thorough than Stewart's cavalry, which, since its arrival at Clarksburg, had been called the escort or body-guard of the General.

From the top of a hill which commanded the little town of Summersville, the cavalymen obtained their first glimpse of a Rebel force, which had been hovering about since the advance commenced. They gave chase, but with no other result than the capture of two militiamen wearing the Rebel uniform of that region, a green hunting-shirt and a hat with the odd decoration of a strip of white cloth. The prisoners

would give no information except that General Floyd's position was invulnerable.

The road was now so narrow, the mountains so rough, steep and densely wooded, that the cavalry scouts found their work exceedingly difficult. At last they discovered and reported the enemy strongly posted on cliffs which overhung the Gauley, and which were covered in front and on both flanks by a tangled and apparently inaccessible woods. General Rosecrans immediately sent out a strong reconnoitring party, with directions to avoid an engagement. The reconnoissance, however, resulted in a severe action, which continued until night, more than four hours. The troops had marched seventeen miles since morning, and they sank to rest in a state of exhaustion which would have been utter, but for the expectation of assaulting the fortifications on the morrow.

In the morning no opposition was met, the camp was found deserted, and the remains of a slight log bridge hanging over the wild torrent of the Gauley betrayed the means by which General Floyd had escaped. Rosecrans attempted no pursuit until two weeks had elapsed.

Meantime General Lee, baffled on the Cheat mountains, removed to Mount Sewell, increasing the number of troops at that point to twenty thousand. He extended the breast-works four miles, and strengthened the position until it was invulnerable to any force which Rosecrans could bring, then reckoning on the rashness which had led to the attack on the fortifications at Carnifax Ferry he quietly waited. But the Union General did not play into his hands as he expected. Rosecrans watched the bristling mountain during a period of nearly two weeks; his scouts meanwhile penetrating and scouring woods and gullies, without discovering a weak point in the fortifications, or even meeting with a stray party of Rebel troops. When satisfied of Lee's determination to remain within his works, he retired, and fortified himself on the Kanawha, three miles above the Gauley. Floyd, Lee and Wise having gone to Richmond and left him in command, followed, and confronted him from an opposite bluff. Here again both combatants, now about equal in number, and within intrenchments of equal strength, remained stationary,

each daring the other to make the first move. General Floyd's position commanded the road used by the Union teamsters, and enabled him at one time to cut off supplies, but with this exception neither party, during several weeks, gained an advantage.

General Rosecrans at length perceived some indications of a retreat on the part of the enemy, and resolved to flank and surprise him. Unfortunately he suffered a defeat, nevertheless the attempt hastened the withdrawal of the Confederate force, and in consequence closed, for the present, operations in the Kanawha regions.

In October Captain Stewart resigned, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Kirtley, who was superseded in March by Lieutenant Sharra. Meantime the company was included in the First cavalry, Colonel Baker, and made company I of that regiment, Bracken's Rangers becoming at the same time company K. When General Rosecrans was removed to the West the two companies became the cavalry escort of General Fremont.

The Twelfth and Sixteenth regiments of Indiana volunteers were the first that left the State for a longer term than three months. Their term of enlistment was one year, but they were in the service at that time nearly fourteen months.

The nucleus of the Twelfth consisted of two companies, which were raised in Fort Wayne, one by Captain Link and the other by Captain Humphrey, who afterwards became Colonel Link and Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrey of the regiment. Both of these gentlemen had served in the Mexican war, Colonel Link as Major. The regiment was organized early in May, put under the command of John M. Wallace, and stationed on the Ohio river for the purpose of stopping boats suspected of being laden with ammunition and stores for the South. It remained in that vicinity until the battle of Bull Run, when it was ordered to Harper's Ferry. The last of July it encamped a few days at Sandy Hook, where a change was made in its officers. Colonel John M. Wallace was appointed paymaster, and called to Washington, and Lieutenant-Colonel Link was commissioned Colonel. The regiment was then assigned to the brigade of General Aber-

crombie, an old, experienced military man, and to the column of General Banks.

During the first months, which are generally the most severe on the health of troops, the Twelfth was in remarkably good condition, owing in a great measure to the considerate attention of Colonel Link. He was always careful to select a cheerful, healthy location for a camping ground, and was in the habit of personally inspecting the condition of his men in addition to the regular examination given by the inspector. As the regiment was principally made up of young men from the higher walks of life, who were ambitious to excel in every respect, they paid great attention to their tents and camps, as also to personal cleanliness and neatness. One young soldier in writing home says:

"Mother, how I wish you could see us at evening, (it was summer, and they were in proximity to the pines;) we have laid out our camp in streets, and brought young pine trees and planted them in straight rows before our tent doors. When the lights are burning at evening, and the beholder stands on an eminence, and sees the long rows of white tents with the light shining through the green pines, it is a very lovely sight. We shall not, probably, stay here long, but this care for the beautiful makes our men forget their hardships; and home-sickness, that bane of soldier life, is comparatively banished."

Five or six months were spent in marching and counter-marching after the fleet-footed Virginians. It was the fortune of the Twelfth to be continually preparing for an attack on the enemy, and to be always disappointed by his escape. In its pursuits it took possession of a number of towns in Maryland which were afterwards retaken by the enemy. The first winter quarters, or, rather, headquarters, were at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, Abercrombie's brigade being stretched out thirty miles along the Potomac as picket-guard. The soldiers still look upon that cold first winter of picket duty, lying almost in sight of Stonewall Jackson, while all was quiet along the Potomac, as hard service. They were continually skirmishing with Jackson from February until they were mustered out of the service. During this time sickness made

sad inroads in the regiment; and in the various skirmishes many men were captured and confined in that horrid prison at Richmond, where they suffered for long, weary months, as thousands of their countrymen suffered afterwards. One of the number was Captain Reuben Williams, who at a later date became Colonel of the regiment.

The Colonel of the Sixteenth Indiana regiment, Pleasant A. Hackleman, was a fair example of American patriotism. His energies were devoted to a profession which had also his affections, and in which he achieved unusual success. Life gave him all that he could wish, business prosperity, social happiness, the desire to do good, and the means wherewith to accomplish the desire, home and love and troops of friends. He had, moreover, reached an age at which the most active no longer disdain their ease. Yet, when he was convinced that the army needed his services, he turned away from business, friends and home, and patiently accepted the duties and hardships of the camp, the march and the field.

The regiment left Richmond, Indiana, July 23d. It was the first to march through Baltimore after the massacre of the Massachusetts troops in that city. In August it was placed in Abercrombie's brigade of Banks' division, and its history until the expiration of its term of service is almost identical with that of the Twelfth.

Some satirical artist has painted a picture which he calls "All quiet on the Potomac." A placid moon shines upon the placid river, and on a row of graves, which form the foreground. A solitary picket, whose shadow falls athwart the low mounds, is the only living thing in the scene. Imagination involuntarily adds another, and the eye, in obedience to the suspicion, searches a thicket and endeavors to peer behind the black trunks of the trees for a hidden enemy.

In this picture may be read much of the history of the Sixteenth and Twelfth, and of all the regiments which were in Virginia.

Indiana can never forget the men who, on the sentinel's nightly beat, trod the narrow and treacherous line between the hostile armies, their manly hearts the only bulwarks of our country,—of home and happiness and law.

The nineteenth regiment, on its organization, was placed under the command of Solomon Meredith, who is known as one of the tallest men in Indiana, and as a remarkably successful aspirant for agricultural honors. The regiment left Indianapolis August 5th, and went into camp on Kalorama Heights, near Washington, August 9th. It was temporarily placed in the brigade of General Smith, and immediately afterwards was engaged in the protection of a topographical party, which reconnoitered the ground near Lewinsville. A cavalry force of Confederate soldiers, about fifty in number, was driven from Lewinsville at ten o'clock in the morning, and parties of Union soldiers were stationed on all the roads to watch the enemy. The engineers performed their work, and the force, with the exception of one squad from the Third Vermont and another from the Nineteenth Indiana, was concentrated and formed to return to the encampments when a large body of the enemy, whose approach had been announced by the Vermont and Indiana pickets, opened a rapid cannonade. A Union battery, which formed part of the brigade, replied, and was well supported by the infantry. The firing continued an hour, the advanced pickets suffering all the loss that was sustained. The Nineteenth lost one man killed, two wounded and three captured. All the troops behaved well, and were complimented by the commanding General.

The last of September the Nineteenth was brigaded with three Wisconsin regiments, under the command of General King. In October the brigade occupied a position on Arlington Heights, near Fort Graig, where it remained during the winter.

The Colonel of the Twenty-Seventh regiment was Silas Colgrove, a prominent lawyer, a highly esteemed citizen of Winchester, and a former member of the Legislature. The regiment was organized in Indianapolis in August, and went to Washington City in September. In October it was removed to the division of General Banks, which was called the Army of the Shenandoah, and was placed in General Gordon's brigade. During the greater part of the winter it was in comfortable quarters near Frederick City, Maryland.

On the 10th of June, 1861, a general order was issued from the Adjutant General's office of the State of Indiana, providing for the formation of a regiment of cavalry, under the militia law of the State, in the counties bordering on the Ohio river, of which proposed organization Conrad Baker, of Vanderburg county, was appointed Colonel, and Scott Carter, of Switzerland county, Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 24th of the same month it was provided in orders that this regiment should be organized for the United States service for three years, unless sooner discharged. In pursuance of authority granted by the orders referred to, six companies rendezvoused at North Madison, and were mustered into the United States service on the 22d day of August, 1861, and placed under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott Carter, forming a part of the First cavalry.

Having received orders to proceed to Washington City, the six companies embarked on board of steamboats at Madison on the 25th of August, with their horses, which were the private property of the men composing the command, but without equipments or arms. They reached Wheeling on the 28th, and disembarked. They remained two days, and then started on a march to Pittsburg. They were feted and feasted at every town, village and camp along the route, and had a glorious time, notwithstanding the fatigue and inconvenience of a "bare-back ride." From Pittsburg they proceeded by rail to Washington, which was reached on the 5th of September. They remained in camp in the suburbs of the city until the 1st of November, (having in the meantime been equipped and partially armed,) when the battalion was ordered to report to General Sickles at Camp Good Hope, located between Washington and Bladensburg. They remained at this point until the 15th of October, when, being assigned to the division of General Hooker, the command marched to Budd's Ferry on the Potomac, and went into camp. The regimental headquarters remained there during the winter.

On the 21st of October, 1861, these six companies were assigned to the Third cavalry, Forty-Fifth regiment, of which regiment Lieutenant-Colonel Carter was made Colonel, and

George H. Chapman appointed Major. About the same time four new companies were joined to the same organization, making the regiment ten companies strong, and were sent to Kentucky. In the winter of 1862 two more companies were joined to the regiment, and subsequently were ordered to the western army. The six companies which were sent to the Army of the Potomac were never increased in number, so that their military history is entirely distinct from that portion of the regiment which joined and continued to serve in the western army. For all practical purposes the six companies serving with the Army of the Potomac were regarded as a regiment, and did the work of a regiment. The enlisted men being mounted on their own horses, which were much superior to those furnished by the Government, the battalion was generally able to turn out as many "mounted men for duty" as the full regiments with which it performed service.

During the winter of 1861—62, the battalion remained attached to the division of General Hooker, and performed duty along the Potomac river, from Budd's Ferry to Point Lookout. There had, previous to December of this winter, been a considerable contraband travel and traffic between the southern part of Maryland and Virginia, and in the early part of December Major Chapman was sent to St. Mary's county, Maryland, in command of three companies of his regiment, with orders to break up this contraband intercourse. A good many arrests were made, a number of boats and a quantity of contraband goods were captured, and the work was successfully accomplished.

The duties devolving upon the Third cavalry during this winter's service were of a delicate nature, but were discharged in such manner as to call forth the commendation of superior officers. Under date of December 20, 1861, the Adjutant General of General Hooker's staff wrote to Major Chapman as follows: "The General directs me to express to you his great satisfaction for the intelligent and zealous manner with which you and your command have discharged the duties intrusted to you. The attention of the Major General commanding has been called to this subject, whose commendation you also merit, and will without doubt receive."

Subsequently the following extracts were furnished the command for their information, and could not but have given the officers and men much satisfaction:

[Copy.]

"HEADQUARTERS HOOKER'S DIVISION,
Camp Baker, Lower Potomac, Maryland,
December 20, 1861.

"*Brigadier General S. Williams, Adjutant General Army of the Potomac:*

"GENERAL—The intelligence, energy and good conduct displayed by Major Chapman and his command in the service in which they are engaged merit and will receive my commendation. The Third Indiana cavalry have been on the wing almost all the time since they joined me, singly and in bodies, and I have yet to learn of their first irregularity.

"The conduct of the enlisted men is as exemplary in the absence of authority as it is when present. It seems no example, no temptation, can lead them astray.

Very respectfully, &c, Jos. HOOKER,
Brigadier General Commanding Division."

[Copy.]

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Washington, December 21, 1861.

"GENERAL—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th instant. The General [McClellan] heartily commends the conduct of Major Chapman, and is also glad to learn of the good behavior of the Third Indiana cavalry.

"I am, General, &c., S. WILLIAMS,
"Assistant Adjutant General."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with the most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds."—*Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.*

"They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground."

—*Chevy Chase.*

ALTHOUGH "West Virginia is the true keystone of the Union arch," it was in effect given up by the Confederates after the first winter of the war, and the line of defence was withdrawn to the Valley, for which they struggled with a deathless courage. The Valley of Virginia is the fairest part of the Old Dominion. The almost inaccessible heights of the Alleghanies bound one side, the gentle slopes of the Blue Ridge the other. Deep and rapid rivers cut their way straight toward the North, or through the mountains to the plains of the East and the West. The James has its rise here, the Kanawha and the Potomac. The Shenandoah stretches its whole length at the feet of the Blue Ridge. Lost river, after working a channel among rocks, sinks into the ground, then mysteriously comes to light again. Cedar Run is spanned by an arch, which is probably the remnant of some vast cave. Countless caverns perforate the rocks.

Setting aside its shape and its situation, its rocks and its peaks, which make it as strong as a walled city lined with fortresses and guarded by stupendous towers, on other grounds the Valley of Virginia is well worth contention. It was very beautiful when peace blessed the country, adorned as it was

with a happy succession of rich farms and blooming gardens, of lively watering places and hospitable homes. The finest wheat fields in the world extended from New Creek far away in the direction of Fredericksburg. They were not only almost limitless in extent, but bore the crowded and bent heads which delight the eyes of the husbandman. In their season, apples and pears, peaches and plums reddened wide spread orchards; and bees, humming in the fields, gathered a store of sweets for every farm-house.

Once the Valley was known as the seat of a warm and generous loyalty. Before the Revolution, when the ports of Boston were closed, her commerce stopped, and her people threatened with starvation, the fertile farms along the Shenandoah poured out their treasures for her relief. In honor of New England and of the National cause, a Lexington grew up on the slopes of the mountains, a Bunker Hill not far from the Potomac, and near the Shenandoah a Charlestown, from which, in a later, degenerate time, John Brown cast his last look, as he exclaimed, "How beautiful are the grain fields!"

The features of nature remain unchanged. The Valley is now as wildly beautiful as it was before the incoming of civilization, except that here and there on the green sward, or beside the clear stream, stands a blackened ruin. But the loyal generosity vanished long ago, and peace and seclusion during five years were exiles from a spot in which war raged like a fierce tide pent up in a narrow bay, or like a storm on a mountain lake.

As early as the first of May, before the Virginia vote on secession had been taken, the Government of the Confederacy sent a force, called an Army of Occupation, into the Valley, under the command of Colonel T. J. Jackson, formerly a professor in the military college at Lexington. Colonel Jackson, in spite of an eccentric and narrow mind, an angular and abstracted manner, a solemn affectation of mystery, and a habit of muttering to himself, which made his pupils call him "Old Tom" before he was thirty, was a man of singular power, and as he became known he proved to be of more value to the Confederate cause than an army of ten thousand.

In his devotion to a purpose there was an earnestness and an intensity which shamed triflers, and which, sometimes unconsciously on his own part, and almost unconsciously on theirs, stole into their minds and woke in them a real life. His piety and his minute observance of religious forms made people believe in him. He believed in himself, and where he could not win men, he conscientiously bent them with an iron resolution to the accomplishment of his purposes. He is described by an admirer as having "a rough mouth, an iron jaw, and nostrils as big as a horse's;" another completes the features of his face with yellowish gray eyes, which were as keen as a hawk's, and a nose in its sharpness not unlike the beak of a bird of prey. So much of a description is due to one who, more than any other individual, except General Lee, threw around secession a brightness which, like the moon's halo, was made of clouds.

Colonel Jackson went down the Valley to Harper's Ferry, and took possession, a small company of United States troops retiring before him, and leaving the arsenal and the Government buildings in flames. So it was that the first literal fires kindled by the war were in the mouth of the Virginia Valley.

In a short time Colonel Joseph E. Johnston took command at Harper's Ferry. When Colonel Wallace, with the Eleventh Indiana, appeared at Cumberland, and drove the Rebels from Romney, Johnston retired from a point which was strong only in appearance to Winchester, which, as the center of eight or ten important roads, and of a rich rolling country, was one of the chief towns, and the real key of the Valley, as circumstances afterwards proved, for from that day it was kept turning in the lock by loyal and disloyal hands alternately. First, however, he put the finishing stroke to the once lovely village of Harper's Ferry by burning the superb bridge over the Potomac.

While in preparation for the battle of Bull Run, General Patterson danced, clumsily enough, at the mouth of the Valley, now at Bunker Hill, now at Charlestown and now at Harper's Ferry. Colonel Johnston, assisted by his able subordinates, Stuart, Pendleton and Jackson, made his way to Manassas, and gave effective help to Beauregard. In

October Jackson, promoted to the position of General, returned and took command of the troops in and around Winchester. He lost no time in organizing and instructing his raw soldiers, and soon had under his command a disciplined army.

General Kelly, a loyal Virginian, the same that was wounded in the rout of the Rebels at Phillippi, and after him General Lander, had command of a line of troops which ran along the Potomac, from the Alleghanies to the Blue Ridge, and which reached into the interior as far as Romney. The center of this line was at Cumberland, which General Kelly made his headquarters, and the left was twenty-seven miles east of Cumberland, at Hancock and Bath. In the middle of winter Kelly was reinforced by the addition of the Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana regiments to the Virginia and Ohio troops which had, until that time, composed his command.

The Seventh, under Colonel Gavin, who succeeded Dumont on the promotion of the latter, left West Virginia the last of November, and during the following three weeks repaired forty-eight miles of railroad, making the bridges and putting up the wires included in that extent of road. It was placed on guard midway between Cumberland and Romney, in the beautiful but disloyal village of Springfield, which it reformed externally by raising a Union flag on a secession pole in the public square. The Seventh was in Colonel Tyler's brigade.

The Thirteenth left Beverly in the middle of December. marched seventy-five miles in mud nearly knee-deep, and reached Green Spring Run in four days. From Green Spring Run the regiment went to Sir John's Run, from which place, immediately on its arrival, it made a hasty exit. The Fourteenth left West Virginia at the same time, and went directly to Romney. The Thirteenth and Fourteenth were at first brigaded together under Colonel Kimball. Shortly afterwards Colonel Sullivan was made a brigade commander, and the Thirteenth was included for a short time in his command. In the spring Kimball and Sullivan were promoted Brigadier-Generals. The former was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Harrow, the latter by Lieutenant-Colonel Foster.

To figure great things by small, the Valley of Virginia, from January to June of 1862, was a stage, and all the soldiers there were players. The curtain is drawn on the first day of the year, a mild, open winter day. Jackson sweeps round from Winchester to Romney, driving his enemy like chaff before the wind, but failing in the great object of his expedition. In the same act Lander and Banks force back all the Rebel outposts, and drive Jackson from Winchester and beyond Strasburg.

In the second act Jackson turns upon his pursuers, and on a fair Sunday morning, on the heights of Winchester, is beaten by them in a fiery battle.

In the third act Jackson flies the whole length of the Valley, and Banks pursues with one portion of his force, while another portion is withdrawn to the all devouring Army of the Potomac. Fremont's advance hastens towards Banks, and the important town of Staunton is almost at the mercy of the Federal Army.

In the fourth act Jackson masses such an army as the mountains never before saw, and sweeps the Valley clean of Union troops.

Last act of all "that ends this strange eventful history," Jackson stands on the Potomac and casts his baffled eye beyond; he makes vain attempts to cross the narrow stream, but he never enters the land he had promised himself; and he turns, hunted by foes from every quarter, again toward his protecting mountains. At Cross Keys he is forced to fight, and at Port Republic he turns from his course to beat back the brave but unwise advance of Shields. After the two battles, he sweeps gradually off over the mountains, and the Union troops melt away into the Army of the Potomac, all but the thousands who, with wounds from the battles and with bruises and exhaustion from the long and hurried marches, are laid up in the hospitals.

In every act of this wonderful drama are Indiana troops. In the first are the Seventh, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Twenty-Seventh, Twelfth and Sixteenth regiments. In the second and third acts are the Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth. In the fourth, the Twenty-Seventh and General Milroy. In

the fifth act all that were in any of the preceding, except the Twelfth and Sixteenth, and, in addition, the Indiana escort of General Fremont, whose duties are not few nor light, and the Third cavalry.

Preparatory to his first attempt at clearing out the Valley of Union troops, General Jackson ordered a force of three thousand, which was stationed at Moorefield, and two others, which together numbered eight thousand, and which were at Winchester and Blue's Gap, to advance under General Loring slowly towards Romney from the south and east, while he, moving as swiftly as it was possible for infantry to march, should scatter or capture the troops on the eastern end of Kelley's line, cut off the railroad, deprive Cumberland of its supplies, and come down upon Romney from the north.

The third day of General Jackson's march a piercing wind rose, and rain, snow, sleet, hail fell by turns, or altogether during many hours, but he marched on, although some of his men froze to death, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the scattered Union forces fly before him. The Thirteenth Indiana had not fairly left the cars at Sir John's Run when it was forced to join in the flight. The country people also fled, many of them on foot, with their little ones, and such of their property as they could carry. Thus burdened they waded the freezing river, although they knew not where to look for shelter on the northern bank.

While General Jackson proceeded thus rapidly, carrying all before him, General Loring leisurely marched towards Blue's Gap, a pass through one of the short but lofty and rugged ranges which break the level of the great valley. Before he reached his destination, Colonel Dunning of the Fifth Ohio, led an expedition from Romney against the Confederates already at that point. His number was twenty-five hundred, and included a detachment of the Fourteenth Indiana, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mahan. Colonel Dunning started at midnight, and, though the night was radiantly clear, would have reached the Confederate camp without discovery, if his men had not unexpectedly set up a shout, which gave warning of their approach. The Confederates, however, were driven out, and Colonel Dunning returned to Romney, which he

found all astir with the tidings of General Jackson's approach, and with preparations, made under the direction of General Lander, for an immediate retreat. His men had marched thirty-two miles in seventeen hours, but not a moment could now be allowed for rest.

General Jackson's left wing was but six miles south of Romney; his center was already at Blue's Gap, the expelled force, accompanied by Loring with his troops from Winchester, having re-entered the pass as soon as Dunning's back was turned; and his right had reached a point twelve miles east of Springfield. Romney was, in consequence, almost surrounded, and Jackson's project almost executed. His entire force was twenty thousand. General Lander, who had but four thousand five hundred at Romney, had no alternative, and no hope except in extreme rapidity, for which his troops, even those who had just returned from Blue's Gap, were better prepared than Jackson's. He sent off the sick and the stores under a strong guard, and followed with his rear at midnight. The snow had melted under a heavy rain, and the roads were in the worst condition. At dawn he reached Springfield, where he found the Seventh Indiana, as yet undisturbed, guarding four roads and seven fords. This regiment was without artillery, and without camp equipage, which had all been sent away the day before; it was also fatigued, having just returned from a purposeless expedition to Green Spring, where it had spent a bitter cold night huddled up in hog cars.

The new comers slept two hours on the ground, then continued their retreat, leaving the Seventh entirely isolated. Two days elapsed before Jackson entered Springfield, and in that time the Seventh retired, following Lander toward Cumberland. Instead of pursuing, the Confederate General continued the direct course to Romney, where, in obedience to orders from his Government, he left General Loring in command. Less than nothing was accomplished in this expedition, although for a moment it promised every success. Confederate authorities ascribe the failure to the fact that the Government did not yet know of what stuff the old professor was made.

During the next few weeks General Lander conducted a series of reconnoissances, which resulted in the withdrawal to Winchester of the whole of Jackson's army. The only resistance was at Bloomery Gap. Lander, having made a bridge one hundred and eighty feet long at the dead of night over the Great Cacapon, where it is crossed by an unfrequented mountain road, led two columns, each preceded by a body of cavalry, with such rapidity that they appeared at the pass unexpectedly. His infantry, among which were the three Indiana regiments, built the bridge and bore the hardships of a march through the deep snow without rest or sustenance, but on the approach to the pass it was in the rear, and the cavalry should have made the attack. The horsemen, however, showed symptoms of fear, hesitated, held back, and were on the point of running, when General Lander, who knew no such word as fail, spurring to the front, made the onset almost alone. Inspired by his example, the cavalry recovered courage, seconded him, and captured almost the whole Rebel force.

Shortly after this brilliant dash, General Lander applied for leave of absence, in order to rest from military duties. His application had not yet received attention, when he was called away by that Commander "in whose war there is no discharge." He died while almost in the act of making another midnight attack. Many a better man could have been better spared than General Lander. He offered his services to General Scott as soon as it was known that the South had determined to resort to the sword, "in any capacity, at any time and for any duty." He had been nobly and ably faithful, and now he was greatly missed and truly mourned.

In the latter part of February, General Banks advanced up the Potomac, taking possession of Harper's Ferry, Charlestown, Martinsburg and Bunker Hill, and moving on towards Winchester. Colonel Ashby, with a large cavalry force, guarded General Jackson's rear, and tantalized the Union troops by cunningly keeping himself just beyond their grasp, yet within their sight. Twelve miles from Winchester General Banks awaited the arrival of General Lander's, now General Shields' division, and directed it on its arrival to

proceed with another division round by Berryville, in order to intercept General Jackson should he retreat. When the advance was resumed, the Twelfth Indiana and Thirteenth Massachusetts led the van on the direct route. Four miles from Winchester, near night, the enemy seemed preparing to dispute their advance, and line of battle was formed, the Twelfth having the post of honor, but no further demonstration was made. Long before day the troops were roused and led on slowly. The fire of artillery was expected, and the spectacle of Confederate troops and Confederate flags was anxiously looked for, but no sound was heard, no enemy was seen, and with the morning rays glancing on their bayonets, the morning air ringing with the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," they entered Winchester. Colonel Ashby had just galloped through the streets shouting for the Southern Confederacy, but he was already beyond pursuit. Four hours later the left wing of General Banks' army arrived, but without having met Jackson, who went directly south along the Strasburg road.

The first act of the National authorities on taking possession was the publication of the usual order forbidding depredations. The National banner soon waved from every noticeable point, and with especial grace from the house of Mason, the Confederate commissioner to England.

The general object to which Banks was ordered to devote himself was the protection of the line of the Potomac and Washington, and the rebuilding of the railway from Washington to the Shenandoah. He accordingly began to send troops to the vicinity of Manassas. The Sixteenth Indiana, one of the first regiments to be sent forward, built a bridge over the Shenandoah, at Snicker's Gap, in forty-eight hours, and while engaged in the work captured several men belonging to Jackson's army. The Twelfth regiment followed the Sixteenth, and with the brigade crossed the mountains and reached Aldie. General Banks sent a second division down the valley to proceed by the northern route.

Meantime General Shields followed General Jackson, in order to ascertain his numbers, and, if it could be done to advantage, to force him to fight. At Mount Jackson he found

the Confederate General strongly posted, and within supporting distance of a large force under General Johnson. He accordingly fell back to Winchester, making the whole march of nearly thirty miles in one day. His troops were in fine spirits, and formed their encampments on the heights south of Winchester with joyful anticipations of continued success.

Colonel Ashby, who followed Shields, discovered that General Banks was rapidly sending troops out of the valley, and, construing the movement into an intention to withdraw the entire corps, so reported to General Jackson, who lost not a moment in seizing the opportunity for striking a telling blow. He returned immediately towards the North, and reached the vicinity of Kernstown on the 21st and 22d of March. On the evening of the 22d, Colonel Ashby drove in the Union pickets, and, in an active skirmish which ensued, wounded General Shields, who had, in consequence, to be carried to the rear, four miles. The report of scouts that no enemy but Ashby was in front did not entirely satisfy either Shields or Kimball, who took the place of Shields in the field, and they made arrangements to prevent a surprise.

At Winchester, as has been mentioned, a number of much traveled routes converge. Of these the most important southern roads are the Strasburg, which runs directly south, and the Cedar Creek and the Front Royal roads, which bend, the first towards the west, the second towards the east. Kernstown is on the Strasburg road, two or three miles south of Winchester. The ground between the Strasburg and Cedar Creek roads rises and falls like great irregular waves. A road runs from Winchester to Romney, directly west, and another runs directly east to Berryville. On the top of a hill near Kernstown, and west of the Strasburg road, Colonel Kimball placed three batteries, and on the interior or northern slope of the same hill he planted a fourth, with a large infantry and a small cavalry force. He stretched his infantry line, which consisted of his own brigade, about a half mile beyond the Strasburg road. Behind Kimball's brigade, in a longer and thinner line, Sullivan's reached from the Romney to the Berryville road, his center resting near the Strasburg toll-gate. Still behind, north of Winchester, and within its encamp-

ments, lay Tyler's brigade. All slept on their arms, except two or three regiments which formed a double line of sentinels, arranged like the brigades, the Sixty-Seventh Ohio in front and to the left of Kimball, the Thirteenth Indiana from the Cedar Creek to the Front Royal road in front of Sullivan.

The night which hid the movements of Kimball, also favored the plans of Jackson. He arranged his force to cover a line two miles in length. He placed Ashby on and east of the Strasburg turnpike, with Colonel Burk's brigade as a support, and also as a reserve. General Jackson himself, with several batteries, took his stand in the center of his line, on a hill nearly a mile south of Kimball's battery hill. Colonel Fulkerson's brigade was on his left in a field, which was surrounded by a stone wall. A thick grove covered the slope in front of the wall, and as far to the west as the Cedar Creek road. An old, little used road ran through the grove. The wall and the wood were first a screen, afterwards a shelter to Jackson's left. Garnett's brigade in the wood and behind the field formed a support to Fulkerson. A battery commanded the Strasburg road, and one protected each wing of the Confederate army. A stone wall also covered the right. Jackson was thus very skilfully posted.

Both Jackson and Kimball worked so entirely in the dark that neither was aware of the movements, number or proximity of the other. Dawn revealed nothing. The ravines and hillsides, woods and walls concealed the carefully arranged batteries and bayonets, horse and foot, and presented their ordinary peaceful appearance. The forces were nearly equal. Each afterwards claimed the smaller number, but each consisted of three brigades of infantry, six batteries, and a body of cavalry. In the character of the cavalry the Confederates had the advantage. Ashby, the commander, was a keen, fiery little man, fitted for his position by the hardihood, coolness and skill which he had acquired in a life devoted to fox-hunting and horse-racing. He rode a milk-white steed, which seemed inspired by his own bold spirit. His men had had like training, and as horsemen were unequaled, as soldiers unsurpassed by any in the Confederacy.

The National cavalry force, on the other hand, was made up of pioneers from the woods and villages of the young State of Michigan,—good, sturdy men, who were accustomed to ride and to hunt, but more as a business than as a pastime. They knew little of the leaping, the prancing, the caricoling, the dashing, reckless, headlong speed and fire which made up the life and glory of Ashby and his troop.

But again Jackson was deceived as to the Union force, imagining it to be not more than five or six hundred, and his troops were fatigued by their rapid march. The sun came up slowly, and as late as eight or nine o'clock an Ohio officer, Colonel Mason, who had been sent out to reconnoiter, reported that none but Ashby's force was in front, and that no sound was to be heard but a somewhat brisk picket firing. So General Banks and General Shields, who were holding an anxious consultation by the bedside of the latter, concluded that Ashby was simply amusing himself by giving a false alarm, and General Banks no longer hesitated to follow the last division he had sent towards Washington.

But neither Colonel Mason's eyes nor ears were good, for as early as eight artillery firing began on the hills, and Kimball was anxiously endeavoring to discern the length and position of the rebel line, one end of which was slowly moving on towards his left. His left, the Eighth and Sixty-Seventh Ohio, did not seem to share his anxiety. The two regiments marched steadily to meet the enemy, and engaged shortly in a sharp contest. Clark's battery came rattling up the turnpike, with the Fourteenth Indiana shouting behind it. Sullivan's brigade drew in from right and left and rear, concentrated before the toll-gate, then pushed on behind the Fourteenth.

Colonel Ashby, who led the Rebel advance, paused at the sight of a force so unexpectedly large. He did not retreat, but he did not move on, and as the Union force was little less surprised, it also paused. The firing slackened, and almost died away. Near noon Jackson began to draw his reserve up towards his center, and increase his artillery firing, while, at the same time, Ashby withdrew from the left, and Garnett advanced to flank Kimball's right. Just then Tyler's brigade, which was sent forward as soon as Shields became

aware of the attack, reached the ground. An order met it, "Go to our right. Take the batteries on the hill." These were the batteries in the field with Fulkerson's brigade.

On Tyler's right was the Seventh Ohio, on his left the Twenty-Ninth, the First Virginia in his center, the Seventh Indiana in the rear of the right, the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania on the rear of the left. Colonel Tyler marched towards the west, then with his right flank on the Cedar Creek road, and his left on the old road through the woods, he turned and moved steadily and silently almost half a mile. Turning again towards the left, he faced Garnett's brigade, Jackson's extreme left. A blinding fire met him, and his men threw themselves flat on the ground, behind a ridge. But they rose as soon as the first volley had passed over their heads, and gave back shot for shot, and shout for shout. Garnett's brigade was sheltered by the trees, and Fulkerson's by the stone wall. At first they merely held their ground, but soon Garnett advanced, and was followed by Fulkerson. Tyler withstood the two Rebel brigades nearly three hours, then he yielded slowly, and they pressed forward. The day seemed lost, when near and nearer came a shout. "That shout was worth a thousand men," said Colonel Tyler afterwards. It stopped shrinking feet; it nerved failing hands, and when the fiery faces of the Fourteenth Indiana came up out of the woods, following the war cry, loud, long and terrible, rose again the din of battle. No orders could be heard, but through all, and over all, penetrated and swelled the shout of on-coming troops, behind the Fourteenth Indiana, the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania, the Thirteenth Indiana, the Sixty-Seventh and Fifth Ohio.

Now it was Garnett's turn to fall back, and now the stone wall could no longer shelter Fulkerson. But Fulkerson did not fly, he marched slowly and bravely across the field.

The sun set, and the deepening shades of twilight made pursuit impossible; the Rebels, therefore, retired safely to their wagons. The Union soldiers slept on the field. It was the first real battle of most of the troops engaged, and, though in the flush of victory, many a man lay down that night sick at heart, because of the blood and horror about him.

The Union loss in the engagement was one hundred and three killed, four hundred and fifty-one wounded. In killed and wounded the Seventh lost forty-four, the Thirteenth thirty-seven, and the Fourteenth fifty-four, a quarter of the whole.

The Confederate loss is not certainly known. Pollard states it at one hundred killed, two hundred wounded and three hundred prisoners; but as he greatly over-estimates the Federal loss, his statement is not probably correct.

The Confederates also lost two guns and four caissons. One of the guns was afterwards presented to the Fourteenth by General Banks, but it was never taken from Winchester.

Captain Kelly, of the Fourteenth, was mortally wounded, and shortly afterwards died.

General Jackson was bent on repossessing the valley. To him it was the heart of the Confederacy, and its loss was the loss of all. It was, therefore, slowly and sullenly that, on the night after the battle, he turned his back on the broad fields of the lower Shenandoah, already ripening for the harvest.

General Banks, who returned from Harper's Ferry on receiving intelligence of the battle, bringing back with him the division of General Williams, was on the pursuit the next day. But he was forced to move slowly. The country people gave good words to Jackson, the bridges afforded him safe and easy passage over the streams; the mills supplied him with flour, and the sleepless and restless Ashby hovered protectingly over his rear. Banks, on the contrary, received scowls and curses from the inhabitants; found no grain in the mills, and was constantly checked by the mountain rivers as they rushed along, bearing the ashes of burning bridges; while always disappearing over the hill-tops before him were the flying horsemen of Ashby. Now and then from the artillery, which lumbered along with Ashby's troop, a shell or a ball fell among the pursuers; on the bank of some stream, at the entrance of some village, for round about every village the mountains form a wall, or at some turn in the road, a skirmish took place, but Jackson, especially in the upper part of the valley, made as little delay as possible, and consequently there was no important fighting.

Banks pressed on to Middletown, to Strasburg, to Woodstock, to Mount Jackson, to New Market, and last to Harrisonburg. During the latter part of the route news came of the victories on the field of Shiloh, at Island No. 10, at Fort Pulaski and New Orleans. At Harrisonburg an enthusiastic celebration was held, and all hearts and voices proclaimed the war near its close.

May 6th, the Union pickets southeast of Harrisonburg were driven in, and Colonel Foster was sent the next day with his regiment to discover the strength of the enemy. He was directed to avoid an engagement, and accordingly after driving a small body of the enemy from Honeyville beyond Somerville, he turned to withdraw with the expectation of a general attack on the morrow. Captain Conger, of the First Vermont cavalry, joined him, and was ordered to bring up the rear. He did not obey, and suffered the usual punishment of disobedience. When Colonel Foster had gone two or three miles, he received the following dispatch from Conger: "We are surrounded, come to our assistance;" and at the same time a dispatch from General Sullivan: "Do not pursue the enemy; beware of a surprise." The order was imperative, the entreaty no less, and Foster turned and marched to the assistance of the hot-headed Vermonter. He found him almost overwhelmed by a superior force, and only extricated him at the expense of a half hour's terrible fighting, and with the loss of twenty-eight men.

At Harrisonburg, Banks was connected with Milroy, who was at McDowell, forty miles west, by a good public road. The situation of itself suggested a union of the two forces, and an advance on Staunton, which commands the direct road through the mountains to Richmond, and which was less than sixty miles distant. Banks was ordered to hold himself in readiness for this movement, awaiting a signal from McClellan.

Jackson saw the situation with extreme anxiety. He seemed to have called troops which were on their way to the front of Richmond, only to lead them by a longer but easier route to its rear. Yet hope rose over fear. The very extremity of the danger opened a way to brilliant success. If he could

ensnare Banks here, or drive him back to the mouth of the valley, he would at least give Lee time to finish the fortifications of Richmond, and to organize and train the raw soldiers the late conscript law had put into the ranks. He dared to indulge a still bolder hope, by a sudden dash down the valley, to capture or scatter the army of Banks, and to spring upon Washington before National troops could have time to come to its rescue, and thus save Richmond, win Washington, turn the face of the Army of the Potomac northward, and drive the war from Virginia to Maryland and Pennsylvania.

To prepare for the execution of this daring conception, he called General Ewell with a full division from Gordonsville to the front of General Banks, and himself repaired to Staunton, where he reinforced his army with a corps of cadets, under the command of the Principal of the Virginia Military Institute, and with a division under General Edward Johnston, made its number something like forty thousand.

At this juncture of affairs, Banks was ordered to send to McClellan's assistance the whole of Shields' division, the most experienced and active part of his corps. He protested, yet when his scouts reported that Jackson had disappeared among or beyond the mountains, he admitted to the President his belief that the valley was almost cleared of Confederate troops, and that Jackson was on his way to Richmond. This opinion was confirmed by the skirmishes of the succeeding days, in which the prisoners taken were from Ewell's corps.

May 12th Shields' division started east. It marched steadily, reached Falmouth in ten days, and went into camp opposite Fredericksburg, but only to be immediately ordered back to the Shenandoah Valley.

General Fremont, when he succeeded Rosecrans in the command of the Mountain Department, as the district over which he was placed in authority was now called, made his headquarters at Wheeling, where he remained nearly two months, engaged in organizing his little army, before he was by General Jackson's last attempt to gain the valley, suddenly summoned into the field. His corps consisted of General Milroy's and General Schenck's brigades, of an incomplete brigade which was under the command of Colonel Cluseret,

and of General Blenker's division. Blenker's division would make a curious chapter in the history of the war, if its march from the Army of the Potomac to join Fremont was a sample of its proceedings. It lost itself among the mountains, and was not found until General Rosecrans made an extended and systematic search. It had marched and counter-marched, during nearly two months of extraordinary rains, without tents or shelter. General Rosecrans re-clothed it as far as was possible in a few days, and hastened its progress to Petersburg, West Virginia. Fully one half the men on their arrival at this place were unsupplied with overcoats and blankets, and the whole division was reported by the medical director to be in a condition of starvation and incipient scurvy.

General Milroy left his bleak and windy eyrie on the Cheat mountains as soon as the opening of spring allowed an advance. On the 1st of May, having driven a small opposing force before him, he was at McDowell, a little village situated in a deep basin among the hills, and his advance guard was east of the Shenandoah mountain.

In consequence of the movements described, at the beginning of the last act of the campaign, the Union forces which were drawn into action were widely scattered. Banks at Harrisonburg, with four or five thousand men, and one thousand men at Winchester, formed the only Union troops in the Valley. Fremont was at Wheeling, with the body of his army at Petersburg and Franklin, and the advance at McDowell. Shields was at Fredericksburg.

Suddenly Milroy's van came flying back over the mountains, and in his front, on his right, and on his left appeared overwhelming numbers of the Confederate army. He was almost surrounded before he had warning of the approach of danger.

His little army looked with dismay on the bristling hills, but caught the resolution of their commander, "We'll not yield a foot to treason!" and repeated his welcome, "You are just in time!" to General Schenck, who hastened from Franklin to his assistance, marching thirty-four miles in one day. Schenck, however, was the ranking officer, and when he saw that after a three hours' battle the Confederates did not lose

ground, and did increase in numbers, he ordered a retreat, which he conducted to Franklin with rapidity and skill. General Fremont, who had left Wheeling on the first intelligence of Milroy's danger, arrived at Franklin at the same time.

General Jackson was satisfied to prevent the union of Milroy with Banks, and he went back, as rapidly as he had advanced, to finish his preparations.

Meantime General Banks retired to Strasburg to the joy of the inhabitants of Harrisonburg, who illuminated their houses the night he departed. He began to fortify his new position, and sent troops, less than a thousand in number, to Front Royal in the mountains, twelve miles east, to guard the Manassas railway at that point, and also arranged guards along the railway from Front Royal to Strasburg. One company of the Twenty-Seventh Indiana was stationed five miles east of the latter place.

He had no reason to anticipate unusual danger, as Ashby, who was continually in his front, was making no more than his usual demonstrations, when, on the evening of the 22d of May, he was startled by the report that Front Royal was attacked, and the commandant of the post with all his men captured or slain. Incredulous, but prudent, he dispatched as large a number of reinforcements as he could spare, while he reflected on his mode of proceeding should the tale prove true. But one way was open, a race for dear life, and for that he prepared. Late at night scouts reported the enemy in overwhelming numbers bearing down on every road from the east to Strasburg, and sweeping along more distant routes to Winchester. Cavalry and infantry set off before day, escorting wagons and hundreds of disabled men who had been left by General Shields, and before noon all the Union force was out of Strasburg. Donnelly's brigade was foremost, Gordon's was next, and General Hatch, with cavalry and artillery, was last. Now the race was in earnest. Ashby's cavalry gained the Winchester road in front of the wagons, which to escape them hastened to the rear, and then turned off on another road, while Donnelly, followed by Gordon, cut through the opposing troops to Winchester. Gordon turned

back to meet and defend the train. The enemy swarmed about it, and the troops burned many of the wagons while they fought their way forward with all they could protect. It was two in the morning when they reached Winchester. Before dawn the roar of artillery called them from their short rest to another Sunday's battle on the wave-like heights south of the town.

The officers most actively engaged under General Jackson were Generals Ewell, Elzey, Taylor and Winder. Donnelly had the left wing of General Banks' army, was southeast of Winchester, and received the first attack, which was made by General Ewell. Taylor and Winder together fell upon Gordon, who was on the ridge southwest of the town, with the Third Wisconsin, the Second Massachusetts, the Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana. Ewell, making no impression on Donnelly, changed his tactics, and, in co-operation with General Elzey, who had the Confederate left, stretched and curved his line preparatory to an assault upon the Union flanks. The movement was well executed, but it was observed, and the National troops withdrew, the Massachusetts and Indiana regiments bringing up the rear. In the streets of Winchester the ranks were thrown into confusion by firing from the houses, and as they emerged from the town the confusion was increased by a heavy discharge of artillery.

Again Jackson saw the cup of success just at his lips. A few moments more and his swift, bold troopers would cut off the last hope or chance of escape to the Union army. But Ashby's gallant men, who had never failed before, failed him now. They were in the rear pillaging the captured wagons. Their failure could not be retrieved, and General Banks escaped the greatest danger which had yet assailed him.

One army and then the other passed through Martinsburg, which, when they entered, and when they left, was as still as the grave, and more empty, for all the inhabitants had fled. Already the people of the valley had seen enough of war, but they afterwards saw many a darker day than the Sunday on which Jackson chased Banks through their streets.

At sundown General Banks mustered his forces on the

southern shore of the Potomac. "A thousand camp-fires were burning on the hill sides; a thousand carriages of every description were crowded on the banks of the broad river which rolled between the exhausted troops and their coveted rest." Civilians, men and women, white and black, carrying bundles and babies, trundling wheel-barrows, driving carts and leading lean horses on which were strapped the old and the sick, hung on the rear of the army. At noon of the next day, by the aid of the ford and the ferry, and a pontoon bridge which had been brought from Strasburg in the wagons, all were on the northern side of the Potomac.

The retreat of fifty-three miles was effected in forty-eight hours, with cheerfulness, mutual confidence on the part of officers and privates, and perfect order, except in the few moments immediately after the battle. Everything at Front Royal was lost, and much was left in the hands of the enemy at Winchester. Fifty-five wagons were either burnt or captured. The total loss in killed, wounded and missing was nine hundred and five; of these, one hundred and four were from the Twenty-Seventh Indiana.

Several surgeons voluntarily remained in the hospitals, which fell into the hands of the enemy, and on the battle-fields at Front Royal and Winchester. Dr. Gillespie, of the Seventh Indiana, and Dr. Johnson, of the Sixteenth, were both made prisoners in this way.

General Jackson, having seen General Banks beyond the Potomac, tried to effect a crossing for himself, but he could not find an unguarded ford, nor could he allure the Federal troops from their strong defensive positions. On a dark and stormy night he fiercely attacked Harper's Ferry, but he was repulsed with equal fury, and at last was forced to turn his back on the Potomac, on Washington and on his vision of rolling the streams of war back from the South over the golden fields of the North. Now had he need of a fleet foot, a wary step and a sharp eye. From far and near troops were springing towards him. The sun, which rose on the battle of Winchester and sunk on the crossing of the Potomac, saw nearly half a million patriots start to arms, and at almost the same moment the army of Fremont at Franklin on the west, and

the division of Shields at Fredericksburg on the east, turn their faces towards the valley of the Shenandoah.

Fremont and Shields, the latter with the addition of a brigade under Bayard, from McDowell's corps, both left their trains behind. Without incumbrance, they were able to go fourteen, eighteen and twenty-two miles a day, often in rain, often over roads which were steep and sharp and rough. Fremont's route was across the mountains.

Tuesday Shields met at Manassas Junction a few troops which had escaped from the surprise at Front Royal. The sight of them inflamed the ardor of his men. Friday at noon Kimball, who led the advance, routed the enemy at Front Royal.

Only twelve miles now were between Shields' division and the road which Jackson was pursuing. If Fremont was near, the great Confederate chieftain and his bold followers would return no more, or only after a terrific battle, to the hills of the South.

Fremont was not near. He marched twenty miles Friday, in spite of a rain, which made progress exceedingly difficult, but only reached the western base of the last ridge of mountains. Saturday he spent in climbing this barrier. At dark he came to a point where the road divides, the right branch turning southeast towards Strasburg, the left northeast towards Winchester. Burning heaps of wood along the Strasburg road designated that as the route to be pursued, and gave to the troops the intelligence, which as yet they had but suspected, that they were really in pursuit of Jackson. At the same time a report, said to be from scouts, passed along the lines that Jackson was but a few miles south of Winchester, though moving as rapidly as only he could move. Fatigue could not restrain, and darkness could not conceal, the general enthusiasm. As the soldiers came pouring down the mountains, out of the darkness, in a ceaseless stream, they burst into song. Above the thundering tramp of almost twenty thousand men, and long before their faces or forms were visible, rose the mighty chorus, "HURRA! HURRA! HURRA!" The General dismounted and stood by a huge fire. His face had the same sad, intense look it wore in the Mis-

souri campaign, and was lighted up with the same noble sympathy and confidence. Around him was his gallant escort of Indiana men.

The day's march closed at this point. The men lying down to sleep in slanting or swimming fields. The next day was Sunday. General Fremont early put his men in line of battle, and sent Cluseret with his advance to prevent the entrance of Jackson into Strasburg. Cluseret soon fell in with a body of the enemy, made an attack, and, after a brisk engagement, fell back, with the expectation of drawing Jackson's army to Fremont's front. But Jackson had already entered Strasburg, and it was his rear instead of his advance with which Cluseret was engaged. Of course the rear could not be allured from the line of the retreat. When General Fremont discovered the mistake he hastily resumed his march. But the opportunity was gone. It had come and gone while Fremont was climbing the last ridge of mountains.

Monday morning, General Bayard with his brigade, which was now in advance of Shields' division, appeared from the east, and entered Strasburg with Fremont, a little more than a day after Jackson's entrance.

There was nothing now to do but to follow Jackson, and catch him from behind, unless General Shields, by proceeding up the eastern side of the Shenandoah, could yet get before him. The effort to do this was made. Fremont retained Bayard, and continued in the track of Jackson. Shields hastened up the eastern side of the Valley. The rapidity of the pursuers was scarcely equaled by the celerity of the pursued, and had it not been for the advantage which the bridges gave Jackson, it is probable the chase would soon have ended. As it was, his rear came almost daily in contact with Fremont's advance. Friday, the 6th, a fiercer contest than had yet occurred took place beyond Harrisonburg. Colonel Windham, the Federal commander in the engagement, was killed, and the bold Ashby was carried dead in the arms of his men from the field. The two armies were now so close together that Jackson was forced to turn upon Fremont. He turned with the valor of a lion. At a spot called Cross Keys, where two roads cross at right angles, he arranged his men

so that they were protected and partially concealed by abrupt hills and large trees. Here he coolly waited an attack. The battle began with heavy firing, and continued with great violence almost until dark. General Milroy, himself in advance of his foremost battery, led the center, forced the enemy back from point to point, penetrated Jackson's center, and was almost in contact with his guns, when it was discovered that his left flank was exposed by the withdrawal of a brigade which had fought four hours at his side. An order to retire was immediately sent to him.

The following passage is quoted from a concise narration of the pursuit written by General Fremont:

"At a council of general officers, held on Saturday, it was the almost unanimous opinion that the troops could not be carried further. The question before the council distinctly was, whether or not, in their exhausted condition, and the absolute want of provisions, they could be safely moved forward another march, upon the certainty that, if we were able to do so, the enemy would be reached within that distance and a battle fought. Except upon the certainty of a battle, their condition would not have justified an advance, but upon this incentive the troops were ordered forward the next day into a country where every advantage was with the enemy; and at Cross Keys attacked him at sight, and in confessedly twice their number. They fought this battle gallantly, and upon their last ration lay down upon the hard-fought field tired and hungry, and at daylight the next morning were again in pursuit of Jackson, who escaped only by means of the bridge which intervened between him and destruction."

It is necessary to go back to General Shields to understand why a bridge intervened between Jackson and destruction. General Shields went up the east side of the Shenandoah at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles a day, entirely without baggage, but over ground which quicksands made exceedingly fatiguing. Cinders and ashes floating down the current kept him informed that General Jackson was outstripping him. June 4th, Wednesday, he ordered Colonel Carroll with the fourth brigade, consisting of the Seventh Indiana, First Virginia and two Pennsylvania regiments, to hasten to Port

Republic and save the bridge at that point, on the supposition that Jackson would proceed on the turnpike to Staunton, in preference to the mountain road which led through Port Republic, and with the intention to pass over this bridge and join General Fremont. It was ten at night when the order was received. The men had marched twenty miles since sunrise. They were roused, however, in a few minutes, and cheerfully, though painfully, trudged fifteen miles further before they were allowed to stop for sleep. Saturday, Colonel Carroll, then at Conrad's store, twelve miles in advance of the most of his brigade, and eighteen in advance of his division, with the Seventh Indiana, one hundred and fifty cavalry, and a single battery of six guns, was directed to go on to Waynesborough, thirty-five miles distant, to destroy there the depot, bridge and train, and to attack Jackson's flank. He was overtaken during the first day by several detachments, and his number somewhat increased. In the night scouts reported to him that Jackson's train was but a few miles beyond Port Republic, where it was guarded by two hundred and fifty cavalymen.

Port Republic is a village situated in the angle formed by the junction of the North and South rivers, the parent streams of the Shenandoah. The bridge which Carroll was ordered to save was over North river, and connected with the road leading to Cross Keys, which was two or three miles distant.

Early Sunday morning Colonel Carroll galloped through South river, which is shallow, and took possession of the bridge. Jackson's army was directly before him on the western side of the river; Shields was far behind; Colonel Tyler was nearer, but not yet within sight or sound; Carroll's infantry was a half mile off, though hastening up; his cavalry was but a handful, and he had with him only two guns. It was impossible to hold the bridge, but he could do better, he could destroy it, and make Jackson fight Fremont with an impassable river in his rear. One half hour Fate held in her hand the civic crown with which the brows of those are wreathed who save the lives of fellow-citizens. But Carroll was no Horatius, to fight while his men applied pitch and the torch. The golden opportunity to do a great deed slipped

unrecognized from the patriot's grasp. Carroll fell back with his cavalry and his infantry, and the Rebels, seizing the bridge, turned the muzzles of his guns after him.

Two miles down the river Carroll was joined by General Tyler, and came to a stand. The two officers applied their field-glasses to an examination of Jackson's rear, and calculated that it could defy an army of fifty thousand men. Without their glasses they could plainly see the bridge offering a broad and easy passage to the enemy. Beyond the bridge they could see the dust and smoke of a fearful battle. Sometimes faint, and sometimes loud, they could hear the unceasing roar of musketry and artillery. If valor did not call upon them to fight, discretion exhorted them to run, and pointed to them the open road of safety behind them. They heard neither voice, and lay still. As night fell the hollow roaring grew faint, and died away. The moon and stars came out and cast their sacred light on two battle-fields,—where the struggle had been, and where it was yet to be, where the grass was trodden and stained and torn up by the roots, and the trees were scarred, and the dead lay sleeping, and where the earth was still green and fresh, and the living were lost in wearied slumber. Both were alike silent.

The following sentence is found in the diary of a private in the Seventh regiment:

“We felt confident that the calm would last only until daylight shut out the beautiful stars, and that the day would cut down like withering grass many who were now in health and vigor. We thought of the kind, familiar faces far away, and the dear hearts which were ignorant of our awful danger, but which never forget to pray for us. Unrestrained tears fell over many a brown cheek, but we looked to high heaven for protection, and fell asleep on our arms.”

Through the night General Jackson's train wound in safety along the mountain road, and his army, undisturbed, crossed the river. As early as five in the morning, General Winder led a brigade from the main line toward the little Union army of Tyler, numbering about three thousand men. He crossed South river on a bridge of wagons. Behind him came General Taylor and General Ewell; and after the engagement

had begun, and had continued long enough to show that not an equal and not a double force could drive the Federals back, General Jackson ordered forward Generals Tailaferro and Trimble, thus increasing the Confederates engaged to eight thousand.

As General Winder approached, Tyler formed his line in the shape of a crescent, each horn terminating in a battery. The left, the Sixty-Sixth Ohio, was sheltered by a rugged and wooded hill; the right, the Seventh Indiana, stood in a field on the low river bank, among stalks of green corn. Not a man but felt it was almost certain ruin to meet the overwhelming and determined numbers of Jackson. If yesterday they dared not burn a bridge in the rear of an army which was fiercely fighting, how could they to-day stand their ground before that same army disengaged?

As the Confederates came near they spread out right and left without breaking the line in front, and in the face of well directed artillery and musketry marched up towards the Stars and Stripes. Winder's brigade found shelter behind the fence of the field in which stood the Seventh Indiana, and lost no time in getting into action. Taylor met with no success in repeated attempts to plant a battery opposite Tyler's left, and a portion of his brigade crossed the ground and joined in the attack on the Seventh. With this reinforcement Winder made a rapid and bold charge on both front and flank. His troops swept down like an engulfing billow; but the Stars and Stripes spread out their folds and waved and flapped. Colonel Gavin rode up and down the front, and cheered and praised his men; their own hearts cheered them; perhaps they remembered "the dear ones who were ignorant of their awful danger, but who never forgot to pray for them;" whatever they remembered or felt, they met the on-coming wave as the sturdy rock meets the sea, tossing it back broken and foaming.

Strengthened with two more Virginia regiments, the Confederate force, again like the relentless sea, returned to the charge. Higher it rose than before, threatening to overwhelm all resistance; five shots, one after another, struck Colonel Gavin's horse; the Colonel was dismounted; the regiment

was pushed back, and the right was on the verge of defeat, when the Sixth Ohio, which was in the rear of the Seventh Indiana, crossed to the front. The two regiments together pressed back the enemy over the field, over the fence, and forced him at last to fly right and left. The glad shout of victory rose from the Federal right, but it sank before wild cheers from the Confederate right.

Jackson, watching his left, and weighing its spirit against the resolution of Tyler's right, turned to General Taylor, pointed to the battery on the hillside, and said: "Take that, or the day is lost!" Taylor cried to his men: "Louisianians, can you take that battery?" "We can!" they shouted, and five regiments rushed over the low ground and up the hill in the face of ball and flame. Twice they took the battery, and twice it was retaken. The third time they held it, and driving the regiments which supported it, they sent up the shout which startled the Federal right. Tyler gave the order to retreat, and his little army retreated, leaving the dead and wounded on the field.

The retreat continued twelve or fourteen miles, the pursuit but six or eight.

General Fremont had not remained an idle listener. He heard the sound of conflict, and hastened to join his forces to those of Tyler. He reached the river at noon. Tyler was gone; Jackson was vanishing over the hills, and the disloyal bridge, after having so well served the traitor, was smoking in ruins.

The losses at Port Republic, killed, wounded and missing, were one thousand. The Seventh Indiana, which went into the fight with three hundred and fifty, had eighteen killed, one hundred and twenty-three wounded, and thirty-two missing. One of the killed was Captain Waterman, who was distinguished for his bravery. The losses at Cross Keys were six hundred and twenty-five.

No stain but of blood was on the rough blue uniforms of the private soldiers. They were prompt and patient and true. Their fight was worthy of their cause. God bless their name and memory! But somewhere there was shame. The disappointment and gloom with which both the armies of Fre-

mont and of Shields saw the escape of Jackson, and turned from the battle-fields of the Upper Shenandoah, can be measured only by their toils, their hardships and their hopes.

General Fremont, in a proud and affectionate report which he makes of the conduct of his troops, says: "They were always prompt in obedience, patient in suffering, and efficient in action."

The troops of Shields had spent the winter in skirmishing with Jackson, and trying to get a fair fight with him. They met him after many disappointments at Winchester, and drove him before them almost to Staunton. Their soldierly character caused them to be transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and to be returned immediately to the Shenandoah Valley. In one month they marched more than four hundred miles, half of this distance in extreme haste, and under the influence of intense excitement. Their clothes wore out, their shoes gave out, and blood from their lacerated feet sprinkled many a mile of the stony road east of the Shenandoah.

A few passages from the private letters of private soldiers may give a little glimpse of individual life in the Valley campaign of 1862. The following was written the day after the arrival of Shields' division before Fredericksburg. The writer, Samuel V. List, was a member of the Seventh, and about nineteen years old. He was killed long after in the battle of the Wilderness:

"We walked over some very poor land. I fear a great many poor people will suffer for something to eat in this part of the country before another year. Thousands of acres around Manassas, and between here and there, are thrown out into a common, the fences all being burned by the Rebels. I have seen but one field ploughed for corn since we left the Shenandoah Valley, and that was about one half planted. There is hardly a field of wheat standing. I believe I saw one field yesterday, and that did not look as if it could make more than five bushels to the acre. The rebels have literally murdered their own families to gratify their passions. We reached Falmouth about four o'clock to-day, marched through it, and camped on the river opposite Fredericksburg, which

is one of the most beautiful places I have yet seen in Virginia. There is a tremendous force here.

"But I must not forget to tell you what I saw this morning. I would not have missed the sight for five dollars. It was nothing more nor less than Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War. I went down to the branch to wash, (the Doctors recommend that we wash off every chance we can get,) and while I was there the cars came in, and I noticed quite a stir among the soldiers round the train. I suspected there was some General or 'big man' on the cars; so I went to see too. Sure enough, two big men stood there, 'the men for the times.' They took an omnibus, drawn by four gray horses, and followed by General McDowell and staff, proceeded to General McDowell's headquarters over in town. Old Abe was dressed very plainly, and looked very much care-worn, still he seemed to be in fine spirits at the prospect of soon crushing this unholy rebellion. Secretary Stanton is fine looking, with black whiskers and hair. I don't know what brought them here, unless it was to see us Western boys. There were a great many disappointed fellows when they heard the President had been here and it was too late to see him."

It may be that the President and Secretary visited the Army of the Potomac at this time for the purpose of seeing Shields' division. It was regarded on all quarters with no little attention. "We gazed with special interest," says an officer in General King's brigade, "at those veterans of six months' service, who had actually smelt powder, and been in battle. Standing round their camp-fires making coffee, cleansing their weapons and accoutrements, or fitting up their shelter tents with walls of cedar boughs, they seemed to us, unfledged tyros, warriors worthy of our homage."

The following was written by one of the Thirteenth, from a hospital in Luray, where he was left during the last pursuit up the Valley:

"When General Jackson found that Shields' force was out of supporting distance, he bounced on Banks like a thousand of brick. We turned right round when we heard of it, and marched back.

"On the march many a time I went round to my comrades and asked them for a piece of cracker, which I would not have looked at at home. You can have no idea, nor can any other man, what it is to march all day with a heavy load, in mud and water, with your shoes full of mud and gravel, wading rivers, rained on, nothing or very little to eat, then at night stand guard. You must count your pieces of cracker, or you will have none to-morrow.

"Sometimes we never stop till after night, then if there is a whole division camping together every man has to lie down in his place as in ranks. If we get a place that is any ways level, that is all we ask. Before morning we sometimes find ourselves in the water, with our pockets full of it. We get up at the sound of the bugle, and try to dry our blankets before a fire. Then, if we have time, the cry is, 'Boys, where do you get water?' Off we go with our canteens to a creek where horses and mules are drinking, and men are washing their faces and their feet. It makes no difference. We get the water, make our coffee, and breakfast is ready. Then the bugle sounds, 'Fall in!' Our loads are again on our sore shoulders, we feel a little stiff till we get warmed up like an old horse, then we go fast enough. This is what we have been doing for over a month. When we reached Luray half our regiment was barefoot, and could not walk on the stony pike, so we were left."

Thomas Fisher writes to his mother:

"A mother is like time, not missed until lost, her cares and attentions are so interwoven with one's nature. 'Uncle Sam' is kind, but no one ever says now, 'Come, Tom, let me see if this or that fits you;' or when my clothes get wet pleads with me to take them off and put on dry ones. I miss you, mother, as I never missed you before; but if I had it to do over again, I would still enlist, because our Government is the freest that ever existed, and our cause the hope of civilized man, the precious fruit of the labors of Washington and his comrades."

This affectionate and true-hearted boy was also killed before Richmond, in 1864.

It yet remains to recount the part taken by the Third cav-

alry in the attempt to intercept Jackson. Upon the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from the front of Washington to the peninsula of the James, it was deemed advisable to leave the battalion of the Third cavalry, owing to the limit of transportation for horses. General Hooker much regretted to part with the organization, and officers and men of the battalion alike regretted the necessity which cut them off from the privilege of sharing the fortunes of the division, and which, at that time, was construed by many as closing to them all chance of participating in the active scenes of the war. On the 24th of May, while the command was in barracks in the northern suburbs of Washington, orders were received to join General Geary's brigade on the line of the Manassas Gap railroad. The command marched from Washington about three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 25th, and passing through Fairfax Court House, bivouacked at Gainesville that night. Early the following morning it proceeded to Thoroughfare Gap, in Bull Run mountain, where Colonel Carter reported to General Geary, and received orders to make a reconnoissance to the vicinity of Warrenton. The troops under General Geary, mainly infantry, had the day previous fallen back from the neighborhood of Manassas Gap, under the impression that the enemy was in their front in strong numbers. The reconnoissance developed nothing of the enemy, and on returning to Thoroughfare Gap it was a cause of surprise that the force left there had fallen back to Manassas Junction, having abandoned and destroyed a considerable amount of property. Colonel Carter marched his command to Gainesville, and the next day proceeded to Manassas Junction, where the main body of General McDowell's force was concentrated.

On the 28th, having received orders to make a reconnoissance along the Blue Ridge, and endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts and intention of the enemy, the battalion went as far as Aldie, the day following marched to Upperville, on the Winchester turnpike, and on the 30th crossed the Shenandoah. After proceeding some five miles towards Winchester, which was understood to be held by the enemy in considerable force, the commanding officer prudently recrossed to the

eastern side of the river, and bivouacked in Ashby's Gap. It was raining heavily. General Geary came up the following day, and remained at that place until the 3d of June, when he went to Piedmont. The Third cavalry was placed on guard duty along the line of the railroad, which was then in operation to Front Royal, and remained on such duty until about the 13th, when the command marched to Luray to join General Shields' division, with which it went to Front Royal. When the division was sent to the Army of the Potomac, the Third cavalry was left at Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CAPTURED DRUMMER.

With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag, and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on.

—*The Lady of the Lake.*

THE following diary and narrative, by one of the prisoners taken at Port Republic, show that the policy of incapacitating our captured soldiers for future military service was adopted early in the war. The writer is Austin D. Springer, drummer of company F, Seventh regiment.

June 9th. I was left on the field by our little band attending to the wants of the wounded, and was taken prisoner. All prisoners were surrounded by guards with bayonets fixed, and marched back over the entire battle ground, to the rear of the Rebel army. The dead, wounded and dying were strewn over the field just as they had fallen, and many were calling for water, for help and for friends. The sight was so horrible that I could hardly help wishing that I had been one of the fallen, that I might not have the scene forever stamped on my memory. We marched nine miles to the summit of one of the Blue Ridge mountains. There the Rebels set up a flag they had taken from the Twenty-Ninth Ohio, and as it floated in the air they laughed scornfully, and taunted us and sneered at us. Our hearts burned, but we could say nothing. We had not had anything to eat the whole day, not even breakfast, and were hungry, but no rations were brought to us. We had no blankets, the fires were small, for

want of wood, and a cutting wind blew on the mountain. We could not sleep for cold.

June 10th. The morning was cold and drizzly. We were called into line at seven o'clock, without any breakfast, and started on our way. The guard was instructed to bayonet or shoot any one who could not keep up. When we had reached the foot of the mountain, we were all crowded into a miserable, old log stable. We were wet, hungry and tired. The colors of the Twenty-Ninth Ohio were again set up, and we were tormented by questions, such as: "What did you all come down and invade our soil for?" and by nicknames, such as "Mudsills," "Lincoln Hirelings," and "Yankees." At night a little flour was given us. We wet it with water and baked it on boards and flat stones. Forty-three of our regiment and four hundred others were crowded together that night in the old barn. After all seemed to be asleep, Sergeant Harry Fisk quietly ripped the flag from the staff and hid it in the lining of his blouse. He cut the staff into two or three pieces and hid the spear in the hay.

June 11th. When daylight came, the guards discovered that the flag was gone, and there was soon a boisterous hunt made for it, while threats and curses were heaped upon us. Lieutenant Hayett, the officer in charge of us, offered fifty dollars for the man who had burnt the colors, but he could not be found. When the search was given up, we started on our march without any breakfast. We met troops going to reinforce Jackson. All along the road citizens joined the guard, with their double-barreled shot guns, and calling us thieves and marauders, threatened to shoot us if we but made a crooked step. We bore this treatment as long as we could, then we told the officers in charge that we were human, and had feelings, and it was wrong to allow us to be treated so. Lieutenant Hayett listened to us, then told these men that they could turn back. The cavalry boys treated us very kindly. We arrived at Ivy Station, a distance of eighteen miles, at sunset, and lay down at night without any supper and without any shelter.

June 12th. The night was cold, and we suffered much from hunger and weakness. We felt as though we could not

bear life much longer, and could not help thinking of home and friends. Then we prayed that for the sake of Jesus Christ, who suffered ten-fold for our sakes, that he would enable us to stand up cheerfully under the insults and privations we received from the hands of our enemies. At eight o'clock we started to Charlottesville, a distance of ten miles. The country was hilly, the roads muddy and slippery. We passed beautiful farms and houses, among them Thomas Jefferson's.

We reached Charlottesville at noon. The citizens seemed to have some sympathy for us. They gave us something to eat, but not half enough to satisfy our hunger. Many of the boys were sick from fatigue and hunger. At night we were crowded into dirty wretched cars.

June 13th. At nine o'clock this morning we started to Lynchburg without any breakfast. The colored population cheered us, and the white citizens abused us all along the way. We arrived at Lynchburg at four o'clock, and marched about a mile to camp, where there were about sixteen hundred of General Banks' men, captured in May. Rations for the day were here issued to us, three crackers, one quarter pound salt beef, half a dozen small half-rotten potatoes. We were so hungry we ate everything, without even washing or cooking. We thought of home, and longed for the crumbs than might be left on the tables there. We had no cover or shelter at night.

June 14th. We gathered up little chips and sticks and made some fires, but we had no breakfast to cook, as we had eaten everything the evening before. We divided ourselves into messes. A great many citizens were out to see the "Yankees," as they call us, and to get our greenbacks. The water we drink is very unhealthy; it is just like physic. This evening we received rations, the same as yesterday. We boiled the meat and potatoes in our tin cups.

June 15th. It rained all night. We could not sleep at all. The Rebel Secretary, Benjamin, and a General came to see us this morning, and we told them that if the Government could not show us more humanity they had better kill us at once, or let us go. Benjamin told us they had not the

means to treat us as well as our own Government, but that they would soon let us go.

June 16th. The cavalry left us to-day, and the city guards took their place. The officers were separated from us, and taken inside the fair ground. We find but little pleasure in life here in this lonesome place. Have nothing to read but one little pocket testament. Boys are getting sick very fast.

June 17th. Boys suffer much from warm days and chilly nights. The guards are very strict and cross.

June 18th. The day is pleasant, but it is sad to be shut out from all the pleasures of life. But a still small voice within seems to say, "Be comforted, all will yet work out for your own and others' good." I never knew before the worth of liberty. The boys are sickening fast on the scanty rations we draw, and the water we use.

June 19th. Moved into the fair grounds. Only four shade trees inside the premises; one deep well inside. We are to be confined to one and a half acres of ground in one corner of the field. Twenty-four hundred confined to this small piece of ground. We drew flour, bacon, peas and rice to-day, a half ration. We have an old skillet lid to do the cooking for our mess. We have poor wood, and not much of it. We almost die from thirst, water is so scarce. Sometimes we cannot get a drop till noon; we cannot get any to wash our hands and faces with. The place is loathsome.

June 29th. Five men died to-day. The nurses say they cried for something to eat until they could no longer be heard.

June 30th. The Rebels tell us that our army is getting defeated, and that they are capturing a great many. I pity all the poor fellows who fall into their hands.

We lived in this way until the 16th of July, when I made up my mind that I had rather die on my way home than in this prison. It could only be death any way, so I secured a Rebel coat and an old white hat from one of our own men, and asked the boys to give me four days' rations of flour. They advised me not to undertake the journey, but when they saw I was determined, they gave me the flour, and wanted to help me study up some lies to tell if I was recap-

tured; but I told them I would risk it, and I raised my heart to God and asked him to shield and guide me throughout my dangerous journey. I baked my bread, and when night came I leaped over the guard's beat while his back was toward me, and went among the Rebels in another part of the ground. I held my haversack so it could not be seen, and passed several squads without being noticed. I failed in an attempt to climb the high fence, but I managed to get up into a tree, swing out to the shed which ran all around the ground inside of the fence, and from the shed spring down about ten feet. I kept a sharp lookout, and struck a bee-line for James river. A storm was gathering, and the darkness was so great that I could not tell where I was going, but I ventured through a low and lonesome bottom, waded a stream and climbed a mountain beyond. It began to rain, and as my clothes were thin I was wet through, and my bread became as soft as mush. I began to wish I was back in the prison, but I thought of how the boys had told me never to get discouraged, and I hoped for the best. I staid on the mountain top shivering until morning, then tramped two hours until I reached the James. I stood on the banks a while looking at the beautiful river and the waving fields of corn and wheat, then I climbed a hill and stopped in some bushes to spend the day. I spread out my bread to dry, and lay down to sleep. In the evening I was very near caught, first by a group of young men, and afterwards by some one coming on a run; but I hid behind a tree, and nobody saw me but a little dog, which gave no alarm. It rained all the evening, and I got soaked, and my bread soft again, but I started down the mountain with the intention of following the canal into West Virginia, a distance of a hundred miles. When I reached the foot, I took the tow-path, and traveled until I came to thick woods, which almost hid the path and the canal too. The frogs were making an awful noise, it was as dark as dungeon, and so lonesome I could not stand it, so I about-faced and went back a mile, intending to walk on the railroad sixty-five miles to Charlottesville, then on the turnpike to the Blue Ridge, and go back as I came. As I neared the bridge I could see a light, and soon a guard at the far end, and I had

to choose between swimming the river, with my bread already so wet that it was very heavy, and stealing over the bridge. I chose the latter, and pulled off my shoes so as to make as little noise as possible. I feared to find a guard on the first end of the bridge, but there was none, and in a few minutes I was going over the bridge so lightly I could scarcely hear myself. Every moment I expected to hear, "Halt! Who comes there?" but the soldiers, who were a little below the bridge, never noticed me. I went on as fast as I could, but soon got very tired, and lay down in some bushes and fell asleep. When I awoke it was daylight and raining, and I went to an old barn across the road, climbed into the loft and covered up in clover. I felt very thankful, and soon fell asleep. About noon I was awakened by a voice calling, "Who dat up dah? Who dat coughed?" I crawled out, looked down, and said, "I'm just lying up here out of the rain." "Where have you been?" "At Lynchburg." "Where are you going?" "To Charlottesville. How far is it to Lynchburg?" I asked. "Five miles," he answered. "Don't tell any one I am here," I said. "O, no, sah; dat's none o' my business." "Won't you please bring me something to eat?" "I'd like very well to accommodate you, sah, for I knows what it is to be hungry; but colored folks hasn't got much, nothing but corn bread. Lay down! Lay down! Here comes one of the boys." They did not climb into the loft, and I fell asleep. Just before dark I heard some one running towards the barn, and I thought my time had come. But it was the old negro with a chunk of corn bread. I started out again after dark, but it was so cold and rainy that I went into a garner and covered myself up with husks. Before midnight it cleared off, and I was on my journey to the land of the free. At daylight I stopped in some woods where there were a great many blackberries and a nice spring of water. I spent the day eating berries, reading my testament, and watching the sun. At last it went down, and the birds hushed their noisy songs and began twittering softly to each other in the trees. This night and the two following I spent in traveling, sleeping in the fields or woods in the day time. On the night of the 21st I found a negro sleeping in a shed, and punched

him with a cane till I woke him. I asked for something to eat, but he said the meal was in a chest, and Bill was away with the key. I had to wait an hour or two for the key, but when Bill came he ran to the spring for some water, made dough, put it in the ashes to bake, and put some meat on to fry. In a few minutes the meat and bread were done; I never tasted anything so good. I asked for what was left, and they said, "Take it and welcome." I told them all about myself, and they were very much tickled, but were afraid I could not get over Stone river bridge, because it was constantly guarded. But I did pass the bridge, and had no difficulty at all that night. The next night I got lost, and wasted almost the whole night trying to find the road. When day came I was two miles from Charlottesville. I went near the town, and as it was raining climbed into a stable loft and went to sleep in the hay. The owner of the stable discovered me, thought I was a sick Rebel soldier, and was so kind I was afraid of him, and when he had gone into the house came off as fast as I could. Now I had to go through the city in daylight, but I put a bold face on it, walked past the hospital, where I saw four or five soldiers in the yard, met officers and soldiers in the street, and went limping along with a cane in my hand. I was eyed pretty closely, but no one said anything to me. I stopped at a house and got something to eat, then went on, meeting soldiers every few steps. I traveled along all that day and the most of the next without meeting with any disturbance, and feeling that I was safe, because I was near the Blue Ridge. But I was now really in the greatest danger. The very next night I unexpectedly found myself in the midst of a cavalry company, regiment or brigade; I could not at all tell the number, but it was very dark, and I escaped, sometimes by crawling, sometimes by rolling, sometimes by going straight along, and sometimes by making a big circle round. All the time I kept my shoes in my hand, and did not even dare to breathe loud.

The next day I spent on the side of the mountain, feeling pretty hungry, for I had eaten my last crumb. In the evening I climbed to the top of the mountain, and saw there a little log-cabin. A negro woman told me the man of the house was in

the army, so I ventured in. There sat a frail woman, about thirty years old, who had once been good looking, and was yet a smart woman. The supper table was standing, but there was nothing left on it. The woman asked me to take a chair. She said her five children all had the measles, her old mother was lying at the point of death, and her husband had been forced into the Southern army. "Here we are alone," she said, "with no one to take care of us, and nothing to eat but what little the neighbors give us. Oh, this cruel war! I have seen enough trouble to kill anybody." The tears rolled down her cheeks. If ever I felt sorry for any one I did for her, for she was the picture of despair. I said I thought the war would soon be over, and was as cheery as I could be. I told her who I was, and that I was captured at Port Republic. She was surprised, but her sympathy was none the less because I was a Union soldier, and she hoped I might get through safe. She wished her husband would come home, and every one else, and the Union be restored as it was before the war. She had her servant bake me some bread and boil me some rye coffee, and when I was done eating she told me to take some bread and welcome. I bade her an affectionate farewell.

I had a hard night climbing down the western side of the Blue Ridge, keeping clear of Rebel pickets on one side and precipices on the other, cutting my bare feet on the stones, and wet to the skin with the cold rain. I was nearly an hour skirting around what I supposed was a troop of cavalry, but found out at last to be a few cattle. Just at daylight I reached Port Republic. The battle ground was so desolate I could not look at it long. Our men had been buried in shallow graves, not more than eight or ten inches deep, and their bones were scattered about the ground. Just before the sun went down, I made an agreement with two negroes. that I saw ploughing a field, to meet them at a little tree a while after dark. They came an hour after dark, and gave me my haversack full of bread and meat, and a large blackberry pie, just baked, which they said I must eat right away. I did so, with a good degree of appetite, and thanked them time and again. I was about to start when one of them said, "Perhaps I had better swap pants with him, as I had a Government pair on, and he a Rebel

pair." I traveled on fast, but not far, as I lost my way, and before daylight I lay down and fell sound asleep. When I wakened I was in plain sight by the side of the road, and it is a thousand wonders I had not been captured, as cavalry was passing constantly.

The day after I was kindly entertained at dinner by an old woman, who, in the evening, sent a little boy up the mountain to me with a basketful of fritters and other good things. I told the boy to tell his mother she was the finest woman I had met with for some time. Towards morning, as I was trudging along, several bodies of cavalry passed, and I strained my eyes to see if they wore our uniform, but I could not, and just after daylight I went to a house, and asked a man if he knew whether the Yankees were in Luray. He asked me, with a big oath, if I did not just see them pass. "I saw cavalry, of course," I answered, "but I could not tell whether they were Yankees or our men." (I was trying to play off Rebel to him.) "You're a Yankee yourself," said he. I had nothing to defend myself with, and started on, feeling pretty good over it. I asked the next man I saw how long the Yankees had been in Luray. "About two weeks," he answered. "What State are they from?" "Ohio and New York, I believe." I knew now that I was all right. In a few minutes I saw our men out in the woods; they were watching me; I felt so proud to see them that I began to whistle, but I walked along as if I did not see them. When I was pretty near, the Lieutenant-Colonel called me. I went to him, and the boys all gathered around, for they thought they had a Rebel prisoner. The Colonel asked me where I was from. I told him Lynchburg. "Where are you going?" "To Luray. What cavalry is this?" I asked. "Ashby's," he answered, with a kind of laugh, thinking he had me fooled. I was just as much tickled, for I knew I had him fooled. I said he was mistaken, for I had seen Ashby's cavalry. I then told him who I was, but he said he didn't believe everything now-a-days, and asked a great many questions. Then he was not certain that I was not a spy, and sent a cavalryman with me to Luray. When I got in sight of the little town, and heard the beating of the drums, and saw our troops marching round, with the Stars

and Stripes flying, I felt that I was in a new world, and when I was in camp among our own Union boys, no language can describe my joy. They gathered round me by hundreds, for it spread like wild-fire that a soldier had got in from prison. At dinner I got some good coffee, the first I had had for nearly two months. I was then taken to the General's quarters, where a great many questions were asked me. As I had walked nearly all the way barefoot, my feet were swelled up and very sore, so that I could scarcely touch them to the ground. On account of my feet I had to stay there two days and nights.

The last day of July I started for my old regiment, which was five miles north of Warrenton. I was very much interrupted on my journey by the pickets, who all had to know, after they had looked at my pass, why I had Rebel clothes on. I got in sight of the Seventh August 4th. It was in line, and not ragged and dirty as when I last saw it, but had new uniforms, and even white gloves. Some one called out, "There comes our drummer!" Officers and men broke for me, and in less than a half minute I was surrounded, and shaking hands with everybody. I talked in answer to their questions till I was hoarse. That evening I drummed for dress parade, after which the General came around to see me, also the Colonel, and many other officers. The next morning at an early hour I started on the march, at the head of the regiment, drumming with the rest of the band.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TWENTIETH.

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more
We sent them forth to fight for the flag
Their fathers before them bore.
Though the great tear-drop started,
This was our parting trust:
God bless you, boys, we'll welcome you hom
When Rebels are in the dust.

—*Song*

THE story is told of a hardy Highland Chief, some eighty or ninety years old, that in passing through a camping ground of his clan he discovered his grandson comfortably sleeping, with his head on a large snow ball. "Hout, tout!" exclaimed the old man, "has it come to this, that a grandson o' mine canna sleep without his pillow?" and at the same time his indignant foot sent the snow ball flying. Preparatory to their departure from Indianapolis, the officers of the Twentieth, as if moved by the spirit of the luxury-hating Highlander, marched their men to the depot on the double-quick, when there was not the slightest occasion for haste, through three miles of dusty streets, when the direct distance was not one mile, and in the middle of the day, when the train did not leave until late in the evening. It was the 2d of August, the thermometer stood at ninety in the shade, and a number of the new soldiers sank from exhaustion. One did not recover, and died a few days afterwards.

From so unpromising an introduction, it might be inferred that the officers of the Twentieth were "unfeeling brutes," as too many officers are described. On the contrary, they were generally observant of their duties, and William L. Brown, the Colonel, was possessed of unusual excellence of character. The unnecessary suffering of the first march was due,

undoubtedly, to some mistake, a thing which is seldom acknowledged, but which, in spite of "red tape," not unfrequently occurs in military life.

The Twentieth was organized at Camp Tippecanoe, where it lay several weeks. One day while there, Colonel Brown was visited by two women from the country, who desired the release of their sons, their impression being that a man could as easily be mustered out of the service as he was mustered in. "Two of my boys are already gone," said one, "and this is my youngest." "They are brave boys," replied the Colonel, "just what the Government needs." A few moments the mother stood silent, tears streaming down her face, then she said, "Well, if John really wants to go, and his services are needed, I reckon I must let him go." "I want to go, mother," said her son. The other young man was equally determined, and the mothers went away resigned, though weeping.

The Twentieth left Indianapolis unexpectedly, in consequence few friends were at the depot, and no cheers were heard. "They make little fuss over us," remarked one of the officers. "Yes," said Colonel Brown, "but they shall when we return."

At Cockeysville, seventeen miles from Baltimore, the regiment left the railroad and encamped in a pleasant spot, with abundant springs of delicious water near. The landscape, formed of gentle hill and valley, and diversified by well-cultivated farms, with their neat, white houses, and by groves of oak and chesnut, of dark pine and cedar, and fragrant spruce and arbor vitæ, makes the memory of the first encampment in Maryland a peaceful, pastoral picture.

In a letter dated August 16th, Harvey Bassett, of Indianapolis, says:

"The daily routine of camp is finished; the pale moonlight sleeps on grassy banks or struggles faintly through the dense foliage overhead on our snow-white tents; the sentinels are pacing the lonely watches in silence; the smouldering fires are fast dying out; the shrill cry of the katy-did mingles with the voices of the men, as, gathered in groups around in tents, or on the grass, they make the clear night resonant with their

Methodist song singing, now their only solace after the long tedious drills, and previous to the last roll-call at nine o'clock and the tap for all lights out.

"To-day I heard a quail and a meadow-lark in a stubble field near us. You cannot imagine how such things affect one under peculiar circumstances. The whistle of Bob White, the first heard since I left home, made me home-sick, tired of my situation, and long to be again at home in the West."

Towards the last of September the Twentieth went to Baltimore. It was loudly cheered on its march through the city, and was criticised somewhat after this manner: "These broad-shouldered Hoosiers are pretty good pluck!" "What big fellows they are!" "I wonder how many more such men are in Indiana!"

"I like the appearance of Baltimore," says Harvey Bassett, "and I saw some beautiful faces at the windows. There were, however, not a few grim and growling countenances that looked secesh and disunion."

From Baltimore the regiment went to Fortress Monroe, which, with its three hundred and fifty guns, frowned over land and sea, and at Fortress Monroe seven companies embarked on the S. R. Spaulding for Hatteras Island.

The low shores of Virginia and North Carolina are separated from the ocean by a line of peninsulas and islands, which, perhaps, were an unbroken strip, until, by the restless sea, they were torn into their present form. Cape Hatteras, always the terror of navigators, and the light-house of Hatteras, long a faithful beacon, may be regarded as the only points of interest for many hundred miles. The sandy soil supports little groves, or clumps of the live-oak, persimmon, fig and pine, and grape vines which bear delicious clusters. Of fresh water there is the very scantiest supply. The inhabitants are a few poor fisher families. The men spend their days on the sea, and the women cultivate patches of sweet potatoes.

Protected by these stretches of sand, the sounds of Albermarle and Pamlico afforded to Confederate vessels escape and retreat from the blockading squadrons, as, since the settlement of the country, they had given a hiding place to

pirates. To conceal the obscure and crooked inlets, which alone opened an entrance into the sounds, the Confederates extinguished the beacon on Hatteras Point, regardless of the storm-beaten mariner who now peered in vain through the darkness for the kindly warning; and to defend the opening to the Albermarle, they built two forts on Hatteras Inlet, calling them respectively Hatteras and Clark. Fort Hatteras was nearly surrounded by water, and was approachable only by a long, winding strip of sand, and a narrow causeway through a marsh of five hundred yards. Fort Clark was a small, square redoubt, a little more than a half mile north of Fort Hatteras. An expedition under Commodore Stringham and General Butler obtained possession of these forts the last of August.

September 27th the S. R. Spaulding approached the low coast of Hatteras Island with our Twentieth regiment aboard. A dark storm threatened behind, white breakers, a dangerous sand bar, and a narrow uncertain inlet looked even less promising in front. Excited by the novelty and danger of the situation, many of the soldiers resorted to singing as a sort of expression of their feelings.

"What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over, past,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home,"

mingled with the roar of waters and winds, while the good ship, creaking and straining, passed safely over the bar.

The following day, which was Saturday, the soldiers were transferred to three steamers and two barges, and, with a few tents and two days' rations, they started to Loggerhead Inlet, not quite fifty miles north, where they were to throw up a fort to prevent privateers running up the sound. The day was delightful; the sound was as smooth and bright as a mirror; the fine band of the regiment was in the foremost vessel; jolly old salt tars manned the barges, and land, east and west, soon sank below the horizon. At sunset they cast

• anchor about three miles from shore, and Colonel Brown, with Major Smith and Adjutant Stiles, went in a little boat to reconnoiter the landing. Without much difficulty the explorers found the settlement of Chickamacomico, to which geographers give almost as large a place on the map as it occupies on the sand. For the first hour the inhabitants of the place were all women; but at the end of that time individuals of the bolder sex began to show themselves, earnestly and painfully eschewing all knowledge of politics. One old man alone pointed, with a grateful smile, to the "U. S." on the belt of one of the officers, and said: "It makes me feel safe to see those letters again." The arduous labor of landing occupied until nearly noon of the next day, when the boats went back to Hatteras Inlet.

In all their marches Indiana soldiers never found themselves in a more strange or solitary spot than the suburbs of Chickamacomico, the single town on Hatteras Island. That fishermen, who were cradled on the waves and who were conscious of no tie to country, and citizen-soldiers, who were natives of the Mississippi Valley, and who acknowledged but one stronger tie than the love of country, should here be pent together was not the least singular feature of the position. In front of the encampment, if that could be called an encampment, in which were but two or three tents, lay the placid sound, and less than a mile in its rear roared the breakers of the Atlantic, making, day and night, that "ancient music, only not so old as He who made creation." A little wind mill, which ground corn for the island, slightly broke the dead level of the landscape. It is impossible to describe the effect of this lonely situation upon the minds of the men. They had scarcely landed when they began to feel cut off from all the world.

Tuesday the steamer *Fanny* appeared. She was loaded with all the equipments of the regiment, including their knapsacks, and with provisions, which were already much needed. Twenty-eight of the Twentieth were on board, also ten New York Zouaves. She anchored two miles from shore. A barge was sent to her and was loaded, when three Confederate steamers hove in sight, with the evident intention of

fighting. Firing commenced as soon as the boats were within gun-shot, but there was no chance for the *Fanny*, except in being pushed ashore, which, as her officers and crew immediately deserted her, was no easy matter. She constantly got further off, and when five miles away ran aground. Lieutenant Logan, who was near in a fisherman's skiff, with the hope that he could set fire to the *Fanny*, offered the boatmen sixty dollars, all the money he had, to put him on board, but they would neither be hired nor persuaded, and he was forced to see the vessel captured. The men on shore, standing in line of battle, helplessly looked on while their clothes, provisions, ammunition and comrades fell into the hands of the enemy. Thursday two gun boats came up, and landed stores and tents, but a Rebel steamer appearing, they gave her chase, and were not seen again.

Friday at dawn, once more, slowly moving specks on the horizon seemed to promise succor and protection. As they grew larger, and assumed shape, they became six gun boats and two batteries, with, seemingly, from three to four thousand troops; but, to the dismay of the anxious watchers, the traitor flag waved above them. Colonel Brown hastily dispatched a courier to Colonel Hawkins, at Fort Hatteras, for reinforcements, and marched his men down to the beach to receive the enemy. His number was barely five hundred and fifty, a whole company having been sent the day before to guard a landing five miles below. The camp was shelled, and the little wind mill dashed to pieces at the first fire, which was too far out to be returned, even if the regiment had been supplied with better arms than the old-fashioned smooth-bore muskets with which they had been furnished on their hasty departure from Indianapolis.

A large body of the enemy landed three miles in the rear of the Twentieth, and another was preparing to land on the left and in front, when Colonel Brown gave orders for a rapid retreat. The men had had no breakfast, they had left their coats in camp, and they had no wagons, but they were cool and merry, shouting to the Confederate artillerymen when shells fell short, "Put in more powder!" "No lives lost yet." Sergeant-Major Cromley and the Chaplain, Mr. Porter, went

out to bring in the pickets when the regiment left camp, they were consequently in the rear at the commencement of the retreat. Cromley with one of the pickets was captured, and Mr. Porter saved another only by snatching him in his arms, and carrying him out of the range of the pursuers.

The poor fisher-families had suffered from previous visits of Rebels, and with such things as they could hastily throw into two or three light wagons, they joined in the flight. A woman, carrying her baby, which was but three days old, trudged twelve miles through the sand. The sky was cloudless, and the white beach intensified the rays of a burning sun. No water could be found, except when a marsh was crossed, or time was taken to scratch a hole in the sand. Shoes became intolerable from the weight of sand which crowded into them, and many, even of the officers, threw them away. Sometimes a man fell from exhaustion, but his good natured comrades picked him up and carried him until he could walk again.

Faint with hunger, tormented with thirst, and always delayed by the yielding ground, the men reached the landing of Kinnykeet, which is about eight miles above the lighthouse. It was sunset, and they began to feel more hope of escape, when, in a narrow part of the island, they saw the enemy before them, preparing to land. The peril, connected with their exhausted condition, was more imminent than any they had yet undergone. Happily every movement of the force attempting to reach the shore was thrown out with singular and perfect distinctness by the illuminated western sky, while their own motions, and even their figures, were obscured by the blue and now darkening eastern heavens, which formed their back-ground. As they hastened on, closely watching the Confederates in their struggle with a troublesome sea, they came within hearing distance, but the rush and roar of the waters drowned their voices, and they safely passed the dangerous point. At nine at night they reached the lighthouse, thirty-three miles from Chickamacomico. Captain Read's company, which formed the rear-guard, picked up during the day a hundred stragglers, kept off the main body of the enemy, and did not lose a man.

At daybreak a few reinforcements and provisions arrived from the forts, and two men-of-war came up and drove off the Confederate fleet. No further attempt was made by the enemy, and on Saturday evening, just a week from the gay excursion up the sound, a haggard, miserable troop, exciting the pity of even the New York Zouaves, straggled into the encampment between the forts. The Zouaves cooked them supper, and gave up to them their sleeping quarters, themselves contentedly burrowing in the sand for the night.

Several days elapsed before all found their way to the encampment. The last to arrive was a musician, who, from fatigue, hunger and the bewilderment occasioned by solitary wanderings over the trackless sand, was half crazed.

One of the most unfortunate of those who escaped capture was the sutler. He lost his goods, his money, and his partner in business, all being on board the *Fanny*. When he was within eight miles of the light house he stopped with three men, whose feet were so sore they could scarcely hobble, and slept a few hours in the sand. They all started at three in morning, but were not early enough to escape the attention of a squad of the enemy, which immediately began a pursuit, and so rapidly gained on them that it was evident the lame men had no chance of escape. They accordingly surrendered. The sutler tried what virtue there was in his heels, and found them faithful friends in need. He lost his cap in the race, and bullets whizzed past his cheek, but he escaped unharmed.

In the Chickamacomico affair the Twentieth lost forty-six,—twenty-eight captured on the *Fanny*, seventeen captured on the retreat, and one drowned. Separated from his comrades, the last succeeded in attracting the attention of a man-of-war, which sent a boat to rescue him. He sprang into the surf to meet the boat, but had not sufficient strength to swim.

That the first act of their military career should be a retreat was not a little mortifying to the soldiers. One, Wesley Kemper, writing to his father, says: "It was not our fault. There were six times as many of them, and we were in a tight place. I never was in so tight a place in all my life. But I can tell you one thing, I have the first man to see who

is a coward in our regiment. We were ordered to retreat, and we obeyed orders."

Another soldier writes: "What do Indiana people say about the affair? Is the impression out that we acted cowardly?"

At this time Indiana soldiers were in the front line of our armies from the Atlantic ocean to the Missouri prairies, and they never yet had been in a defeat. Indeed, for some months to come, their own bravery and skill, combined with favorable circumstances, insured a successful termination to every engagement of which they formed a part. The soldiers of the Twentieth, although conscious that a successful retreat in most adverse circumstances, and where a fight would have been madness, was the next thing to victory, were most anxious to learn if they had injured the good name of their regiment, or the reputation of their State. None but the Rebels, however, could call the affair a defeat. They reported the death of seven or eight of the "Hessians," accounting at the same time for the smallness of the number by the unequalled fleetness of foot possessed by the "cowardly whelps."

No tree, no shrub, not a blade of grass diversify or give life to the scenery about the forts. Fine, white sand stretches from sea to sea, and is almost as much under the sway of the winds as the never resting waves. The sea is dreary, and the sand is drearier, for the monotony of the former is broken by the flying ships, while the latter is ever the same. But our soldiers had no time for meditation or melancholy. Sleeping in shanties, with nothing under or over them, they were roused every morning at four o'clock for drill, and, except when breastworks were to be built, or wood to be chopped, drill was almost uninterrupted through the day. Not only the usual officers participated, even the Chaplain, when not among the sick, to whom his attentions were most kind and considerate, was indefatigably engaged as Captain of the artillery company.

A few days after the retreat, a report reached the camp of the approach of a large body of the enemy, who had landed near the light-house. The men had not yet recovered from their fatiguing race down the island, and at dress parade not many of the companies could count more than thirty, but on

the prospect of a fight the average number was eighty. The alarm proved false, but in consequence a breastwork was built from low water in the Atlantic to low water in the Pamlico, and the camp was well fortified. As there were no stoves on the island, it was necessary to haul and chop great quantities of wood. Building, hauling, ditching and chopping were done almost entirely by the Indiana troops, the Zouaves refusing to work. "Human nature remembers more readily injuries than benefits," says Lord Palmerston, and the Twentieth verified the shrewd old man's observation. They forgot the generosity of one night in the shirking of many days, and the two regiments began to dislike each other so warmly that they had to be separated. Accordingly the Zouaves were marched two miles north. Colonel Hawkins, who had been commander of the position, fell into disgrace on account of the Chickamacomico affair, and was succeeded by General Williams, who could or would do nothing with the New York Zouaves, consequently, the Indianians, although they obeyed him, evinced as much dislike and disrespect as possible, bawling, screaming and yelling like savages while they worked under his eye. General Williams was not punctilious. He apparently thought this behaviour an innocent outbreak of Western character. He afterwards declared that the Indianians worked harder and had less respect for their officers than any soldiers in the service.

Upwards of two thousand men constituted the land force at Hatteras Inlet. The forts mounted two hundred large guns. Five ships of war, beside several smaller vessels, were in the harbor. In favorable weather the Spaulding arrived twice a week with letters and papers. Every day ships in the Burnside expedition were seen sailing by towards the South. At one time three, which had been rolling about five days in a storm, were driven inward, and gave to our exiles a precious cargo of news. The Pacific telegraph was completed; the battle of Leesburg fought and lost; the battle of Wild Cat fought and won.

October days grew cloudy and cold, but no clothing arrived, and the men, with their summer garments fluttering in tatters, and with, in many instances, bare feet and bare heads, grumbled

as they drew round their smoky fires of green wood in the day, and grumbled as they crowded together for warmth on their bare floors at night. They felt themselves cast-aways on a sandy beach, neglected and forgotten by all the world.

At last the Spaulding arrived with hundreds of blankets, shirts, pantaloons, drawers, socks, with everything, indeed, that could be desired. Seventy men were detailed to bring the cargo to shore, and by dark all the clothing was on the sand, ready to be distributed. Every man in the regiment seemed to have a letter or paper to read, and certainly every man was full of rejoicing. It was midnight before the noisy joy subsided, and sleep and silence crept over the encampment. The silence did not long continue, for while the soldiers slept the winds awoke, and winds and waves together rose high and higher, until sweeping over the neck of land between the forts, water gurgled through the floors of the little shanties, and roused the camp. "In a few minutes," says Harvey Bassett, "everything was completely submerged, and the tide poured in great waves between the two forts, washing a channel large enough for gunboats of the largest size, and cutting off all communication with Fort Hatteras. Our danger was extreme. It was too dark to see, and the water covered everything three feet deep. Many took refuge on the sandy walls of Fort Clark, but they threatened every moment to fall. The breastworks we had constructed with so much labor were swept off like cobwebs; an immense sea commenced running, and seemed to cut off all communication with the main body of the island. There we stood, shivering, cold and wet, until daylight."

Dawn showed a gloomy spectacle. The camp was ruined. The heaps of clothing were all gone, but one boat load, which had been hauled up to Fort Clark. Broad rivers raged where the night before lay smooth, dry sand. The sea, roaring with a deep, hollow, awful sound, lashed and foamed and swept inward as if seeking to devour the whole island. On the gale came the distant, woful boom of signal guns from wrecked vessels.

During a lull in the wind, Major Smith, accompanied by Captain Gardner of the Zouaves, set out to carry a message

to Fort Hatteras. Several times their horses lost their footing, and they were submerged, but they reached the fort after repeated efforts, and obtained orders to move three miles up the island.

This second retreat left the Twentieth even more destitute than the first, but with a degree of manly gratitude and joy they had not before experienced for the deliverance from the sudden onset of an unanticipated and most powerful enemy. The men made huts of boughs, talked of Robinson Crusoe, and waited for the next turn of fate. It was a welcome one. November 9th the Spaulding brought orders for a return to Fortress Monroe.

Between life on Hatteras Island and in the region protected by Fortress Monroe, may be inserted the following story of prison life, written by C. W. Demotte, who was captured near Chickamacomico:

"Shortly after we commenced our retreat at Chickamacomico, Colonel Brown saw the Rebels were making such slow progress that he ordered four men back to camp for the canteens and haversacks. I was one of the number. We filled the canteens with water and the haversacks with crackers. While we were going down the beach, the Rebels saw us, and fired several shells at us. They came pretty close, but hit nobody. When we got to the place where we had left the regiment it was gone. The Rebels by this time had landed, and were in hot pursuit. We were over-burdened, and threw away all but one canteen each. We had left our guns with the companies. In half an hour the water was all out of my canteen, for I overtook men who could not keep up with the regiment, and were suffering for water, and divided with them as long as I had any; when it was all gone I threw away the canteen, and tried to take care of myself. I trudged along, my feet sinking about four inches in the sand at every step. The heat of the sun seemed to be almost equal to that of a furnace. Scarcely a breath of air stirred. About twelve o'clock it seemed impossible for me to go further, but I went to the ocean beach and waded in the surf. This cooled my blood, drove away my headache, eased the pain in my feet, which were blistered all over, and even quenched my

thirst. I began to feel quite supple, and got along twenty-five miles, within three miles of the light-house, where I knew I would be safe. About sunset I could go no further, and fell asleep on the sand. About nine o'clock I woke up shivering. The wind had risen, and was blowing cold and heavy off the ocean. With great difficulty I dragged myself about a mile to a patch of pine brush; here I lay until daybreak, sleeping but little. I then rose again, went a short distance and fell in with three men, who had slept near me.

"After going about a mile, we came to a house, and, supposing we were then safe, we went in to get a 'bite.' But in a few minutes about twenty-five men of the Third Georgia regiment came out of the brush, surrounded us in a twinkling, brought their pieces to a ready, and ordered us to surrender. Taking all things into consideration, we thought it the best thing we could do. The Captain ordered us to give up our arms. We had none. Colonel Wright then came up, and the Captain addressed him thus: "Colonel, we've got four of 'em; what'll we do with 'em?" Colonel Wright answered, 'I don't know; you might as well take 'em out and shoot 'em. We can't be pestered totin' Yankees round with us.'

They did tote us, however, or rather marched us back to camp, over the ground we had just traveled. We got to the boats that evening, Saturday, October 5th, at sunset. Quite a number of troops did not get there until the next evening.

"Sunday night we started for Roanoke Island; got there Monday morning, and found our boys who had been captured on the Fanny lying off the island in an old schooner. Monday evening we were transferred to an old barge, and taken in tow by an old transport steamer, run across the mouth of the Albermarle, through Currituck sound, and up the canal through the Dismal Swamp, to Norfolk. We arrived October 9th, and were locked up in jail like criminals until the 19th, when we were sent to Richmond. In Norfolk we were fed on bread, beef and soup; in Richmond ditto. Here we were confined in tobacco factories, and guards were stationed around the building to shoot as many as they possibly could, at least such seemed to be their orders, and they carried them out to the letter, shooting quite a number when they were

only passing the windows. Murder in cold blood was no uncommon occurrence. Our rations were one small, sour loaf, about six ounces of meat, poor fresh beef, and one pint of soup thickened with strong corn meal. We staid in the factories until October 30th, when we started for Columbia, South Carolina.

"We arrived November 2d, were marched through the city under guard, with a brass band, consisting of three instruments, one bass, one snare drum and a cymbal, all played by negroes. They played Dixie and something else, we supposed it was the 'Rogue's March.' The streets were crowded with spectators, principally young ladies and negroes. The exclamations of the former were, 'See the Yanks! Why they look like anybody else!' The commander called a halt in front of the State prison. We were marched in, and the door was locked after us. The debtor cells were about sixteen feet square on the second floor. The criminal cells were about eight by five, and on the third floor. In the debtor cells were put seventeen men, in the criminal five. But two State prisoners were there, one for murder, the other for attempting to blow up a magazine in Charleston when the war first broke out. The murderer was afterwards pardoned and taken into the army; the other, a German, told them that before he would go into the Southern army he would lie in prison until the flesh dropped from his bones.

"The next day after we got there, Sunday, a few ladies and gentlemen came in to see the menagerie of Uncle Sam's live Yankees. They said this was a just and holy war, and on a footing with that of the Revolution; that God was on their side, &c., &c.

"We were kept in close confinement until about the first of January, 1862, when the order came from Richmond for us to be released from close confinement, as the privateers were put on an equal footing with the prisoners of war. We could then have the yard, about a quarter of an acre, during the day. At night we were locked up.

"January 2d, Colonel Corcoran came with his crowd and joined us. The prison would not hold all, so they built a long shed, and divided it into six rooms. The shed was very

close to the wall, and there was no guard on the outside until nine at night. One night three men raised a board in the floor, dug under the wall, and got out before nine, taking with them a chart they had copied from an atlas which one of the officers had. The partitions in the shanty were broad boards, nailed up and down. Some of the men broke a board at the bottom so they could slip it aside, and when the officers came to count us, which they did every morning, this board was moved before they entered and four men came through from the adjoining room, then when the officers went out they slipped back, and were counted a second time. All right in both rooms. In a few nights six more went. The counting all right still. The next night three more went, and still the right number was counted. But one morning, about four days after the last had left, the officers made a mistake, and came back to count again. The boys thought they were discovered, and did not try to conceal it. The officers counted again, and thirteen men were gone. They were mad, frightened. They counted again and again. Still thirteen were missing. Then they called the roll. No better. They wanted to know which way the boys had gone. We told them they ought to know.

"When they found that all who were gone were from the shanty, old Captain Shyvers clapped some of us on the shoulder and said he was glad it was none of his old crowd. They were all too good boys to give him so much trouble. But they were always very careful after this to have us locked up inside the iron bars before sunset. Yes, we were very good boys. None of us got away. We chuckled in our sleeves, and made the old Captain believe that if he would turn us out in the street we would make no attempt to get away. Wish he had tried us!

"Opposite 'our house' lived a young lady, who wrote a letter to us one day. She sent it over by a little negro girl, who slipped it through a crack in the fence. The lady said that, although she was born in the South, and owned slaves, she was for the Union, sympathized with us, and wished us all the good luck imaginable. It pleased us to find a friend in South Carolina.

"We carried on a bone work manufactory, carving figures, letters, rings, and almost everything. We would often make a ring with a United States flag on the top of it, or something else that was pretty and patriotic, and hold it up so that our lady friend, who was always sitting at her window, could see it. She would understand that it was for her, and would send her little negro girl into the street; the ring would be thrown out, the little girl would find it, and take it to her mistress. After dark, when we were locked up, and everything was quiet, some of the boys would let down a string from the window, and the little black girl, who would be there playing about with a newspaper under her apron, would tie the paper to the string when the guard's back was turned. We could not get the daily paper in any other way.

"Our rations were thirteen ounces beef bones, nine ounces pilot bread, and one pint soup, with a very small quantity of rice. Until the first of January, all that had no blankets had to sleep on the bare floor. Many had not a change of clothes. At this time a donation of clothing and blankets came to us from our regiment. There was an outrageous expressage to pay before we could get them, and as we had no money we determined to sell a part to redeem the remainder. Just then we received a present of seventy-eight dollars from Hon. Schuyler Colfax. We paid the expressage and divided the remainder.

"While here I received one letter from home, and wrote one, which I sent North by Captain Worthington, of the First Michigan, who was exchanged.

"The last of February we were put on parole, and sent to Richmond. March 1st they came in with a parole to be signed by us. Every man grasped the pen with eager hand, and doubtful mind. By three o'clock in the afternoon every man had signed it. We were told we would leave for home in a few days. We hoped and waited, but days passed, and we did not go. Many went to the hospital sick, myself among them. Some died, the others recovered slowly. May 1st another parole came for us to sign. We doubted, yet hoped and signed it. Again days passed, and we did not go. At last, May 12th, we were put on the flag of truce boat, and

May 14th we arrived at Fortress Monroe. We reached Washington the 15th, were paid off the 24th, and started home the 27th, thanking God that we were on free soil, and under the glorious and will-be-victorious old flag."

The harbor at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, between Capes Henry and Charles, is larger and finer than that of New York, and the country, to which it gives access, affords commercial advantages which are also superior to those of the metropolis. The mouths of five rivers, the Potomac, James, Rappahannock, York and Elizabeth, are included within a line not more than fifty miles in extent, and their branches reach to the vast coal fields of Virginia. The tide rolls up these rivers more than a hundred miles, giving to the State a thousand miles of tidal coast. The tide-water counties are low and flat, with much swamp land, which art has never attempted to drain. A wild, tangled forest grows in these bogs, as in the days of Captain Smith and Powhattan. Tongues of sound land, which pierce the morasses, are warm and sandy, abundantly capable of producing fruit and grain, and in some cases are under cultivation. The most remarkable of the numerous tributary rivers is the Chickahominy. It rises north of Richmond, and lazily flows half round the city into the James. The swamp, through which it flows, is heavily timbered, and averages from three hundred to four hundred yards in width. The tops of the trees rise to the level of the tops of the highlands, and entirely screen from view bottom lands and slopes. The stream is sometimes in a single channel, oftener divided into several. When but a foot or two above its summer level it overspreads the whole swamp, and when a little higher it sweeps over large areas of the bottom lands, clear to the foot of the highland slopes. Even when not overflowed, the ground in wet weather is loose and spongy. The vegetation of this region is tropical in its luxuriance and splendor. Storms are also tropical in their violence and frequency. Dews are heavy, and skies are misty.

The growths of Virginia enterprise during two hundred and fifty years were Hampton near Fortress Monroe, Yorktown on the York, Williamsburg and a few other antique

settlements, too pretentious to be called villages, too stunted and too mossy to be ranked with American towns.

On a point of land, which is almost an island, being connected with the main land only by a narrow strip of sand, the United States Government built Fortress Monroe, one of the largest fortresses in the world.

It was under the shadow of Fortress Monroe that the Twentieth went into winter quarters. The men were supplied with everything they could need, were made happy by boxes of good things from home, and were almost transformed by decent clothing. They were treated with kindness and attention by soldiers from other States, whom they in turn admired. No mean jealousy was felt on either side, yet it was with some complacency the Indianians discovered that they could not be excelled in light infantry battalion drill, nor equaled in target-shooting, and that they heard a compliment incidentally paid by General Mansfield, who was a favorite commander. "The soldiers of the Indiana Twentieth," the General remarked, "could do without food longer when they had to; eat more when they had got it; suffer more without being disabled; get into line of battle quicker; stay there steadier, and swear harder than any men he ever saw." Pity truth required the last clause!

An event which was talked of in every tent, for at least one evening, was the arrival of Mrs. Bison, the wife of one of Captain Shannon's men. She had walked from Laporte to Baltimore, and endured more hardship on her solitary journey than her husband on the beach of Hatteras.

New regiments arrived continually from the North and departed towards the South. Mason and Slidell were brought into port by Captain Wilkes, and taken out again. Several gunboat fights, with no important result, took place. Intervention on the part of England and France was a constant topic of conversation, but always pronounced improbable. Wesley Kemper writes to his father: "You speak about going to war. You had better hold off until the young men are whipped out; then you can come out and take their place. I think England and France will stay at home. I don't think they are such fools as to put their men in our way to be killed



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Nathan Kimball

BRVT MAJ GEN NATHAN KIMBALL U S VOLTS

off. But if they do pitch in, we'll have to fight like sixty, and I'm one of the boys that will give the last drop of blood to save our country. I will not come home until the war is over, or I am killed. If I die on the field I will die an honorable death. If I live I will see the pleasures we are fighting for."

Time passed on. The great naval expeditions accomplished little or nothing. The grand Army of the Potomac dug ditches and piled up sand. The huge men-of-war in Norfolk harbor chased little fleets of musquito gunboats around among the willows. Discouragement or vexation began to prevail. Harvey Bassett writes, "Yes, the war will be over at last in sixty days, with the great tree of liberty left lying on the ground, uprooted and branchless."

Opening spring found the shores of Hampton Roads and of the James and Elizabeth rivers bristling with batteries. On the northern shore an almost continuous line extended from Fortress Monroe, nine miles, to Newport News. The Confederate batteries, beginning at Sewall's Point, the termination of the southeast boundary of Hampton Roads, extended farther along the southern shores. It was rumored that the Merrimac, one of the largest of the vessels scuttled and sunk in the spring of 1861 in the Norfolk navy yard, had been raised and was repaired and clad in iron.

As early as November, a vessel cased in iron steamed out of Elizabeth river, down to Sewall's Point, and, turning, disappeared again. But as weeks and months passed without other demonstrations, it was asserted that she was a failure, and wooden ships of war continued to guard the line of Union troops and batteries.

On the morning of March 8th all was quiet as usual in this warlike region; the guns of Fortress Monroe pointed silently over Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay; the magnificent ship Minnesota lay before the Fortress; the guns of the Rip Raps guarded the center of the channel; the Roanoke and St. Lawrence lay before the Rip Raps; the batteries of Newport News guarded the mouth of the James, and before the entrenched camp at Newport News, where our Twentieth lay, removed within the last fortnight, rocked the Cumberland

and the Congress, both vessels of large size. In the neighborhood of each of these ships of war was a number of war steam tugs. What was hidden by the distance, and by the windings and the batteries of the opposite shore, no one knew or seemed to care, until about noon a steamer deliberately came out of Elizabeth river, passed down before the Point and turned. She was an immense, black monster, and was recognized at once as the Merrimac. Slowly and steadily she steamed up the channel, the attention of ship and shore, of friend and foe fixed upon her. The Minnesota and several tugs left the fortress to follow. The Roanoke, although with a broken shaft, was towed along some distance behind. Taking no notice of her followers, the hostile vessel steered in the direction of the Cumberland and the Congress, Rebel steamers and tugs in her wake, Rebel steamers coming down the James to meet and support her. The Congress saluted her with a broadside, she returned it, but without pausing, and moved on towards the Cumberland. Coming close up to the waiting wooden vessel, she suddenly stopped, backed off, pointed her bow, and ran forward again, cutting into the Cumberland below the water mark with a sword-like iron snout twelve or fifteen feet long. The trembling ship stooped until her top sail yards touched the water, but she righted again, and all hands poured fire upon the enemy. The Merrimac repeated the manœuvre, backing off, rushing forward, and inflicting an other deadly wound. "Surrender!" demanded the iron clad. "No!" responded the wooden ship, and her firing went on, and her flag fluttered, until with all her wounded she went down. The sailors and marines who could climb into the rigging, or could spring from the decks, alone were saved.

Throughout the combat massive iron balls from the columbiads on the shore, and from every Union vessel in the river, fell on the Merrimac, but fell as harmlessly as hailstones. Now, as if first noticing their firing, the iron clad turned to give her attention to the shore batteries. But she could not get a position that would command them, and after but little delay she addressed herself to the Congress. In a few minutes every gun on land and water was engaged. In thirty minutes

the Congress was in flames. She struck her colors, but General Mansfield ordered Colonel Brown to keep the enemy from boarding her. Immediately Captain Rayburn and Captain Read deployed their companies, which were twice as large as usual, at the water's edge. Shot and shell passed over the heads of the men, fanning their faces, and cutting off the tent tops behind them, but not injuring a man, or rendering a single arm unsteady. With new Enfield rifles they took unerring aim at the steam tug which was boarding the Congress, and "paid the Rebels well for all their Hatteras troubles."

The surgeon of the Congress, in a description of the fight, says: "To the skill and gallantry of the sharpshooters of the Twentieth Indiana alone do officers and crew of the Congress owe their deliverance."

Delaying at this point no longer the Merrimac went down the harbor to the Minnesota, which was aground, but only accomplished a sort of introduction preparatory to a fight on the morrow. She had done enough for one day.

"About ten o'clock at night the flames burst through the deck of the Congress, and, igniting her rigging, spread a luminous glare over the heavens and across the harbor. Her tall masts resembled columns of fire. Her shrouds, ropes and sails looked like silver threads. Before midnight her guns became heated and discharged their loads all around, but did no damage beyond sinking a small sloop. Shortly after her magazine blew up, throwing cinders far heavenward amidst clouds of sparks and flakes of rope; then the mass sank beneath the waves, carrying down the burned and charred bodies of many a gallant tar." (Bassett.)

The night of the 8th of March was full of gloom. Between two and three hundred brave patriot hearts were under the yellow waters of the James; the majestic ships which had long been guardians of the army and shore were sunken and blackened ruins; the doom of the Minnesota was spoken; the whole Union fleet, the land forces, stores and magazines were at the mercy of a monster whose scaly sides seemed impenetrable to the heaviest missiles. If Hampton Roads were cleared what would hinder the enemy from sinking all

the blockading vessels, and what would preserve Baltimore, Washington, New York even?

The sun of the 9th scattered a morning mist, and disclosed the stage of action and the actors to the eyes of soldiers, sailors and civilians. The Merrimac steamed saucily out from Craney Island, and, followed by two steamers loaded with soldiers, moved towards the Minnesota. As she approached, a blackcraft, contemptible in size and form, announced herself as champion of the challenged vessel by moving in her front, and gliding swiftly towards the Merrimac. The new-comer was the Monitor, a short-lived and unfortunate vessel, but now nobly opening her career. She had two guns, while the Merrimac had six; but her size was in her favor. It enabled her to skim round and round her enemy, to assault her in an unexpected quarter, to escape pursuit, and to be swift and to come close in chase of her antagonist. After a combat of four hours the Merrimac was driven off, and the Monitor remained in possession of the field.

A curious illustration of the force of the concussion of exploding shells and guns was found in the large numbers of birds which were scattered dead over the plain.

After the exciting interruption of the naval battle, camp life returned to its monotony. Bassett writes:

"We have just been driven into quarters from battalion drill by a storm of sleet and rain, which has set in to give the privates rest and rust, and the officers vexation. I sit down to write you a forced letter; I say forced, for I have vainly waited for some event to transpire which might give me a paragraph. When you see in the telegraph column that all is quiet round Yorktown, you may rest assured that we have either been pent up within our tents by one of the numerous showers by which we have been supplied of late, or that a beautiful clear day has passed, and we have formed many a 'hollow square,' and 'closed column on the center division' times innumerable, or have tramped weary miles in brigade drills, and probably, as to-day, for instance, have worked in the trenches, throwing up breastworks. We have built a long redoubt across our water-front, in anticipation of a visit from our old friend, Mrs. Merrimac, but she has failed to make her

appearance. The only incidents which serve to enliven our camp are the arrival of contrabands, who come in daily. I will tell you how they get here, it is quite a scene. All along the opposite shore are numerous oyster beds; you recollect 'De floating scow of ole Virginny,' and the negroes collect the oysters in small sail boats. Every morning quite a fleet is seen. Presently one boat moves out a little further from the shore, and edges off until it is almost beyond reach of the enemy's guns, when suddenly it puts about, crowds on all sail, and makes for our shore. Instantly a secesh steam tug gives chase, and then commences a race for life. When within range of our guns, one of our Dahlgrens administers a sharp rebuke to the tug, and she puts back with a flea in her ear. The darkeys make for shore with loud hurrahs, and claim protection of the Stars and Stripes. We had two such cases day before yesterday within an hour.

"The forest trees are clothed in verdure; swallows, martins and innumerable water fowl flit around our camp; and we have given our tents a very homelike appearance by planting wild flowers, rose bushes and forest trees in our quarters."

At last events began to culminate. Yorktown was evacuated. The battle of Williamsburg was fought. Sewall's Point was successfully bombarded. Norfolk was forced to surrender.

On the 10th of May the Twentieth, nearly a thousand in number, and in excellent health, set out on a moonlight march, preparatory to taking possession of Norfolk. On their arrival eight companies were immediately taken across the bay to Willoughby Point, while two, unable to obtain passage, lay down under eave-troughs and board piles for the night. It was a wonderful night. Earth and sky were illuminated with dock yards, ships and Confederate quarters, set on fire by the retreating enemy. Just before dawn a terrific explosion reverberated along the many lines of shore. The Merrimac, the monster monarch, that was to sweep the seas, had been filled with combustible materials and set on fire. Only her blackened masts remained above the waters, more bare than the masts of her victim, the Cumberland, which still spread their sails to the sky.

The two companies, left behind at Fortress Monroe, embarked early in the morning, and were the first Federal troops which landed at the wharf. The flag of the Twentieth was the first to wave over the Rebel city.

President Lincoln, Mr. Stanton and other members of the Cabinet, visited Norfolk the same day, and were received with enthusiasm by the soldiers, while the countenances of the citizens looked as black and ugly as their city.

Norfolk is a dirty place, with high, unpainted houses, narrow, crooked streets, and broken pavements. The only interesting spot in the city is the grave-yard, where moulder in unmarked graves forty physicians and nurses, who, in 1855, when the city was suffering from yellow fever, and was forsaken by her native physicians, left their northern homes and gave their services and their lives to their southern countrymen, as they then considered them, certainly their fellow creatures.

The fortifications were strong, and several miles in extent. The navy yard was still burning when the troops entered, and Elizabeth river, between Norfolk and Portsmouth, was of a deep coffee color, on account of the quantity of tobacco which had been thrown into it.

The Twentieth encamped near Portsmouth. The following letter was written while there, by the Sergeant-Major of the regiment. It shows something of the strictness with which the soldiers were kept within their camps. They did not approach or even pass the houses of citizens except on special business:

"I have been to Fortress Monroe on business. They waved the American flag at me from the first house I passed after leaving camp. I saluted it. A little further on I saw two ladies talking at a gate; they looked very hard at me, but did not speak. I passed through the market house in Portsmouth. Everybody looked at me in wonder, glancing at my sword and then at me, as much as to say, what is he going to do with us? One lady seemed badly scared, but I never let on that I saw her, until I got to the end of the house, when I asked a man what was the matter with her. He said that she was afraid of me, that people had told so much about the

Yankees that everybody was afraid of them; he added that I had a wicked looking eye. I just smiled a little at him, then I asked him if I had a wicked eye. He said that I did not smile as I came through the market, or I would not have scared the lady. I went on, and made up my mind to smile at all the ladies I met. So I did, and they would remark to each other, 'He is in a good humor.' At Norfolk I found myself in the midst of secessionists, who made faces at me, and said, 'There goes one of Lincoln's plug uglies.' I never said a word, but considered the source, as the fellow said when the jack kicked him."

The writer of the above was about eighteen years old, and though he had little education, he had an intelligent and really beautiful and refined countenance. It was certainly not his "wicked eye" which frightened the Southern lady.

On the 8th of June the Twentieth joined the Army of the Potomac, and encamped near Fair Oaks, on the York river railroad. It was assigned to Jamieson's (afterwards Robinson's) brigade, Kearney's division, Heintzelman's corps.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"When the last trumpet shall bring forth the dead, between fifty and a hundred thousand will rise from the fields and swamps of the Peninsula, witnesses to the cruelty of a conservative campaign."—*H. W. Beecher*.

THE announcement, on the 25th of July, 1861, that the departments of Washington and Northeast Virginia would constitute a geographical division, under General McClellan, though General Scott was thus practically superseded, gave universal satisfaction. The loss of the battle of Bull Run was ascribed to the inefficiency of the old Lieutenant-General, while the restoration of West Virginia was set down to the credit of the young aspirant for public trust and honors. The latter was known as an observing traveler, an accurate engineer, and a correct writer on military subjects; he was also recommended by a modest and reserved, yet manly and affable manner; but perhaps the most efficient agent in the promotion of his popularity, after the brilliant campaign of West Virginia, was the eminent need of a leader, and an almost religious faith on the part of the nation that for such a need there must be a corresponding provision.

General McClellan found the affairs that were placed under his supervision in almost hopeless confusion. Washington was defended on the Virginia side of the Potomac by earthworks, but was open to any force which might ford the river a few miles above. The army was reduced by defeat, desertions and the withdrawal of the three months' men to less than fifty-five thousand. The patriotism of many inferior officers and men had effervesced, and, incapable of any principle which could produce a steady attention to the performance of monotonous duty, such individuals spent their time and themselves in places of dissipation.

The first act of the new commander was to order idle soldiers out of the city, and to direct their services to their appropriate duties in their respective commands. He then gave assiduous attention and undeniable skill and talent to the fortifications of the capital, and to the reorganization of the army. He was seconded on every hand. Recruiting and equipping began anew. Troops poured into Washington, and were assigned to camps of instruction, where the most rigid observance of military exercises was required of them.

McClellan's observation of the European soldier assisted him in acquiring a thorough understanding and appreciation of the American, and a confident reliance on the united flexibility and independence which fit the latter to gain easily and without loss of self-respect, the characteristics of the soldier. Therefore, while he required of him severe application, and expected from him a rare degree of excellence, he showed him unvaried respect and kindness.

In a wonderfully short time, from the chaotic mass of raw, rude, roaring volunteers in and around the capital, emerged a noble and beautiful army. At the first grand review seventy thousand soldiers appeared, clothed with neatness, taste and comfort, in every respect well equipped, bearing themselves in a soldierly manner, and performing with accuracy and readiness all required military evolutions. So large an army was never before concentrated in America. Perhaps in the world so large an army in so short a period had not reached equal attainments. Not only the spectators, the whole nation was gratified and proud, and very grateful to the man who had achieved the work.

From this review may be dated the assignment to the highest place in public estimation of the Army of the Potomac. However fondly scattered communities or individual States might turn to regiments on the ocean or the gulf coast, in Kentucky, Missouri or the distant wildernesses of Arkansas, the nation, until the last year of the war, set its strongest interest and its warmest admiration on the army of young men who lay in camp on the borders of Virginia, or who engaged in battle in the swamps and forests of Virginia. It was not, however, to so little a circumstance as one review

that the high rank of the eastern army was due, but to various causes, chiefly to its immense size, its perfection in dress and drill, and its position near the National and not far from the Rebel capital, where also it was of easy access to intelligent visitors and newspaper correspondents.

November 1st, 1861, General McClellan was appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. The reflected greatness of his office, added to his untiring activity and unfailing suavity, gave him an unprecedented popularity. From army and country he received that infatuated devotion which is called hero-worship.

Shortly after the battle of Bull Run the Confederate lines were advanced as far as Munson's Hill, a few miles from Alexandria, but they were withdrawn just as a secret night attack, of which they were no doubt informed, was to go into operation. During several months the main body of the hostile army extended from Aquia creek to Winchester, never advancing beyond Centreville, and never numbering in the whole line more than one hundred and fifteen thousand, in front of McClellan, that is east of the mountains never amounting to more than eighty thousand.

The Army of the Potomac grew daily. In October it consisted of more than one hundred and fifty-two thousand, and it continued to increase until the first of February its maximum was attained, two hundred and twenty-two thousand, one hundred and ninety-six. As the autumn of 1861 in Virginia was remarkably open and warm, and the roads were so smooth and hard that they invited to an onward movement, it occasioned general surprise and disappointment that when McClellan was provided with so magnificent an army, his dispatches to the war department should be of one unexciting and unvaried tenor: "All quiet on the Potomac!" Twice the quiet was broken. Once at Ball's Bluff in October, when nineteen hundred men, engaged in a reconnoissance, under General Stone, met four thousand, were driven back to the river, and there, as no adequate means to cross the stream had been provided, were driven into the water, or slaughtered. The Sixteenth Indiana, though not belonging to the unfortunate reconnoitring party, was brought to the spot shortly

after, and engaged in a brisk skirmish. Two of its men were shot while standing on picket, and two were drowned while recrossing the river.

The Potomac quiet was broken again when two large foraging parties met near Drainesville, to the complete discomfiture of the smaller, which, this time, was the Confederate force.

As autumn wore away, and winter came slowly on; as an open and pleasant December passed, with Washington in a partial state of siege, its avenue to the ocean quite cut off, and dependent for subsistence on a single railroad, which was also the only source of supply to the army; as exposure and monotony began to destroy the health and life of the troops, and as subordinate officers of every grade declared themselves ignorant of the numbers of the enemy, McClellan, having ordered all deserters and contrabands to be sent unquestioned to him at Washington, grave doubts in regard to the competency of the General arose, especially in the minds of those whose position enabled them to see the play of wires, or the inner workings of events. They feared that McClellan was timid, or that he was ambitious, or that his loyalty was chilled by the aspect the war was assuming towards slavery. "The President was greatly depressed in consequence of the desperate condition of the national affairs—with an exhausted treasury—the hostile feeling of foreign nations—the frightful condition of the national finances—the want of co-operation between the leading Generals of the army, Buell and Halleck, corresponding direct with Washington, would have no correspondence with each other—and worse than all, the long inactivity of the Army of the Potomac." He said to General McDowell, from whom the above sentence is quoted: "If something is not done soon with the army to save the country, the whole bottom of things will fall out. If General McClellan don't intend to do something with the Army of the Potomac, I should like to borrow it for awhile, provided I can see it can be made to do something. Napoleon could not stand still with such an army."

At length, in the last of January, the President reluctantly resumed a power, which he had suffered to lie in abeyance,

because of his greater trust in McClellan's military ability than in his own; and as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Union issued an order that February 22d be the day for a general movement of the forces of the United States against the insurgent forces. The order was communicated to the heads of the different armies, but it was not published until the lapse of nearly two months. In the West, as already related, it added to the activity and animation prevailing there; but it had no perceptible effect in the East. Military labors, building fortifications and drilling, continued with unvaried industry and exactness. The General seemed like one doomed to everlasting preparation. He was, however, revolving in his mind an important change in his plan of operations. Being under the impression that the force in his front was almost double its real size, he determined, if he could gain the President's approval, instead of making the advance which had now for six months been contemplated, to attack Richmond by the lower Chesapeake while the mass of the Confederate army was still at Centreville and Manassas. The President objected, arguing that the change would require a greater expenditure of time and money, would involve more risk, and in case of disaster would scarcely allow of retreat. He said: "Going down the bay in search of a field instead of fighting at or near Manassas, is only shifting not surmounting a difficulty. You will find the same enemy, and the same or equal intrenchments at either place." The General claimed that the roads in the Peninsula were passable at all seasons of the year; that the woods were less dense than near the Potomac; and above all that the assistance he would gain from the navy would enable him to overcome much greater obstacles than he could hope to surmount without this assistance. After some discussion, much consideration and a concession on the part of the General of forty or fifty thousand troops for the defence of Washington, the President waived his preference.

March 9th General McClellan issued an order for the movement of his army. Immediately all was activity in the long motionless Army of the Potomac. The order seemed equally to affect the Confederates. On the same day they evacuated

their strong line at Manassas. When the National troops approached the fortifications of Centreville, which stretched from a point a half mile north of the town, as far south as the eye could reach, they found that in spite of a bold front they were not of sufficient strength to allow of the mounting of heavy guns, and that a part of the Confederate artillery consisted of logs of wood painted in imitation of artillery. The discovery of the "Quaker guns" was made with mingled amusement and indignation; but it was with unmingled chagrin that they saw the log cabins in which the Confederates had comfortably wintered, while they, in flapping tents, battled with rain and snow. The desolate plains of Manassas were crossed, lines of dismantled fortifications were left behind, and Manassas Junction was reached before any evidence of haste on the part of the enemy was seen. Here bridges, depots and machine shops were still burning.

The old battle ground threw a shade of solemnity over the exhilaration which resulted from change of scene, and the belief that the movement was an onward march to Richmond. Broken trees and long, dismal trenches, on which the grass, springing up everywhere else, refused to grow, marked the spots where the struggle was close and hard. General McDowell, the commander on that ill-fated day, rode now beside McClellan, and pointed out the places where the chief movements had occurred, and doubtless how the day might have been different.

The young General, as he listened to the stern, experienced man who rose and fell that 21st of July by the mere force of circumstances, could scarcely avoid a foreboding that the stream which had hitherto borne him smoothly was now "nearing some verge to make a short, an angry and precipitate descent."

General McClellan did not proceed beyond the fires which suggested proximity to the enemy. He returned to Washington, and expeditiously prepared for a removal to the James. On the 14th he issued a spirited proclamation, in which occurred, with a slight variation, an expression he had used in one of his first proclamations in West Virginia. Then it was, "I fear but one thing, that you will not find foemen

worthy of your steel;" now, "I will not disguise it from you, you have brave foemen to encounter, foemen well worthy of your steel." As he had had no conflict with the enemy, except in the blunder at Ball's Bluff, and the victory at Drainesville, it is probable the change in his estimate of his enemy's valor was due to the vast preparations he had himself made.

Never since the commencement of the war had the national prospect been so bright as it was early in the spring of 1862. A wonderful change had come over everything. Half a million men were in the field, among them not one enforced soldier. They were men who had an interest in the struggle on account of their business, and their families, and because they felt the Government must be sustained; and youth, who were still more generous, even if less patriotic. In every quarter success was attending the patriot arms. With the Confederates the change of the past few weeks was as great. The time for which their troops entered the service was expiring, their conscript law was not yet passed, and their losses in forts and battles were numerous and disastrous. It was the almost universal belief that one good gripe at the Confederate throat would end the war.

General McClellan seemed to understand the crisis. In a surprisingly short time his vast army was at Alexandria, prepared to go down the bay. The embarkation commenced on the 17th of March. The weather was beautiful; the sky was a cloudless dome; the Potomac was a mirror of light; birds were returning from the South; trees were budding, and balmy winds were blowing. A blue river of soldiers flowed steadily from the massed army towards the hundreds of waiting vessels. The music of a hundred bands swept over every other sound, and filled earth and sky. All was ominous of good.

In a long past age the shores of the Piræus witnessed a similar scene. "The crowds of foreigners, drawn thither by curiosity, were amazed by the grandeur of the spectacle, and the citizens accompanying were moved by deeper and more stirring anxieties. Their sons and brothers were starting out into a sea of undefined possibilities. At this final parting

ideas of doubt and danger became fearfully present, and the relatives now separating at the water's edge could not banish dark presentiments. The moment immediately succeeding the farewell was peculiarly solemn and touching. Silence having been enjoined and obtained by sound of trumpet, both the crews on every ship and the spectators on shore followed the voice of the herald in prayer to the gods for success, and in singing the pæan. Officers on every deck made libations with goblets of silver and gold. Never in Grecian history was an invocation more unanimous, emphatic and imposing addressed to the gods. Never was the refusing nod of Zeus more stern and peremptory."

Thus the historian of ancient Greece introduces the narrative of the Syracusan expedition, which brought night upon the noon of Athens. With little change the words may open the peninsula campaign.

Never had the United States felt so intense an interest in an undertaking. Never were prayers more unanimous and emphatic. They rose, not at sound of trumpet, from the waterside, and uttered by one voice, in one hour, of that, the vastness of the army and the wide extent of the country would not allow; but from church, fireside and closet, for many a day and week. Never were prayers more earnest, and never was the refusal of Jehovah more stern and peremptory.

The parallel may be drawn farther. In McClellan existed the timidity, the slowness, the lukewarmness, the barometer-like sensibility, rising and falling with outside pressure, and almost the superstition which mark the character of Nicias. Where the unfortunate Greek stood in awe of eclipses, the American had a correspondingly enervating fear of the ballot. For the soldierly and far-sighted Lamachus we may read Sumner, or, though their rank was lower, Kearney or Hooker. There was also more than one Alcibiades high in the Army of the Potomac.

The evening of March 17th was dark and stormy. Old Nicias would have deplored the evil omen.

By the first of April the whole of McClellan's army was encamped near Hampton, and looking forward to an early

entrance into Richmond; but the General determined to forego the principal object he had come so far to gain, the co-operation of the navy, in order to avoid the terrible Merrimac, which had possession of the river, and to advance instead along the peninsula, between the York and the James. He moved consequently towards Yorktown, and on the 4th of April brought his army up before that place.

Yorktown is seventy miles from Richmond, on the south side of York river. It was already famous for the siege of Lord Cornwallis within its walls, whence he came, according to an old Yankee joke, with the corn shelled off, and his name reduced to Cobwallis.

The Confederate works, which in outline were almost the same as those of the British in the former siege, were incomplete. General Magruder was in command. His force, according to the largest estimate, was eleven thousand. It was divided among Yorktown, Gloucester, Mulberry Island and the line of the Warwick, a little stream running nearly across the peninsula, between salt marshes and forests.

"The sooner the siege is commenced the more easily will the capture be accomplished," Lamachus said as the Greeks approached Syracuse. "Every day that is given Cornwallis may cost us many lives," declared Washington when he was before Yorktown. Mr. Lincoln wrote to McClellan: "It is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will relatively gain upon you,—that is, he will gain faster by reinforcements and fortifications than you can by reinforcements alone. It is indispensable that you strike." Magruder understood the position as well. "Every hour that you hold out brings us reinforcements," he emphatically assured his troops.

The Confederates held out, and the Federals held off until fifty thousand men were at Yorktown and in the neighboring garrisons. But the Union army was by no means idle. Every man, who was not employed as picket or outpost, was up to his knees in mud and water every day, and all day, making roads and bridges, intrenchments and ditches.

General McClellan intended to take Gloucester by landing on the Severn river in the rear of the fort, a force which was

then to go up the left bank of the York in the direction of West Point. General McDowell was to execute the movement, but his corps, as it was on the point of embarking at Alexandria, was unexpectedly detained by the President for the defence of Washington, and in consequence McClellan's second plan of advance was put out of joint. A little unfairness on his own part was the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's interference. In spite of his promise, he made arrangements to withdraw all but twenty thousand troops from the front of the capital, excusing himself on the plea that he included in his calculation the forces in the Valley and in West Virginia. As these were really not available in case of a rapid approach of the enemy, the President did not accord to him the credit of having observed the conditions on which he was allowed to remove his operations to the peninsula. However, after a short delay, he permitted Franklin's division of McDowell's corps to proceed down the bay.

By the first of May all the work that could be contrived was done; roads were corduroyed; trenches were dug; parallels, pontoon bridges and crib-bridges were completed; platforms for batteries were laid, batteries were arranged; magazines were finished; gabions, fascines, abatis, excavations, embrasures, redoubts were all in order. "A terrific bombardment was to be opened on the town; the finest troops were to be set apart to follow up the bombardment by a grand assault; the steam transports waited a signal to push immediately up the York river, and to land Franklin's troops at the upper part of the stream on the Confederate line of retreat."

The curtain was to be raised on the 4th of May. On the 3d the whole of Magruder's line engaged in active firing. On the night of the 3d balls from besieged and besiegers continually crossed each other in the air. The sky blazed and roared with streaming, falling and bursting shells. At midnight the tumult reached its climax. Before daylight all was quiet in front of Yorktown, and all was quiet within the fortifications, but all was stir and activity on the narrow roads beyond, for the enemy was hastening to Richmond.

"Few men were killed in the siege of Yorktown, but disease took a fearful hold of the army, and toil and hardship, unre-

deemed by the excitement of combat, impaired the morale. McClellan did not carry so good an army from Yorktown as he took there." (Barnard.)

General McClellan telegraphed to the Secretary of War that he would "push the enemy to the wall." Accordingly, after two days he was able to get Franklin's troops, ten thousand splendid soldiers, which had been lying two weeks on the transports in order to be ready to sail at a moment's notice, off to West Point.

Meantime his cavalry and horse artillery with five divisions of infantry, pushed on to Williamsburg, where they encountered and carried a difficult line of works, with the loss of nearly three thousand men. The Union army fought the battle of Williamsburg at great disadvantage, but with great bravery. McClellan telegraphed to the Secretary of War, "I shall run the risk of at least holding them in check here, while I resume the original plan."

He did not, however, resume the original plan, although before he left Williamsburg Norfolk was taken, the Merrimac destroyed, and the blockade of the James broken up. Ignorance of the peculiar difficulties presented by the Chickahominy, and a desire to keep up a direct railroad communication with the North, and to connect with McDowell coming from Fredericksburg, determined his adherence to the present route. He moved slowly, on account of the roads, which were almost impassable, and occupied two weeks in traversing forty miles to the Chickahominy, where he resumed digging and chopping, bridge and road making. On the 19th he received an order to advance his right to meet McDowell's left. After eight days he made the movement, but it had no other result than the extension of his line, as it was at this juncture that General Jackson, who, with fifteen brigades, left Richmond early in May, threatened Washington from the Valley.

The last of May General Johnston, the commander of the Confederate forces, seized an opportunity, when the Union army was divided by the Chickahominy, to make an attack. General McClellan had thrown across two corps by means of Bottom bridge, and a corduroy bridge made by Sumner's men. General Sumner had several more bridges ready, but

not yet laid; he had an old road, the Grape Vine road, under repair, but not yet complete. Two days more would probably see his corps on the south side of the river, in the rear of the corps of Keyes and Heintzelman. The five other corps of the army were stretched along towards the northwest, until the tip of the right wing was twenty miles from the tip of the left. The sudden massing of the Union force, in the view of General Johnston, was not an imminent, but it was a possible danger; the sweeping round of the right over Mechanicsville bridge and New bridge was more probable. He determined to make an attack before this movement could be effected. Arranging his army to approach in three points, on the front along the Williamsburg road, on the right along the Nine Mile road, and on the left by the Charles City road, he commenced the movement early on the morning of the 31st. His arrangements were so complete that nothing seemed wanting to insure success but a rise in the river, and a heavy storm, which came up in the night, gave certain promise of that.

The Union picket line extended from the river on the right, across the York river railroad to the Williamsburg turnpike, which is parallel with the railroad, and on to the White Oak Swamp, about five miles, most of the men standing in water, or on tufts of grass and briers above the bog. General Casey's division, which consisted of raw and sickly troops, formed the van of the army, and was engaged in making intrenchments. A half mile in its front lay a Pennsylvania regiment, on the Williamsburg road, directly behind the line of pickets, on a spot called Fair Oaks, from a neighboring clump of oaks. Three quarters of a mile back of Casey, where seven pine trees stand in a group, General Couch's division was more securely protected by a finished line of rifle-pits and an abatis. On the right and rear of Couch, Kearney's division reached from near Savage's Station on the railroad to the river. On the left and rear of Couch, Hooker's division was on the borders of White Oak Swamp. Hooker and Kearney were in Heintzelman's corps; Casey and Couch were in the corps of Keyes.

About eleven pickets reported the enemy in sight, and the

isolated Pennsylvania regiment went forward to their support, but so hastily and with such a want of preparation that it was thrown into confusion. The disorder spread, and several regiments broke and ran. The Confederates cheered with a shrill shriek, which is peculiarly Southern, and hastened in pursuit, capturing the unfinished works, filling woods and fields, not only in front but on both flanks, and pushing on nearly a mile before, at the second line of defence, near the Seven Pines, they met with a steady resistance. Couch's front stood bravely up to the enemy, but a Confederate force was gaining the bank in his rear, when General Sumner, having crossed the river and followed the sound of artillery, came to his assistance. Before night the round, hearty huzza of Northern voices gave assurance of a Northern victory.

Now was McClellan's opportunity, "that moment, so fleeting in war as in other circumstances." As easily as the fifteen thousand of Sumner's corps, forty thousand men might have been thrown over the new bridges, which needed but a few finishing strokes. If this had been done, in all probability the army would have marched into Richmond the next day. At seven in the evening General McClellan gave orders for the securing of the new bridges, and the crossing of the army at daybreak. The movement was prevented by the deceitful river, which, having delayed its rise twenty hours beyond the time calculated by General Johnston, began to swell in the middle of the night, and in a few hours submerged the extremities, shook the foundations and tore off the planking of every new bridge, covering the little islands in the bogs, and spreading over the ground to the foot of the hills.

The same night reinforcements from the South reached Richmond, and were forwarded to Johnston. The Confederates renewed the battle, but fought with an indiscreet vehemence, which resulted in serious loss. Column after column which went forward against the Union front returned in shattered fragments. General Johnston was wounded, and forced to leave the field. The remnant of his army held out after his fall, but, in the end, broken and defeated, fled within the fortifications of Richmond.

"We might have gone right into Richmond," said General

Heintzelman. "We should have gone to Richmond," said General Keyes. "We missed another opportunity," the Prince de Joinville wrote, "and these opportunities never returned." Consternation prevailed in the Confederate capital; but General McClellan ordered his troops to refrain from pursuit, and quietly established his lines across the Williamsburg road, six or seven miles distant. Two days after the battle, General Hooker made a reconnoissance along the Williamsburg road, to a point within three miles and a half of the city, without seeing anything of the enemy.

Through the month of June, on the Chickahominy, bloody skirmishes were of daily occurrence, but, as in April and May, digging and ditching were the regular employment of the army, until the last week of the month. For bridges, roads and batteries, the men dragged all the timber, the ground being too soft for the employment of horses to any extent. Night as well as day was spent in labor, the workmen standing in water, which often reached to their knees, and sometimes to their armpits. "I belong to Uncle Sam," writes young Kemper, "and I am just like a slave. When I am ordered to do anything I know it's no use talking, for I have to toe the mark. You must excuse all mistakes, for it is nearly forty-eight hours since I had any sleep. It will soon be one year since I left home to defend my country, and in that time I have slept in a bed but one night. I hope the war will be over before many days; then I want father to kill the fatted calf."

No food but hard bread, salt meat and coffee reached the army; and the faint laborer, loathing his stale dinner, often threw it into the swamp, and, without sustenance, plied the spade or the axe. The sun was hot; rain was frequent; the air was heavy and motionless; the upturned, watery earth exhaled poison and pestilence. Dysentery and miasmatic fevers preyed upon the army. Every day squads went from the camps to the hospitals, and in almost equal numbers from the hospitals into the burial places. Twelve thousand were on the sick list; twenty thousand furloughed men were at home, and not more than a hundred thousand, perhaps not so many, were on the ground and fit for duty.

The soldiers met danger and death with courage, and bore toil and disease with patience, considering them evils inseparable from war. They gave a full and voluntary faith to the administration. Even when they knew that in their daily toil they were pitted against the slaves of the South, all the trenching and intrenching in the Southern army being the labor of negroes, while the services of an army of blacks who would gladly spade up the whole State of Virginia were denied them; even when they saw on high, airy, healthy ground, above their wretched, crowded, low hospitals, the white house of General Lee, empty, locked and guarded in obedience to a request of the owner's wife posted on the door, their faith and resignation remained unshaken. They were especially devoted to General McClellan, at first as the immediate representative of the Government, but, in time, like Papists accepting saints in lieu of loftier powers, many looked no higher than the leader who always took off his cap to them and gave them a friendly smile.

On the 21st of June the satisfied eye of McClellan surveyed his finished works. They seemed to render impregnable any point between the Virginia Central Railroad, which runs north from Richmond, and the western edge of White Oak Swamp, a few miles from the James. If his line had reached the James full half the city would have been invested. Between ten and twenty bridges over the Chickahominy were included in the arc, and five or six public highways, with two railroads, were intersected by it. Both extremities of the army curled towards the rear, the northern resting on the left of the Chickahominy and Beaver Dam creek, the southern lying along the north edge of White Oak Swamp.

On the north side of the river McCall's division at Beaver Dam creek began the long line. Sykes and Morrell were next, bending out from McCall to Coal Harbor, and back to New bridge, commanding which, on an eminence on the south side, was Smith. In order followed Slocum, Sedgwick, Richardson, Hooker, Kearney and Couch. Hooker and Kearney had the most advanced part of the line, Couch sweeping back from Kearney's left to the river. The railroad on the left bank of the river was guarded by Casey's division. The

White House on the Pamunkey was the depot of supplies. There were four stations on the York river railroad, between the White House and the front. At each station were hospitals. General McClellan's headquarters were on the left bank, in the rear of Porter.

In one respect the position of the Union army was singular. Though cut in two by the most uncertain of rivers, it could not be united without drawing the attention of the whole Confederate force, which, large as it was, could be concentrated in a few hours. General McClellan was in the condition of a timid Alpine traveler, who is described as becoming transfixed with trepidation at the unfortunate moment when he has set one foot over a chasm of little breadth but of fathomless depth. He desired above all things to be across the river, but he was afraid to move. He entreated the Secretary of War and the President for reinforcements, but his entreaties were only scantily complied with, or were absolutely refused. There was now nothing for him to do but to lie patiently behind his finished works and await an attack, or move beyond them and make an attack. He did not form a decision, but was drifting into the first alternative, when a change in affairs thrust him upon the second.

Meantime he requested of the President permission to write an article on the state of military affairs throughout the country. Mr. Lincoln discouraged the effort, not from want of respect for General McClellan's literary abilities, so much as from fear that such a work would divert his time and attention from the army under his immediate command. The General modestly accepted the suggestion, and employed himself in preparing both for an advance and a retreat. For the latter by sending transports laden with provisions and forage from White House to Fortress Monroe; for the former by giving increased attention to the ground in front of his lines.

While delay was wasting the Union army, it was building up the Confederate force. A stringent conscript law brought daily accessions of troops to General Lee. On the evacuation of Corinth nearly all of Beauregard's army was removed to the Confederate capital. General Jackson's movements

after the battle of Port Republic were hidden in the mystery which he loved, and which he now had good reason to value; but the administration at Washington had no doubt that he was joining the army at Richmond. The Federal General, however, was incredulous, until on the 24th he received a direct intimation that Jackson was not far from Ashland, and would attack his right on the 28th. Conviction was followed by prompt action. He moved his headquarters across the river to a bluff in the rear of his centre, and ordered Heintzelman's corps to move towards Richmond. That this movement was a stroke of policy to avert the national condemnation which would be sure to follow a defeat behind his intrenchments can scarcely be doubted; nor can it be doubted that McClellan was convinced that the bright sun of Wednesday, June 25th, ushered in the life and death struggle for which both he and General Lee had long made ready, but from which they both had cautiously held back.

After the movement commenced, the following telegram was sent to the Secretary of War:

"The Rebel force is stated at two hundred thousand, including Jackson and Beauregard. I will do all I can with the splendid army I have the honor to command, and if it is destroyed by overwhelming numbers, can at least die with it, and share its fate. But if the result of the action which will occur to-morrow, or shortly after, is a disaster, the responsibility cannot be thrown on my shoulders. It must rest where it belongs. I feel that 'there is no use in again asking for reinforcements.'"

The President replied:

"Your dispatch yesterday, suggesting the probability of being overwhelmed by two hundred thousand men, and talking of whom the responsibility will belong to, pains me very much. I give you all I can, and act on the presumption that you will do the best you can with what you have; while you continue, ungenerously, I think, to assume that I could give you more if I would. I have omitted, shall omit, no opportunity to send reinforcements."

The 25th was one of the fairest of June days. The six succeeding days were also bright and rainless. The Army

of the Potomac would have been lost had not this eventful week been so singularly dry.

Immediately in front of Heintzelman's most advanced redoubt on the Williamsburg road was a large open field, beyond that a swampy belt of timber, and further in advance another open field, commanded by the works of the enemy. The pickets of both armies had stood in the respective edges of the belt of trees, since the last advance, quite near together. In the left of the wood many of the trees were felled to form an abatis. Kearney was behind the abatis, Hooker behind the standing trees in possession of a redoubt. Robinson's brigade had Kearney's left. In Robinson's brigade was the Twentieth Indiana, called now for the first time into action, and the only Indiana regiment on the Peninsula.

Between eight and nine in the morning, the hum of the camp was broken by rolling drum and heavy tramp. The joyful bearing of men proud to lay down the spade and the axe and to take up again the musket; the length and steadiness of the line; the rapidity of the march, and that the movement was an attack, marked the first of the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond. In every conflict which followed, the Union army stood on the defensive. General Hooker remained in front of the redoubt, where his eye could command the movements of his two brigades. General Kearney, a man of iron and fire, scorning fear, and loving danger, rode before and round his division, his armless left sleeve telling his soldiers that he was no stranger to battle.

Hooker's column entered the wood and disappeared. The Confederate pickets did not fall back until General Magruder had time to form a line of battle behind them.

At first the battle was sustained by one Federal brigade, Hooker's right having become entangled in logs and thickets, and the Confederate force not stretching out to Kearney, but massed on the center. The wings pushed up, however, without much loss of time, and the Confederates fell back through the woods and the field to their rifle-pits. At this moment McClellan, who had just arrived at Fair Oaks, and who misunderstood the position, ordered a retreat. As soon as it was obeyed, the order was countermanded, woods and fields were

retaken, and the enemy's rifle-pits were won and occupied by our troops before the middle of the afternoon. The struggle then seemed to be over; but when the sun was about an hour high it was violently resumed by an attack upon Robinson's brigade, which was resting behind a meadow, an orchard and a wheat field. The attack was through the wheat upon a New York regiment, which had Robinson's left. It was repulsed, and the repulse was followed up by a bayonet charge, before which the enemy retreated. "Cheer!" cried the Colonel of the Twentieth Indiana, to his men. "Charge!" they understood him to shout. Some distance in their front was a strong Confederate force; obeying the order as they understood it, they rushed towards this force, which held its position and its fire until joined by the troops retreating before the New Yorkers, when it poured in a tremendous volley, and dividing marched to the right and left to flank the Indiana regiment. "Back men!" shouted Colonel Brown. Back they came as wildly as they had rushed out. If the order had been delayed five minutes, the regiment would have been destroyed. As it was one hundred and ninety-two men fell in twenty minutes.

Through the night several slight attacks were made, but no serious attempt to drive Heintzelman back. The Confederate pickets kept control over the battle-ground by firing upon every detail which was sent to bring in the wounded. Consequently no relief could be given to the sufferers, though their moans could be heard the whole night. Harvey Bassett, whose letters have given thus far the larger part of the history of the Twentieth, fell here, wounded in the side. He died in Richmond. Sick and in prison, none visited him; but he had that within him which was better even than friendly cheer, a "still and quiet conscience." Captain Meikel, of his company, wrote a tender letter of condolence to his widowed mother. After two years more of war, such a letter was written to Captain Meikel's widowed mother. Captain Lyon also fell here, but he was rescued, and died in Washington.

On the day of the first battle, June 25th, General Lee, who, on the 3d of June, had been appointed to the command in chief of the Confederate army, held a council of war in Richmond. There were present Longstreet, Huger, Baldwin, Branch,

Anderson, Whiting, Ripley, Magruder, the two Hills, Stonewall Jackson and General Lee, Commander-in-Chief. It is said that on the majestic face of Lee an expression of satisfaction rested as he surveyed the chieftains of his army. He saw them as they were, without greatness, almost without individuality, yet sharp, bright, fit for bold purposes, most serviceable as tools. Even in the stubborn Longstreet, and in Wise, whose irrepressible animosities were constantly tossing him across ways which had been carefully smoothed out, the master mind acknowledged ready instruments for the master hand. Only in the calm, intense eye of Jackson could he read personal, individual force, and Jackson was malleable metal too. He was more than malleable metal; he was the loyal vassal who gave his heart's allegiance to his suzerain. "I would follow Lee blindfolded," was his earnest declaration. He stood leaning against the wall. His restless fingers playing with his sabre betrayed impatience. He had left his men but a few miles from the enemy's pickets, and every hour of delay threatened the discovery of their position.

General Lee, though the master mind in that council, or perhaps because he was the mastermind, was the falsest traitor there. While the President of the United States reposed entire confidence in him, he resigned his high position in the army, and in less than three days after his resignation was accepted, before Virginia's act of secession had been ratified by the popular voice, he assumed command of the Rebel troops in Virginia, and used all his might to force his native State out of the Union.

All the members of the council, except three, were graduates of the national academy at West Point.

General Lee made known his plans. His army was now larger than it had ever been, and larger than it could be again. It was not probable that McClellan's would be reduced lower, it was possible that it might be removed from the vicinity of Richmond, refreshed, restored to health, and returned for another and better directed effort. The wisdom of preceding delay, proved as it now was by the crowded hospitals and graveyards of the enemy, was not more certain than the wisdom of present immediate, concentrated action. He directed

that a vigorous attack should be made upon the Federal right by a force thrown across the Chickahominy at Meadow bridge. On the falling back of the Federal right, a second Confederate force, crossing from Old Tavern, should unite with the first, and with Jackson, who was to advance from Ashland between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy, attack flank and rear, and cut off retreat by the White House. During these operations on McClellan's right and rear, Magruder was to keep the attention of the left and center. In spite of Magruder's demonstrations, McClellan would, no doubt, throw his whole army together on the left bank to prevent being cut off from his base of supplies. A terrible battle would then virtually terminate the siege of Richmond, although there might be some severe conflicts while the Confederate army drew round the Pamunkey to the Chickahominy encircling the Union army. It was barely possible that McClellan might strike through White Oak Swamp, though he was known not to have reconnoitred it with care, and try to reach the James river by the Quaker road; but as this road is intersected by several turnpikes running from Richmond towards the south-east, it would be no difficult matter to head a retreat in this direction.

Such was General Lee's plan of action. Well satisfied, the council separated to commence immediate preparation.

On the morning of the 26th Heintzelman's corps fell back over the mile it had just gained to its old position. With the exception of this movement, a singular quiet prevailed in the Federal army. It was like the stillness of nature between the first clash of the tempest and the continuous peals of the long enduring storm. Nature itself partook of the silence. The very leaves did not rustle.

At noon a powerful corps under A. P. Hill crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow bridge, and at several fords, and attacked McCall's brigade of Pennsylvania reserves near Mechanicsville, but after continued and repeated assaults through the afternoon, it was repulsed at night.

On the 27th firing commenced, with the rising of the sun, from one extremity of the line to the other. The left and center, from Couch round to Smith, were especially engaged,

and were kept in momentary expectation of an attack in force.

During the night General Porter had begun to send his baggage and heavy siege guns towards Savage's Station; he now concentrated McCall and all his other outposts near the approaches to the bridges which connected the right wing with the center. He arranged his force in a semi-circular line on the crests of several irregular hills which break the ground to the left of Powhite creek, a small tributary of the Chickahominy. The position was defended in front and on the right by deep gullies, and on the left by the swampy, woody shores of the Powhite, but on account of the height and number of the trees, it was not adapted to the use of artillery, in which lay Porter's main strength. He had thirty-five thousand men.

General Longstreet, accompanied by General Lee, crossed the Chickahominy as soon as McCall's retreat uncovered Mechanicsville bridge, and presented himself at noon before Porter's left and center. Shortly after, General Jackson, with his mountain warriors, appeared in Porter's front and on his right. The Confederate force was about sixty thousand.

The battle began on Porter's left, and gradually extended round his whole front. The enemy pressed first upon one point, then unexpectedly upon another, constantly thrusting forward fresh troops in place of the exhausted. The presence of Jackson, who had gained more victories than any other General had fought battles, and of his high-spirited, hardy troops who had won the name, and who wore the bold front of veterans, fired the army with the spirit of emulation. A North Carolina regiment, not distinguished above others for the fierceness of its assaults, lost eight standard-bearers. Such was the courage, such the stubbornness and the overmastering numbers of the enemy, that in two hours after the battle began Porter had not a disengaged man, and his thinned though yet unswerving ranks, assured him he could not hold his ground. He would have been routed before three o'clock had not McClellan sent reinforcements from the other side of the river. At seven all seemed lost; the line on the left was pierced; the strip of wood and swamp on the Powhite

was given up; the defence was unsteady; broken, haggard, dispirited men were turning their faces to the rear, were actually flying from the field; General Lee's army was pressing intrepidly on from every side, and already crying "Victory!" when again reinforcements came gaily thundering and shouting over the bridges, along the banks, and up on the bloody crests of the hills. Unaware of the strength of the new force, and fearful that, in the darkness which was now gathering, he might lose all he had gained, Lee checked and recalled his troops.

In the battle of Powhite creek, or Gaines' Mill, as it is called from a mill on the little stream, Lee recognized the terrible conflict of his prediction. But the stubborn spirit, which enabled the Union soldiers to hold out until they had reinforcements, still to hold out until reinforcements came again, and to prolong the contest until the coming on of night, saved the beaten right wing from a rout, the left from being shut between the Chickahominy and Richmond, gave McClellan time to begin a change of base, and confused the Confederate General's careful calculations. This battle was the hinge on which turned the fate of the following desperate days. While the fight was going on, Porter's train was moving over the river, and the fight did not cease until the train had crossed. The highway and the railroad from the White House were also covered with loaded wagons and cars. All night long the bridges groaned under the weight of wagons, of bellowing cattle, and of masses of men hastening from threatened destruction.

At midnight, in a leafy arbor, which was lighted up by a huge fire before the entrance, General McClellan held a council of his corps commanders, Keyes, Heintzelman, Sumner, Porter and Franklin. Sumner, who was not far from seventy years old, was no doubt the strongest, as he was the oldest man present. His rugged face was flushed with anxiety, but he had little to say. Heintzelman, a tall, gaunt man, with gray hair, also said little. A deep gloom overspread his usually mild and cheerful countenance. Porter's brave, but arrogant face was worn with the tumult and distress of the day. He was evidently grieved and anxious, but heard his

leader with confidence. Beside the corps commanders, the General of Engineers was present, and the aids of the several Generals, among them three French princes, a son of old Louis Philippe, and two grandsons, graceful, modest, liberty-loving youths.

General McClellan stated that the army was in a remarkable situation. A great force lay between it and Richmond, another and perhaps a greater was marching to its rear, and aiming to cut it off from its base of supplies. The right wing, after a most brave resistance, was beaten and driven from its ground. In a few hours the Confederates would be in possession of the York river railroad, and in consequence of the depot of supplies. Foreseeing the emergency, however, he had telegraphed to the quartermaster at the White House to run the cars to the last moment filled with provisions and ammunition, to load all the wagons with subsistence, and send them to Savage's Station, to abandon the White House if necessary, and to go up the James.

An advance on Richmond would not be prudent, as, even if the city should fall in a short time, the enemy could easily occupy the supply communications between that place and the gunboats, and if it should not fall directly, the enemy could concentrate all his forces, capture the train before the army could reach the flotilla, and by this means throw the army into great and perhaps irremediable distress and confusion. A new base of supplies must be formed upon the James, which was seventeen miles distant, and the army must lose no time in reaching that base. As the movement would be slow, conducted, as it must be a great part of the way, over a single narrow road, through a forest, in the center of which was a treacherous stream, with swampy shores several hundred yards wide, the danger from pursuit at their heels, and from flanking or heading on entering the open road to the James could be met only by great caution and skill. General Keyes was directed to prolong his line, which now lay on the south side of the swamp, through its center, and General Porter to follow him as he advanced. The other corps were to remain in their present position until further orders.

Saturday, the 28th, rose hot and bright on a commotion which had never been equaled in the two armies on the Peninsula. General Stoneman, with small bodies of both infantry and cavalry, was trying to decoy the Confederate army towards the Pamunkey. General Casey was destroying the York river railroad. In the White Oak forest engineers were surveying, wood-choppers were felling trees, and bridge-makers were corduroying the single road across the swamp. The mass of the army was tending towards an open, sloping plain of several hundred acres, southeast of Savage's Station, between the Williamsburg turnpike and the railroad. Here the train, consisting of many thousand army wagons from the left bank of the river, was encamped, with cannon, ambulances and pontoon bridges. Crowded together among the wagons were thousands of wounded, sick and exhausted, who guessed the army was retreating, who feared to be left behind, and who yet could find no room in ambulance or wagon. Hungry, thirsty, often crippled, or with bloody bandages round their heads, they waited and watched for some chance help. Savage's grounds, an area of more than half an acre, were covered with the helpless wounded as thickly as men could be laid. Forty or fifty tents were also full, with several neighboring farm houses. The course of the river was marked by burning bridges. Yet Kearney, Hooker, Sedgwick, Richardson, Slocum and Smith were still quietly holding the long intrenchments of the left and center, ignorant of the intended change of base, of the great commotion in their rear, and, the most of them, of the result of Porter's battle. So late as the middle of the afternoon, two or three Generals were sitting in the shade by a well, talking lazily on indifferent subjects. In default of employment or excitement some were taking an undisturbed sleep.

General Lee's army saw the battle-field of the preceding day with more than twenty cannon left upon it, and deserted by all but the dead and the desperately wounded; saw also General Stoneman in his pretended flight towards the east, and, convinced that the whole Federal army was retreating in that direction, followed in haste and with great excitement.

About the middle of the forenoon Smith's division, which

held a hill opposite the battle-ground of the previous day, the river being between the two points, was by a short but sharp attack driven from its position towards the open plain, the place of rendezvous, or, rather, the reservoir, of the army. There was no other firing throughout the day, the main force of the Confederates being engaged in looking for the Union army where it was not; and the Union army in putting into execution a different plan of retreat from that which General Lee had marked out. Late in the day the wagon trains were all in motion, preceded and flanked by Keyes, with Porter's tired corps straggling after.

The aspect of the crowded plain and of the hurrying lines of troops declared the desperate condition of the army. If more was needed, the mortal anguish on General McClellan's face could be read by all. Privates, as they trudged along or lay on the ground, discussed the situation in grave under tones, and compared opinions. They trusted and hoped as they had hitherto trusted and hoped, or, in sudden overwhelming doubt and mortification, they ground their teeth and clinched their fists. Officers bitterly thought of what might have been if the Army of the Potomac in its strength had been hurled on Richmond. Rumor lighted up the terrible uncertainty with hope, or cast upon it a still deeper darkness. Burnside, it was said, had landed at Fortress Monroe with fifty thousand men. Then it was not Burnside, but Beauregard, who was on the James, lying in wait with a hundred thousand soldiers.

Occupants of the hospitals, before night all the wounded were taken from the open air, lay pale and broken-hearted, knowing too well, from the studied silence as to their fate, that they were to be abandoned. Scarcely an eye was closed in sleep that Saturday night; yet even a picket alarm did not disturb the close line of sentinels.

At dawn of Sunday, the 29th, there was yet no sound of the enemy. The stream, which had been running all night, of cannon, wagons, pontoons, ambulances and soldiers, was still pouring into the swamp.

With the first streak of light, McClellan and his guard, a regiment of lancers, left Savage's Station. After them stag-

gered a long, confused line of sick and wounded, into whom fear and hope infused a trembling strength. Pickets were thrown out on the road to Richmond. Heintzelman, Sumner, Franklin fell back slowly from the border line of intrenchments. Fires, kindled by tons of turpentine and whisky, and consuming vast quantities of army stores, gave the death-blow to any blind, lingering hopefulness. A railroad train, loaded with ammunition and wrapped in flames, dashing down a descending grade to the river, consummated the destruction.

All day the living stream poured from the plain into the wood. If possible the retreating troops carried in their hearts a greater sorrow than that which dried the eyes and whitened the lips of the helpless inmates of the hospitals, and a deeper indignation than that which trembled in the voices of the surgeons, chaplains and nurses who chose to remain with the deserted sufferers, and to fall with them into the cruel hands of enemies.

General Sumner was attacked before he reached Savage's Station, half way from Fair Oaks, but he drove back the enemy, and arrived at the station with little loss. Filing across the plain with twenty thousand men, his own and Franklin's corps, he took up a position on the further side to arrest the enemy should he approach the rear of the train still rumbling into the woods.

Five hours the twenty thousand soldiers stood there, almost as motionless as the dark trees behind them. Now and then their patient faces were upturned to the slow marching sun, which was to give the signal for their retreat. At last the slant beams fell athwart the silent and deserted plain. A few minutes more and the corps would move into the woods. Those few waiting moments brought the enemy. First a cloud of dust rose in the direction of the Chickahominy, then the solemn tramp and hollow murmur of an on-coming army weighed on the evening breeze.

Jackson and Longstreet carefully examined all the roads to the White House. Late in the afternoon they reached the river, but only to discover the remnant of Government property in flames, and to see a throng of vessels heavily freighted

with stores, soldiers and runaway negroes dropping slowly down the crooked Pamunkey. Most of the negroes were women. They sat on deck quietly nursing their babies, and singing hymns, while the White House blazed, the Confederate cannon roared, and the two Confederate Generals, with their armies behind them, stood baffled on the bank.

General Jackson never lost time in vain regrets. He marched back, bridged the river and presented himself before Sumner, who was prompt to accept the challenge. An artillery duel, which lasted an hour, was followed by close battle on the plain. The Union soldiers stood as firm as the trees behind them, and with long, loud shouts of triumph repulsed the Confederates. Gray, old Sumner, unwilling to leave a field he had won, sent an urgent request to McClellan to be allowed to drive the enemy into the river in the morning, but he was refused.

During the battle on Savage's plain, the train pushed steadily along, one extremity out of the woods and already on the Quaker road; Porter and Keyes marched before and beside the train; the anxious line of wounded and sick hobbled after; Heintzelman, the Twentieth Indiana guarding his rear, felt his way over an upper and little used swamp road; and Huger, Magruder, Longstreet and Hill hastened after Heintzelman and round the swamp towards the Quaker road, hoping to head McClellan, whose movement they now began to understand. The night was intensely dark, the sky being covered with dense clouds, from which came long peals of thunder, seeming to answer the artillery of the battle.

Monday, the 30th, the clouds cleared away, and the sky was more burning bright than ever. The two armies worked on panting towards the James. The clear, loud whistle of a steam valve, followed by another and another, signaled that gunboats were waiting, and that the river was almost gained. A roar of delight went up from the foremost host. Safety was now the single thought of McClellan's ambitious army.

At noon General Jackson found General Franklin strongly seated on the further bank of White Oak creek, the bridge in his front destroyed, and the corduroy road torn up. Jackson

assailed him, determined to force him back. Franklin held his ground with equal determination. While they were engaged, the train went on, Hooker, McCall, Kearney, Slocum, Sedgwick, nearly parallel with its course, and guarding the Richmond road from the swamp to Malvern Hill, which Keyes and Porter had already reached. Sedgwick was in the rear, a reserve, McCall to the right of Hooker, and, much to the annoyance of the latter, a little in his front. About three a large Confederate force came down the Richmond roads. First Slocum was attacked, but only in a prefatory way, then Kearney, and last McCall, with a fury which drew the attention of Heintzelman, above all to the center of his line. McCall did not stand his ground an hour. Some of his men fought as they retreated, but some, especially of his artillery, could not hear a word of command, nor see anything but a strip of woods behind, which seemed to offer protection. As they fled they uncovered Hooker's front, but the exposure was not objectionable to him. He marched upon the deserted field, stopped the enemy's premature rejoicing, and rolled the battle over on Sedgwick, who had kept pace with him. Sedgwick struck with equal readiness, and threw the Confederates on towards Kearney, where they mingled with and doubled the force which had not ceased beating Kearney's front since the first onset. "Gaily, my boys. Go in gaily!" said the one-armed General, looking into every eye as if he distinguished each man. His strong exultant voice could be heard whenever the fire slackened, cheering his men. He cheered them on to death as well as to victory. No losses in this battle were equal to his. Colonel Brown had General Robinson's left, and Robinson had Kearney's left, the point which was first, last, all the time, and most fiercely assailed.

Towards dark Heintzelman ordered up reinforcements. They were needed, for the enemy's force was overwhelming in number as well as persistent in assault. Now, however, he withdrew.

It was ten o'clock. General Lee rode gloomily among his dead, and ordered up the divisions of Wise and Magruder, neither of which had reached the ground in time to take part in the battle, to perform the duties of burial. He ordered

General Jackson to cover the retreat, in case the army should have to fall back, and he sent directions to Richmond to get the public property ready for removal. General Hooker, in his report of the battle of Glendale, says: "We could see from the torches that the enemy was busy all night long searching the battle-field, but up to daylight there had been no apparent diminution of the heart-rending cries and groans of the wounded. The unbroken, mournful wail of human suffering was all that we heard from Glendale during that long, dismal night."

Among the captured in this battle was Captain Read, of the Twentieth Indiana, with his son, a boy of sixteen years, and several of his company. He was skirmishing, and unaware of the rapid approach of the enemy until he was shut in between the two fires. Seeking shelter on the ground and in thickets, he still kept up a vigorous fire. His son called, "Father, I'm shot!" He ran to him, laid him carefully down on a pillow of leaves, and under the protection of a clump of bushes, and then, at the boy's entreaty, went back to his post, where he could direct the fire of his men. Shortly after the father was shot through both shoulders, all his men were wounded, and the battle ceased with them inside the enemy's lines. William Read, the son, was as fair, gentle and gifted as he was brave. He died in Libby prison.

While General Heintzelman's corps was engaged in the battle of Glendale, General Franklin's corps, having decisively repulsed Jackson, retired, leaving the rear of Heintzelman exposed. In haste an account of the position was sent to General McClellan. No reply was received, and the message was repeated, and coupled with it was an urgent request for orders. Still there was no reply. Consequently Heintzelman and Sumner assumed the responsibility of continuing the retreat.

By the middle of the next afternoon the whole army was collected on Malvern Hill, one of the highest of the slight eminences which border the James. From the broad top, on which stands a beautiful old country seat, buried in vines and trees, it slopes down gently towards the east and north, and

falls off abruptly to the northwest into a ravine, which extends to the river. In the rear flows the river. On every other side spread fields of grain, bounded by woods and crossed by broad, smooth roads. The green corn was in tassel, the wheat either awaiting the sickle or already cut and bound in sheaves. The reapers had fled, leaving their year's labor to be trodden down and destroyed. In contrast with the low, dark, tangled jungle of the Chickahominy, the scene was fair, overhung, though it was, by the heavy frown of war.

On the river lay five gunboats. On the hill top and on the upper slopes nearly three hundred cannon were arranged. The troops were placed below the artillery in shallow rifle-pits, which had been dug in the night. Until now the army had fought corps by corps; on Malvern Hill it was for the first time massed, and prepared for united action. The Commander-in-Chief, who had not been present in any previous engagement, was also on the field. Though panting, sweating, haggard and faint, the Union troops stood at bay on the bank of the James more defiantly than they marched forward through Oak Grove to begin the long seven days' battle. It was as if they scorned themselves for having yielded ground, and sought to retrieve their name. "We'll clothe this hill in sheets of flame before they take it!" said one proudly. General Porter's corps held the left, and reached almost to the river. Artillery was so disposed behind and above him that sixty guns could be brought to bear on any point in his front or left. Couch's division of Keyes' corps was next; then followed Heintzelman, Sumner, Franklin, and the rest of Keyes' corps, extending by a backward curve nearly to the river, and deployed in woods which here encroach on the slope of the hill. The line along the front and left was very strong, as the enemy was expected to appear on the roads from White Oak swamp, and from Richmond. Before noon his skirmishers and some of his artillery began feeling along the left wing and front, but it was not until the middle of the afternoon that an attack was made.

The Confederate army was also massed for the first time. Every corps, division and brigade was on the ground. Six

days of fighting and pursuit, of hope, exultation and disappointment flushed the pride of the pursuers, and kindled their rage, while the taste of blood roused within them the lurking wild beast of human nature. Their animosity had become venom; their courage was double the daring they had ever before displayed. It is asserted, and with the appearance of truth, that whole regiments were inflamed by an infusion of gunpowder in whisky, prepared under the direction of officers. Certain it is that men of only deathless bravery, or with mad-dened veins, could assault, and assault again and again, that bristling hill. The shock of battle was not in any of the previous engagements more constant, and it was not in any so terrible.

The attack was opened by a heavy fire of artillery on Kearney's left and Couch's division, and was followed up by a brisk advance of infantry. It was repulsed, and the right of the Federal line brought forward to a thick clump of trees, where it had a fine position and a better fire. The Confederates were determined to carry the hill over Couch and Porter. Brigade after brigade started on a run across the open space, rushed through a storm of canister and shell, and came so close that the gunners sometimes turned pale at their guns; but always before the batteries were reached, a long, dense line of infantry sprang up from rifle-pits, which were sheltered from the sun by sheaves of wheat, poured in a single volley, and dashed forward with the bayonet, capturing prisoners and colors, and driving the enemy in confusion. It was wonderful that an army so worn and wearied as McClellan's could fight as it did; it was agonizing that exhausted nature should fail at last, and that many a noble soldier should fall in the ranks from sheer fatigue.

The gunboats threw shell all the time among the enemy's reserves and advancing columns, and by their fearful roar and shriek added to the confusion and commotion. The artillery did not cease until nine o'clock. The enemy was signally repulsed, with immense Confederate and slight Union loss.

The retreat was resumed, but with murmurs. Especially it chafed the proud heart of General Kearney. He burst into

a passionate deprecation. "I, Philip Kearney, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order for retreat,—we ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond. In full view of the responsibility of the declaration, I say to you all, such an order can be prompted only by cowardice or treason."

In rain and mud, and with the languor and depression of mind which follow excitement, the army dragged its slow length along from Malvern Hill to Harrison's bar, where a widening of the river protected its rear. The fallen were left on the field. The pattering rain drops washed away from their bodies the blood and dirt of battle, cooled the fever of the living, and gave the dead their only preparation for the grave. A thick, far-stretching fog followed the rain, and enveloped river and shore.

After every engagement in this long battle, the National army was forced to leave its dead unburied, and its wounded to fall into the hands of the enemy. Many a bleeding soldier made an attempt to escape imprisonment by dragging himself from the field and along the line of his retreating comrades; but, often, wrapt in his blue coat, and with his head on his blanket, he fell asleep alone in the woods, never to wake again. In almost every copse such a sleeping soldier lay.

Nearly a thousand carriages came from Richmond with bread, water and wine for the Confederate wounded, and took them, after they were refreshed, into the city. The helpless prisoners, about eight thousand in number, lay neglected, in farm houses, negro-huts and barns, their medicines, bandages and stores taken from them by the orders of Confederate surgeons, their food, consisting of scanty allowances of bacon and flour, with now and then a few crackers. Their clothes were loathsome with stiffened blood.

In the seven days' battle more than sixteen hundred men were killed, and fifteen thousand were wounded and captured. The Twentieth Indiana went into the battle of the Orchards eight hundred strong, and reached Harrison's bar with three hundred and fifty.

As people gathered in a wild tempest on the ocean shore watch a ship,—their own ship, full of their own countrymen,—dismasted, struggling, driving against the rocks, and strain their eyes, but see only now and then, and that dimly, what seems to be a brave effort to master the waves, so, during the seven days' battle-storm, the loyal people of the North watched the loyal army. They saw that it fought and won on Wednesday in the battle of the Orchards; that it fought and held its own on Thursday at Mechanicsville; that it fought and lost on Friday at Gaines' Mill, and was driven over the river; that on Saturday the troops were rushing together from every quarter, that Yorktown was evacuated, the track was torn up, the bridges were burning, the stores were in flames; and the harassed Cabinet heard from McClellan the bitter reproach: "You have done your best to sacrifice this army!" then they neither saw nor heard.

Forty-eight hours passed, and scanty tidings came to Mr. Lincoln. The longer suspense of the Nation was broken by the brave assurance from Malvern Hill that the wreck was saved.

The reader, who remembers the allusion to the Syracusan expedition in the introduction to the Peninsular campaign, may care to read here one or two closing sentences from Grote:

"It was now the sixth day of the retreat,—six days of constant privation, suffering and endurance of attack,—yet Nicias, early in the morning, attempted a fresh march, in order to get to the river. The march was accomplished, but when the unhappy fugitives reached the river, their strength, their patience, their spirits, and their hopes for the future were all extinct."

After recounting the surrender of the Greeks, and the fate of the prisoners, Grote closes with the 'flower which Thucydides lays on the grave of Nicias, the author of the whole calamity, "What a pity! Such a respectable and religious man!"'

The same flower may be laid with sorrowful hands on the grave of McClellan; but the American General was not so unhappy as to see the destruction of his noble army. The

American soldiers never lost their strength, their patience, their spirit or their hopes for the future; and in the hour of greatest need reinforcements came. On the 2d of July the banks of the James echoed and re-echoed a welcome to troops straight from the Valley of the Shenandoah, Shields' brave division, in the van of which marched the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF THE TWENTY-FIRST.—BY A MEMBER OF THE REGIMENT.

"The dirty Federal invaders."—*Speech of Jefferson Davis before the Legislature of Mississippi.*

I HAD not counted the cost; I felt that I ought to go; I was willing to fight; I could deprive myself of every home comfort; I could endure fatigue and hardship; I believed I could do my duty on the battle-field; but before reaching all this there was a task to perform which troubled me; it was parting with my wife. My heart sank within me at the thought. I could not even bear to tell her that I had enlisted; but at last I nerved myself. She did not speak for some moments; then she uttered no word of entreaty, but sobbed out, "Go, and God bless you!" Her submissiveness and her patriotism took from me a great weight. I was glad and proud that I could fight for such a woman, that I could defend such a home as mine.

The small wardrobe I could carry with me was soon packed, and I was ready to go, when the long steam whistle announced the approach of the train. Shall I ever return? Shall I ever see these familiar objects again, this face dearer than all? I could not drive these thoughts from my mind. They clung to me as the shadow to the traveler on a sunny day.

After sixteen hours in a crowded car, we arrived at Indianapolis, and took up our line of march to Camp Morton. I was so unused to marching, to loss of sleep and want of food, that I really suffered in this walk of two miles.

We might have been very comfortable at Camp Morton if we had known how to take care of ourselves. Men who have been blessed with good homes are much annoyed on enlisting by their inability to make themselves comfortable.

Government gets little good from them until they have had at least six months' experience in a desolate country.

Our regiment was organized in the middle of July, and being organized, it was thought desirable to have battalion drill. After hard labor on the part of the Adjutant, who was a good military man, and almost the only one in the regiment, we were able to perform, "By the right of companies to the rear into column." This was the only battalion move which we had a chance to make before we left Indianapolis for the seat of war. We had no guns at this time, not even for the sentinels, who stood guard with clubs in their hands. It was amusing to see them walking past with a huge club at a "right shoulder shift," when they did not know a "right shoulder shift" from a "present arms."

When the news came of the battle of Bull Run we were ordered by the Governor to be ready at a moment's warning to start to Virginia. We were all in an uproar in an instant. Everything except garrison equipage had to be furnished, yet long before the time arrived for our departure we were ready and waiting.

On the last day of July, 1861, the Twenty-First left Indianapolis, amidst a shower of blessings from ladies, who bade us not to return until the flag of our country should again wave over all the United States. All along the route we were greeted by the smiles and kind words of fair women, who gave us water and sandwiches, and with swimming eyes bade us adieu. In the North the women are the essence of goodness and loveliness. If this country is saved, it is they who saved it. In the South the women are she-adders. If this country had been destroyed, it would have been their work.

August 3d we marched through Baltimore to Camp Dix, on Locust Point, between Forts McHenry and Federal Hill. We were placed under the command of General Dix, who seemed to like our regiment, as he gave us the most important posts to hold. Two companies were sent to Fort McHenry, one to guard bridges and one to guard the magazines. Four companies being on detached duty, and larger detachments being required to go with the supply boats to Washington as

guards, the duties of the regiment were hard. Sometimes, however, they were unintentionally relieved by our western simplicity. On one of the expeditions to Washington, a Lieutenant, not knowing that passes were necessary, thought he would take some of his men and look about the city. As they were sauntering along, an officer accosted them, and ascertaining that they had no pass, he told them that the Provost Marshal had heard that they were in town and wanted very much to see them. Willing to accommodate that dignitary, they consented to visit him, and thus one guard led some dozen or more prisoners to the Provost Marshal, who smiled as they announced themselves, and as he informed them that they were prisoners. The innocent Hoosiers were astounded; but on making an explanation, were dismissed without punishment.

At this time only one church in the city of Baltimore had free doors to the soldier. The citizens were allowed to worship God, but the soldier was too vile a thing to be admitted into the sacred edifice. A Presbyterian church, where the Rev. Mr. Hays presided as pastor, held out the olive branch.

October 24th we were ordered to Fort Marshall, on the highest point near Baltimore. As it was now cold, and we were without stoves, it was necessary to exert our ingenuity to keep ourselves comfortable. We dug cellars in our tents two or three feet deep, making a fire-place in one side, and building a chimney with turf.

In the middle of November it was found to be necessary to send a force down to the counties of Northampton and Accomac, which lie on a neck of land between the Atlantic ocean and the Chesapeake bay. It was understood that General Magruder was here with several regiments, for the purpose of running supplies from Maryland to Virginia, and thence across the bay to Yorktown. To put a stop to this, it would be necessary to occupy that part of Virginia which lies east of Chesapeake bay. Three thousand men, five hundred from the Twenty-First, were selected for the purpose, and placed under the command of General Lockwood, of Delaware. Many slipped on board who ought not to have

gone. We took three days' rations, but neither baggage nor shelter tents.

The day of embarkation was cold, with now and then a snow flake dropping slowly through the air, and with a disagreeable surge to the waters of the bay. No fires were on board, and every man curled down in the best place he could find. We were so crowded it was impossible to lie down, and we endured twenty-four horrible hours before we were moored in the Pangateag river, where we were to disembark.

The soldier dislikes a transport. In camp he is habituated to a certain routine. He has a regular time for his meals, a regular time for sleep, a regular time for work, a regular time to exercise and a regular time to play. However hard his bed may be, you make him suffer if you take it away, or if you give him a soft one.

We landed near Snow Hill, and as soon as we were rested went to Sandy Hill, which is near the line between Virginia and Maryland, and contains from fifty to a hundred white inhabitants. We passed fortification after fortification which bore signs of recent evacuation. When we reached Belle Haven, we were convinced the Rebels had escaped. The pursuit was kept up, however, to Eastville, in order to make sure that there was no enemy lurking on the east side of the bay, and the cavalry continued the search to Cape Charles, but nothing was seen or heard of the Rebels after leaving Franktown. General Lockwood was openly charged with having informed General Magruder of his approach. How much truth there is in this charge, I am unable to say, but I can believe it, for the man, who allows himself to be suspected of perjury and treason, the officer, who treats loyal men like dogs, and avowed traitors like heroes, is no patriot.

The Eastern Shore, as the part of Virginia east of the Chesapeake is called, is a neck of sandy soil about ten miles wide and eighty miles long. To a western man it looks like a sandy desert. The inhabitants are poor, ignorant, drunken and shiftless, but boast of their genealogy and aristocracy. I have seen families too poor to buy the commonest comforts of life, assume style and talk about their ancestry. It is claimed that Virginians as a class are well-bred. This is not

true. I have yet to see the first man, woman or child in Virginia, or anywhere else in the South, give a civil answer to a civil question. All vehicles, tools or utensils are at least one hundred years behind those of the most newly settled State in the North. Ropes are used for harness, and corn husks for horse collars. Coaches are in the style of King George the Third's time.

I shall not soon forget the reasoning of a venerable negro who was required to give some information to a Captain in our regiment. When the intelligence was given, the Captain paid the man a half dollar. The negro, holding the silver piece in his hand, looked gravely first at the Captain, then at the money for some minutes. His manner attracted the officer's notice, and he asked if it was not good. "Golly! yes, massa; but I was thinkin' of de times long 'go when we hab plenty o' dis." "Don't you get any money now?" asked the Captain. "Yes, sah, but he aint sich money as dis." "What kind then?" "Why, dey little bits o' paper." "Can't you buy what you want just the same?" "Yes, sah." "Then it's just as good." "No, sah." "Why?" "Case." "Cause what?" "Well," said the negro, still pondering and turning the piece; "well, case it habn't got dis eagle on it. I likes to see dat." The Captain was delighted with his admiration of the emblem of liberty, and made him a present of a gold eagle.

A small force was left on the Eastern Shore, and we returned to Baltimore, arriving there December 14th. On a wet, cold day in the middle of February we received orders to embark on the Georgiana for Fortress Monroe; at the same time an intimation reached us that we were to accompany an expedition up the James river to Richmond.

At four in the afternoon the line was formed in a storm as severe as any I ever experienced. We were wet to the skin before we began to move, then we marched four miles and stood at the wharf until it was ascertained that all could not get aboard, when three companies were sent back. I was on board. We cut loose about eight, and steamed away down the bay. We could not get at any fires, and crouched in our wet clothes all the night, which was very cold. We

arrived at the Fortress at six in the morning, and at ten went up to Newport News.

On the 2d of March the steam transport *Constitution* arrived at Newport News, and brought orders for the Twenty-First Indiana, the Fourth Wisconsin and the Sixth Michigan regiments to embark immediately, and proceed to Ship Island. On the 4th everything was aboard, and we dropped down to Fortress Monroe. Perhaps I cannot do better than describe the voyage in the words of a newspaper correspondent, who was on the ship.

On arriving within range of the Rebel batteries on Sewall's Point, they opened on us. The fire was well-directed, and we all felt relieved when we were out of range. The *Constitution* had more than three thousand soldiers aboard, and one effective shot would have made sad havoc among us.

About a league east of Fortress Monroe we dropped anchor to receive final orders, to take on board ammunition, and to exchange our rifles for better.

At nine on the morning of the 6th we took a pilot on board, weighed anchor, and headed for the broad Atlantic. We passed Cape Henry about noon, when the pilot was sent ashore. We reach the gulf-stream about four on the afternoon of the 7th. A gale struck us here. The waves ran high, and the ship tossed about like a feather in a whirlwind.

I imagine a more sea-sick set of passengers was never on the *Constitution*. Hundreds at one time leaned over the bulwarks to pay their respects to the briny deep, while many were obliged to cast up their accounts on the decks for want of room anywhere else. Some of the boys said if they could see the man who wrote that humbug,

"Oh, for a life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,"

they would "castigate him, and make him take the oath."

On the 9th we came in sight of land on the eastern shores of Florida. Numerous porpoises now began to show themselves, throwing their black bodies entirely out of water, and playing like school boys. Hundreds of pelicans hovered around, picking up whatever provisions might be thrown overboard. Flying fish darted out of the water, while a friendly

shark followed us. About noon we passed Cape Canaveral, and on the next day Cape Sable, the Coral Reefs and Key West. On the morning of the 13th we came in sight of Ship Island, and in the afternoon we landed on this most dismal sand bank.

Ship Island is seven miles long and three quarters of a mile wide. It is ten or twelve miles from the gulf coast, and scarcely rises above the water. It is a mass of dry, white sand, and is full of fleas, flies, musquitoes, ticks, lice and scorpions. It is a most dreary, desolate, God-forsaken place. We were no sooner landed than we felt that we were exiles, shut out from home, banished from the light of Heaven, and even cast away from the grace of God. Melancholy, or ill humor pervaded every camp. It is said that the scowl on General Butler's face never relaxed while he was on the island. We had a wholesome dread of our distinguished commander, and were somewhat surprised one day to hear a Lieutenant of our regiment, a young man whose temper was proof against all evil influences, remark in a gratified tone, "General Butler isn't a bit proud; he spoke to me to-day." Our surprise, however, was modified when he added, "He caught me off duty, seized me by the shoulder, spun me round like a top, and said, 'Put out from here!'"

We spent a long month on the island, on less than half rations, with much sickness in all the encampments, and the occurrence of many deaths. On the 13th of April we had orders to embark on the ship Great Republic, leaving everything behind, which could not be carried on our backs. At four in the afternoon we were all aboard.

The Great Republic was moored with its bow from the outlet of the Mississippi Sound, in which Ship Island lies, and had to be turned about. For two days the gunboat Calhoun tugged, hitched again and pulled, broke hawser after hawser, swung round and banged its sides against the Republic, pulled out again and tugged away, but all to no purpose. When we would think we were in a fair way to get out of sight of that hated island, the Captain would shout, "Let go the anchor!" "Aye, aye, sir," would be answered back, and down would go the anchor. Pulling, tugging, swearing,

sweating, hallooing, fretting, running this way and that, trying this plan and that, all was of no use, we did not budge an inch. Two nights and two days passed, and the Calhoun gave up the attempt, and prepared to depart and leave the Great Republic to her fate. All at once the water heaved and swelled, and the ship slowly righted herself.

Two days later found us at the southwest pass of the Mississippi river. We can never forget our emotions on beholding the Father of Waters. We hove a bucket overboard, drew it up full, and fancied we could taste White river and Wabash water. But we met with no success in our attempts to get over the bar. Day after day we failed, suffering indescribably from our detention on the dirty and crowded vessel. The ship was old and full of vermin. It had been last used to carry horses and cattle to Ship Island, and had not been cleaned. Many soldiers were nearly two weeks hidden from the light of day. They could not wash, they could not see, they had only to wait and wait for a chance to get on shore.

At last, on the 23d of April, we were ordered back to Isle-au-Briton Sound, in the rear of Fort St. Philip, there to land, and, if necessary, assist the fleet in taking the forts. We arrived in the rear of the fort in the afternoon, and our regiment was transferred to the gunboat Miami, from which two companies were landed in small boats before dark. These two companies passed the night alone in the swamp, part of the time up to their waists in mud and water, which they knew was the dwelling place of snakes, lizards and alligators. The night was very dark, and the soldiers could not tell whether the numerous lights, moving up and down the river, were from the transports they had left or from the Confederate gunboats. At four in the morning a great commotion began to be manifest below. The air was lighted up with flashes, and shook with roars of artillery. Our fleet had met the combined fleet and land forces of the enemy. Excitement led us near the scene of action, but the shells bouncing into the mud about us, warned us that we were not out of danger.

(The writer here enters into a detailed account of the events which resulted in the taking of the Crescent City, from the the 13th of April, when the fleet at the head of the passes

of the Mississippi began to move slowly up the river, to the 27th, when the Mayor of New Orleans sullenly succumbed to "brute force," the only power which the South seemed to appreciate. He describes the guns and mortars; the gun-boats and mortar schooners, sailing vessels, sloops of war, nearly all of which were painted mud color and trimmed with green boughs to make them seem a part of the low shore; the naval commanders; the Confederate forts; the cable stretched from Fort Jackson to a mud battery on the opposite shore; the petards; the fire rafts; the last day's battle, when the swamps quaked, the river heaved and lashed the shores, and the fish in its waters were killed by the concussion of shells; the destruction of the Confederate fleet; the victory and the surrender of the forts before the land forces could reach them. But as the Twenty-First, in which were the only Indiana troops before New Orleans, had no part in the combat, and the account is necessarily long, it is omitted. It is enough to say that the expedition was the most powerful that had ever sailed under the United States flag, and that the victory was the most wonderful that had yet been achieved, and was not expected at so early a stage in the operations.—Ed.)

On the surrender of the forts, the troops hastened forward to take possession of the city. The portion of the Twenty-First which landed in the rear of St. Philip waded across to the Quarantine, and the rest went through Pass L'Outre. The shore for seven miles was lined with spectators, who took advantage of their position as civilians to heap abusive epithets on the Union troops, especially singling out General Butler as the object of their regards. Among all manner of hideous outcries, the oftenest repeated was a call to "Picayune Butler to come out and show himself." The General requested a member of his staff to ascertain if any of the regimental bands could play a favorite New Orleans melody, written in derision of himself, and called "Picayune Butler's coming to town." None of the band-masters had the music, but a member of our band wrote it off from memory, and the leader arranged it, in less than an hour, for performance. When all was ready, the gun-decks were cleared, the signal

was given, and the band of the Twenty-First Indiana played, "Picayune Butler is coming to town," so clear and loud that its notes rang through the length and breadth of the city. It was a satisfaction to watch the expression of the crowd. Neither secessionist nor Unionist dared utter a word, nor even the negroes, although they showed the whites of their eyes and their ivory teeth to advantage.

Our regiment was the first to land in New Orleans, but on the first of May it was sent to the other side of the river, and quartered in the depot of the Opelousas and Great Western railroad in Algiers.

Two days were passed in rest and washing, after a campaign of nineteen days, and then commenced a series of active operations necessary to the seizing and holding of all approaches to New Orleans, above and below, on the east and the west. May 4th we captured a quantity of arms and hospital stores. May 5th, at daylight, five hundred of our regiment started on a raid to Brashear, a small city on the east side of Berwick bay, and the terminus of railroad communication on the great Texas thoroughfare. We had with us one section of the Sixth Massachusetts battery, under Lieutenant Carruth. Leaving squads, as we went along, to guard the bridges and to patrol the track, the main body reached Brashear at two in the afternoon, and captured eight engines, twenty passenger cars, one hundred and sixteen freight cars, eighty-two platform cars, three hundred and ten bales of cotton, and seven hundred hogsheads of sugar. We did not remain a moment longer than necessary, as a large force of the enemy was on Bayou Lafourche, not more than eight miles from one point of the road, and taking with us all the rolling stock, and as much of the other property as could be carried without impeding our progress, we hastened back, and arrived at Algiers about eleven at night.

A few foolish citizens, who wished to be heroic, used every mode of abuse that their tongues were capable of expressing towards our soldiers. Finally, when we were about to leave Brashear, one Dr. White fired a pistol at the detachment. A hundred bayonets instantly flashed round him. He was taken to New Orleans, and brought before General Butler. I was

prejudiced against General Butler; I looked upon him as brave enough, but corrupt, and I was afraid that he would be mealy-mouthed with traitors.

The charge was read, and General Butler asked Dr. White what he had to say. The prisoner replied that the charge was in the main true. He had suffered imprisonment rather than take the oath of allegiance to so mean, despotic and damnable a Government as that of the United States. He had been told at Brashear by Colonel McMillan that he must either take the oath or go before the Commanding General. He had preferred the latter, and he now demanded that the General require the Colonel to apologize for his rash and unconstitutional act. He went on to say that he was only doing a duty he owed to his Government, the Confederate States, when he fired his pistol on the Yankee soldiers. They had no business there, and the Government of Lincoln niggers had no right to disturb the liberty and property of gentlemen. If they and their General had staid up in New England the pistol shot would not have harmed them. He wound up his harangue, which was an hour in length, by peremptorily demanding his release, and the punishment of the officer who caused his arrest.

Dr. White stopped speaking, and waited for an answer. His friends laughed in their sleeves to see how effectually he had blown old Picayune to pieces. For several minutes no one spoke. I looked with astonishment first at the General, then at the Doctor, unable to decide which displeased me most, the impudence of the one or the silence of the other. At last General Butler roused himself, and asked, "Have you anything more to offer?" "Nothing," replied the prisoner, contemptuously. "I sentence you to six months' hard labor on the fortifications of Fort Jackson," said General Butler, in a tranquil tone. "What! Me?" questioned the Doctor, in wonderful astonishment. "Yes, you, Dr. White, late of the city of Brashear." "I am not used to work; I am a gentleman, sir," said the Doctor. "My soldiers are gentlemen; they were not in the habit of laboring as they now do, until you compelled them. You are no better than they." "But the miasma round Fort Jackson will kill me," urged the Doctor.

"Better you than a loyal man," returned Butler. "I must see my wife; I have not seen her since yesterday." "I have soldiers here who have not seen their wives for a year and a half. Their wives think as much of their husbands as yours can of you. *You are no better than my soldiers!*" "I must have clean clothes; I am in the habit of changing my clothing every day." "The most of my men used to be in the habit of putting on clean clothing every morning, but now they are glad to get a chance once a week. I repeat it, *you are no better than my men,*" said the General, energetically. "Is there no way to escape going to that horrid place?" asked the Doctor, now really in agony. "Would you take the oath of allegiance?" asked the General, tauntingly. "Well, y-e-s," answered Dr. White. At this General Butler seized the bell rope and gave it two or three emphatic jerks. An orderly came in haste. "Write a special order." The clerk wrote the usual form, and waited. "Say that Dr. White, of Brashear, came before the General commanding this department, and offered to take the oath of allegiance to the United States." "United States," repeated the clerk. "And the Commanding General having taken the matter under advisement, and after mature deliberation—" "Deliberation," repeated the clerk. "Has refused, on the ground that he could not believe him on oath." "On oath," said the clerk. "That's all. Send one copy to his family, and others to post in the city of Brashear. Guards, take this man away."

Never did I see people more astonished than Dr. White and his friends. I left the room scarcely less astonished, but well satisfied, and with full confidence in General Butler. I relate this circumstance to show the strict, energetic and just rule of the commanding officer of the department. The capture of New Orleans, the raid to Brashear, and the sentence of Dr. White created a wholesome fear of the strong arm of our injured Government.

May 10th a detachment of eighty men, under Lieutenant William Bough, left the camp at four in the afternoon, to go to Terre Bonne, where it was said cattle were collected for the Confederate army. On reaching Terre Bonne it was ascertained that a steamer had just succeeded in running the

blockade, and was then in the Bayou de Large Caillou, thirty miles south, in Terre Bonne Parish, discharging her cargo. It was decided to leave the cattle, and go to the steamer. Accordingly the party started on a forced night march of thirty miles, and between daylight and sunrise the next morning captured the steamer and twelve men. The vessel proved to be the Fox, afterwards the gunboat Estralla. About one-fourth of the cargo had been unloaded, and was lying near in the woods. To reload and get the steamer off, as it was aground, was a severe task.

Four men were sick, and were sent back after the capture of the Fox with dispatches for General Butler. The seventy-six who remained were seventy-five miles in the enemy's country, without provisions, and with no ammunition but the forty rounds in their cartridge-boxes. Those brave men toiled, as men seldom have toiled, three days and three nights, without sleep, and with only such food as the oysters in the bayou afforded, and at ten in the morning of the 14th had the satisfaction of seeing the Fox with full cargo float in deep water.

While the Fox is passing round to New Orleans, let us follow the four sick boys who were sent back on the 10th. They were unable to sit up, and lay in a plantation cart that had been pressed into the service going down. Near Houma, between sunset and dark, they were attacked by a band of guerrillas, residents of the neighborhood. At the first fire two of the sick men were killed, and the other two wounded. The dead bodies were stripped and thrown like bears, killed in the chase, on the sidewalk before the "Big Pelican," the principal hotel at Houma. They were suffered to lie there until some time the next forenoon, attracting the attention of the curious, both of men and women, who kicked and clubbed them out of human shape. In the end two negroes were allowed to throw them into a hole dug in the public square. Dirt was heaped over them, and a mound made that would arrest the notice of every passer by.

The wounded men were kept in jail two days without having their wounds dressed, then set free, with the injunction that if they were found in the Parish of Terre Bonne after the lapse of twenty-four hours, they would share the fate of

their comrades. One escaped, the other was retaken, and thrown into a calaboose at Houma with a negro convict.

On the morning of the 13th, a boy handed a note to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith, who was then in command of our regiment; but as the note was written in French, which the Colonel did not understand, some time elapsed before its contents, a partial narrative of the fate of the four sick Union soldiers, were known. The note was then instantly taken to General Butler, who ordered Colonel Keith to go to Houma with four companies of his regiment, and two pieces of Massachusetts artillery, to arrest and hang the perpetrators of the crime, arrest the abettors, and confiscate or destroy the property of all participants.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the tree tops, Colonel Keith arrived before Houma. He arrested every man in the vicinity and every man in the town, yet, as most of the inhabitants had fled, the number of prisoners was not large. He confined them in an upper room of the Big Pelican, but he was unable to get any information from them until he gave them notice that unless they gave up the names of the murderers within the next forty-eight hours he would utterly destroy the town of Houma, lay waste all the plantations in the vicinity, and confiscate all the movable property.

Meantime the bodies of the dead were demanded, and the citizens were forced to disinter them with their own hands, prepare them for decent burial, and wrap them in a flag made by the ladies of the place; the burial took place with the usual religious services, and military ceremonies; the jail was battered to the ground, and two printing offices, which were accustomed to publish the speeches of Voorhees, of Indiana, and Vallandigham, of Ohio, were destroyed.

No difficulty was now experienced in getting information from the prisoners. The guerrillas, as might be expected, had all fled, but the direction of their flight being given, Colonel Keith instituted a search, which resulted in the discovery of several of the criminals, and in the destruction of the houses, barns, shops, stables and fences, of the confiscation of the movable property, and of the imprisonment of the persons of five planters, who boasted of assisting the murderers in

their flight, and spoke of the attack on the sick soldiers as a praiseworthy act. After this summary execution of justice, provisions and cattle were distributed to the poor of Houma, and the National flag was hoisted on the Court House, with the assurance that if it was taken down not one stone or brick should mark the spot, except as a pile of ruins.

The Fox, with its valuable cargo, arrived safely at Algiers, and was given into the hands of a Government agent. She had on board a cargo of arms, powder, lead, quicksilver, acids for telegraphic purposes, chloroform and morphine for medical stores, to the amount of about three hundred thousand dollars, and invoices, letters of advice, bills of lading, bills of exchange and the evidences of the transactions of many of the mercantile houses of New Orleans. The bills of exchange were for one half the proceeds of the last cargo of cotton which the Fox had carried out, the other half being vested in the munitions of war, and other articles enumerated, consequently they also were worth three hundred thousand dollars. Add to this the value of the vessel, and it will be found that the capture was very important. Had it been the work of the navy the Government would have received only half the amount; as it was, the whole was paid into the United States treasury, and the troops who captured it received nothing as a reward, not even a holiday.

In the end, the Government did not realize the full amount, as, contrary to the judgment of General Butler, the banks were allowed large claims.

The property brought away from Houma must have been near the value of five hundred thousand dollars, and the amount destroyed even more.

On the 15th of May, I, with a party of twelve men, made a reconnoissance down the river to Chalmette, where we succeeded in capturing one brass cannon, forty stands of arms, one stand of colors and two wagon loads of hospital stores. The cannon was afterwards sent to Governor Morton, as a present from the regiment.

On the 17th, a party was sent out, under the command of Lieutenant Bough. After being gone three days it returned with two six-pounder brass cannon (Mexican trophy) as the

result of their raid. A few days afterwards Lieutenant Bough went back to the same place, and succeeded in capturing a launch and in fishing up a six-pounder brass cannon out of eighteen feet of water. This piece was stocked by Osgood Bradley, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and was taken by the Rebels at the first battle of Bull Run.

During the month of May eight first class river steamers, loaded with cotton and sugar, were captured by various parties without the loss of men.

On the 20th of May an agreement was entered into with the citizens along the railroads leading to Brashear, by which one train of cars was to run daily each way in charge of a competent officer from our regiment, the citizens pledging themselves that such trains should not be molested. On the 27th two Lieutenants, James W. Connelly and Clayton Cox, who were in charge, and also the trains, were captured; but we had orders immediately after to proceed to Baton Rouge to reinforce General Williams, so that we had no opportunity to retaliate.

We arrived at Baton Rouge on the morning of June 1st, and, after being unnecessarily detained on the boats by General Williams, who seemed to have no consideration for private soldiers, or for volunteer officers, we were allowed to land and go into camp on the 5th of June. Our encampment was about a mile east of the river, in a splendid oak forest, with its long mosses hanging luxuriantly over the limbs of the giant trees, and its thousands of mocking birds warbling their mimic songs.

Two companies, under the command of Captain Roy, were ordered forward to Bird's plantation to gather in the crops left in the fields, the owner being in command of a battalion of guerrillas. There remained on the plantation about three hundred hogsheads of sugar, large quantities of molasses and corn, a number of hogs and mules, and seventy-five negroes. A few days after Captain Roy had taken possession, a small party of guerrillas crept up in the woods near by and fired at a picket, James Howell, who was partially sheltered by a rail fence. The fire did not take effect, and Howell instantly mounted the fence, took deliberate aim, and blazed away as

coolly as if he thought he could keep the whole force at bay. Adjutant Latham and John McMillan, happening to be on a visit to Captain Roy, and being mounted, and the Sergeant-Major and Sergeant Cook, the latter an officer of the battery we had formed of our captured guns, also mounted, happening to be near, the guerrillas were charged upon by infantry and cavalry, and dispersed without loss on our side.

During June and July, our regiment was constantly employed in scouting and in making raids. Our battery was very useful, as it now consisted of four six-pounders. It was moved by mules, and manned by a detail from each company. It was under the command of Lieutenant Brown.

The most important of our expeditions was one, under Adjutant Latham, in which were captured near the Comite river some fifty horses, with saddles, blankets, arms, cattle, sheep and mules in large numbers; another, under Colonel Keith, in which twenty Rebel soldiers were captured, eighty horses were secured, and a Rebel camp destroyed; and a third, undertaken for the destruction of a party of guerrillas who were on a plantation distant about ten miles from our camp. The last was under the command of Colonel McMillan, who was wounded severely in the arm and hand. His horse was also shot. The expedition, however, was successful, the guerrillas being all captured.

During July Confederate troops were concentrating in various points, preparatory to an attack on New Orleans, and Confederate gunboats were making preparations for the same attempt. The first movement in that direction was on Baton Rouge, and was undertaken by General Breckinridge with a land force of five or ten thousand, it is impossible to give the exact number, and the great Confederate ram Arkansas. General Butler's spies reported movements in the camps of the enemy, Union citizens confirmed the reports, and on the 4th of August positive information was received that the enemy was advancing, and was not far off. Adjutant Latham took our cavalry, which consisted of a company mounted on captured horses, and reconnoitred the Greenwell Spring road to the Amite river, twenty-five miles distant. Capturing a solitary picket, the only enemy he saw, he returned at three

the next morning. Another cavalry force went out at the same time on the Clay Cut road, with a like result. The enemy, however, was very near, and, following this last force without attracting its attention, encamped on the night of the 4th on the Clay Cut road, within a few miles of our pickets.

The front line of the Federal force, from left to right, consisted of the Fourteenth Maine, Carruth's battery, Twenty-First Indiana, the pieces of light artillery which formed the battery of the Twenty-First, and the Sixth Michigan. Nim's battery and the Thirtieth Massachusetts regiment were brought into position early in the action on the right. A Vermont, a Wisconsin and a Massachusetts regiment, with Manning's Massachusetts battery, were in the rear, the first in reserve, and the three last protecting the left flank. All the commands were much reduced by sickness, and the force did not amount to thirty-five hundred men. The position, although somewhat cramped, was strong.

To understand the battle, it is necessary to understand the ground and its approaches. Baton Rouge is situated on a bluff that rises out of the Mississippi river to the height of seventy or eighty feet. Above and below, a ravine pierces this bluff, and extends round the rear of the city, beyond which rises another and higher bluff. The brow of the latter is a mile from the city, and was the battle-ground. The approaches were mostly hidden by live oak woods and underbrush. The principal roads on the second bluff are the Greenwell Springs and the Clay Cut roads, which are about three-quarters of a mile apart, and are connected by a cross-road, behind which lay the camp of the Twenty-First, and of the Sixth Michigan. The camp of the Fourteenth Maine was behind a road which joins the Greenwell Spring road, at right angles with it. The Magnolia cemetery was directly in our front, on the opposite side of the road. The Catholic cemetery was in the rear of the Fourteenth Maine. Behind the Catholic cemetery was the valley that separated the two bluffs.

At three in the morning, Major Hays, who had charge of the regiment in the absence of Colonel Keith, and the disabled

condition of Colonel McMillan, ordered the men roused and prepared for battle. At four picket firing was heard, and the Major rode forward to the picket line, leaving the regiment in charge of Adjutant Latham. The alarm was sounded, and the notes of the long roll echoed and re-echoed through the majestic old oaks. At this moment Colonel Keith arrived on the ground. He pushed out the regiment three-fourths of a mile, halted it behind a hedge, which bounded one side of a large corn field, and sent companies A and F out as skirmishers, and to support the pickets, then about a quarter of a mile in advance of the hedge.

It was a sultry morning, with a dense fog near the ground, while the upper air was clear; daylight was just throwing its red streaks across the sky; birds were beginning to warble, and the loud, shrill crow of the cock was heard from distant plantations. We moved so silently and so close to the enemy that, to our own surprise, we found ourselves listening to a speech of the ex-Vice President, who probably supposed we were a mile distant. He reminded his soldiers that they had heretofore fought with superior numbers, but were now to meet so small a Union force that success could not but be certain, without considering the superiority of Southern valor to Northern courage. He, of course, called us Vandals, and to this added that the Indianians were tired of the war, and would lay down their arms at the first opportunity, closing with the declaration, "One good charge, and the Yankees are ours!"

The Confederates probably supposed that our pickets had gone back to the camp, but, thanks to Major Hays, this was not the case, they had only retired a few rods, and were not two hundred yards from General Breckinridge during his speech. Prisoners afterwards informed us that "some of them fool Texans fired right into them at the start and confused them." Those fool Texans were our skirmishers, consisting of companies A, I and F, and covering the whole Federal force. As our officers gave the command, "Rally on the battalion," the enemy closed up and followed rapidly, undoubtedly supposing that the battalion was three-quarters of a mile further back than it really was. As A and I took their places

in the battalion line it became evident that F, on the left, was cut off, and that there was danger of being flanked on the right, so company C was hurried out to the right. Our position now became partially revealed, which Colonel Keith, who was near the center, did not discover until a volley from the enemy cut through A and C with deadly effect. The skirmishers answered the volley with well directed and steady aim. At the same time the Rebel batteries opened, first just clearing the tree tops, then a little lower and a little lower, until they began to plough through our ranks. Carruth's battery replied. In return a shell was hurled at him, killing a pair of horses and several men, and throwing his whole command into confusion. With difficulty he held a few men together until the battery was moved back to the camp of the Fourteenth Maine. At this moment company F was retreating, fairly beaten off the ground; Carruth rode up to the company and cried, "For God's sake, Indianians, man a Massachusetts battery which Massachusetts men have deserted!" The appeal was responded to by several of the company, who threw away rifles and ammunition, mounted the horses and manned the guns, while the rest of the company acted as a support. In less than ten minutes the battery that would have destroyed our regiment was silenced.

But in spite of this single check it was evident that the enemy was fast gaining ground, especially on our left, and Colonel Keith ordered the Twenty-First to fall back. While moving to the south of Magnolia cemetery, through weeds which were waist high, and which the enemy's balls were mowing down, Colonel Keith rode from one end of the line to the other, checking all confusion, encouraging his men, halting, facing them about, and ordering them to fire as coolly as though on drill. We formed behind Magnolia cemetery, where we were joined by the Sixth Michigan. Now came the tug of war. We held our ground as long as it was possible, then numbers overpowered bravery. The Fourteenth Massachusetts had fallen back, and the enemy poured into the gap their retreat made like bees from a disturbed hive.

The fighting was now desperate. Colonel Keith constantly rode from one end of the line to the other, while the line

officers warmly seconded his efforts. At the least sign of confusion the word "Steady!" would be repeated along the line, when all stood like statues. The fight here lasted an hour and ten minutes, neither side seeming to gain an advantage. Charge after charge was made and repulsed. The enemy seemed to be everywhere but in our rear. At last, as the Rebels made a furious charge, a Vermont regiment, which was in our rear, fired into us, and threw us into confusion at the moment when all depended upon our steadiness. We supposed that the enemy was behind us. As we retreated, and the Vermonters saw their mistake, their confusion became so great that General Williams severely reproved them.

Fortunately for us the enemy stopped to burn and plunder our camp, giving us time to rally near the Catholic cemetery. Just as we were formed, the Confederates approached on the double quick. They looked so much like our troops that Colonel Keith rode out and asked, "What regiment is that?" They answered, "Thirteenth Massachusetts," and fired. We answered with a volley that piled up the dead and wounded. The ground was now so concealed by smoke and fog that it was impossible for us to make an intelligent movement. Captain Campbell volunteered to penetrate the cloud and reconnoiter. This he did, advancing close to the enemy's lines, examining them with Quaker coolness, and returning unharmed, to be severely wounded just as he reached the regiment.

We felt assured from his report that we could not only hold our position, but move forward and retake our camp; but, just at this moment, we were ordered to fall back to the city. At the same time a determined charge was made on our battery, the Rebels succeeding so far as to wave a flag over one of our pieces. But the resistance was more determined than the attack, Lieutenant Brown shot the audacious flag-bearer with his revolver, and fired away with his cannon until the enemy was driven from before him.

While this was going on, General Williams rode towards us, and was met by Colonel Keith, who asked if he had given the order for our regiment to fall back. "Yes," said the General, "but if you can take that camp," pointing to the smoul-

dering ruins of our tents, "I will order up reinforcements, and we will yet annihilate the enemy." He thanked us for our good conduct, and gave the order, "Charge that camp!" At this moment the gallant Latham, while raising his sword to cheer on the regiment, was killed, and Colonel Keith fell to the earth, severely wounded in the right shoulder. General Williams dashed forward, hat in hand, and shouting "Indians, your field officers are all killed, I will lead you!" At this the regiment gave three cheers, and rushed headlong to the charge. When General Williams saw that the camp would be retaken, he turned to bring up the Wisconsin regiment, but fell dead a moment after he left us, shot through the heart. He was carried from the field by Corporal Pipping, of company A, Twenty-First.

The camp was gained, but no reinforcements were brought up, and we were ordered into the city.

Company C, which, in the early part of the action, was separated from the regiment while engaged in skirmishing, came in after the battle, having, by keeping itself concealed and firing steadily, kept a large force in check.

The battle continued from four in the morning until noon, our regiment losing in that time twenty-four killed, ninety-eight wounded, and four missing. Three hundred and seventy-eight of the enemy were buried on the field by us, and thirty-four wounded prisoners afterwards died.

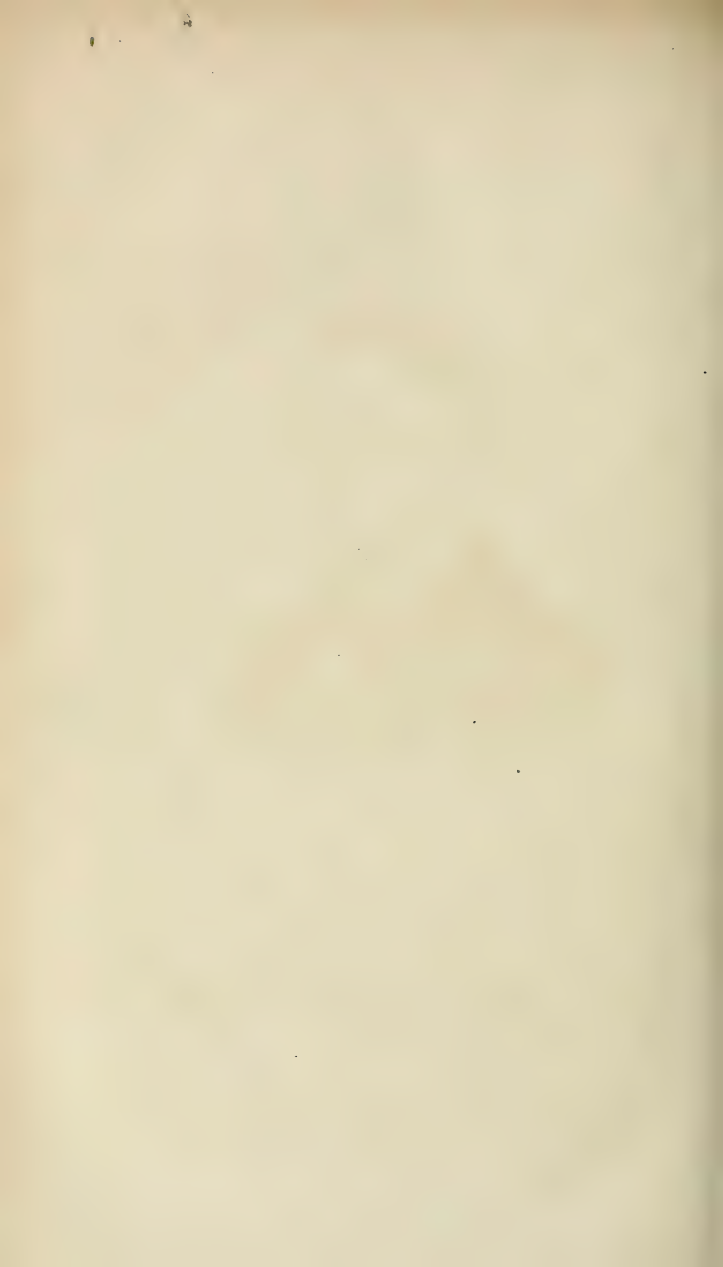
The surgeons of the Twenty-First were faithful and brave in the battle of Baton Rouge. Dr. Read established his hospital on the field, where the cannon balls were ploughing up the ground. He was asked if he were not afraid of being killed, and told that we had so few surgeons we could not spare him. He philosophically replied, "It takes eighty cannon balls and six hundred musket balls to kill or wound a man. Now, when the Rebels have shot seventy-five cannon balls and five hundred musket balls at my hospital here, I shall move it, and make them begin again. Don't you see I'll worry them out before I get through with them!" The Chaplain, N. L. Brakeman, was equally attentive.

(General Butler, in a published order, alludes in the following manner to the Twenty-First:



Schuyler Colfax

GOVERNOR OF THE UNITED STATES



"To the Twenty-First Indiana a high meed of praise is awarded. 'Honor to whom honor is due.' Deprived of the services of their brave Colonel, who, suffering under wounds previously received, essayed twice to join his regiment in the fight, but fell from his horse from weakness, with every field officer wounded and borne from the field, their Adjutant, the gallant Latham, killed, seeing their General fall while uttering his last known words on earth, 'Indianians, your field officers are all killed, I will lead you!' still this brave corps fought on without a thought of defeat. Lieutenant-Colonel Keith was everywhere, cheering on his men, and directing their movements, and even after his very severe wound, he gave them advice and assistance. Major Hays, while sustaining the charge of the enemy, wounded early in the action, showed himself worthy of his regiment."

Among those who have honorable mention in General Butler's order, occur "Captain James Grimsley, Twenty-First Indiana, who commanded the regiment after Colonel Keith was wounded, for his gallant behavior in following up the battle to its complete success; Adjutant Matthew A. Latham, Lieutenant Charles B. Seely, Orderly-Sergeant John A. Boyington, Corporal Isaac Knight and private Henry T. Batchelor, all instantly killed; Captain Noblet, for detailing men from his company to assist in working the guns of the Sixth Massachusetts battery, after the gunners were disabled; Lieutenant Brown, commanding a battery improvised from his regiment. He deserves promotion to a battery."

It may be added here that the battle of Baton Rouge was fought with great bravery by all the troops in General Williams' little army, as even the unfortunate Vermont regiment was exonerated from the charge of cowardice by a military court; and it may also be added, without vanity or exaggeration, that the regiment which most distinguished itself on the 5th of August was the Twenty-First Indiana.

The gunboat Arkansas took no part in the engagement. Having broken her machinery, and run aground, she was destroyed by her commander. Her destruction may be considered as forming the conclusion of the Baton Rouge battle.)

Colonel Paine, of the Fourth Wisconsin, succeeded General Williams in command of the forces at Baton Rouge. Under his direction we threw up fortifications. In the middle of August General Butler withdrew all the land forces from Baton Rouge, and stationed our regiment at Carrollton.

From this time throughout the year our history consists of little but a succession of reconnoissances and fights with guerrillas. On the 4th of September we dispersed a band of guerrillas in the cane-brakes a few miles above Algiers, and rescued nine wounded Vermonters who had fallen into their hands, and had been treated with great inhumanity.

September 8th, in company with two other regiments, we went twenty-five miles above New Orleans, and in the Des Allemand's swamps we encountered a regiment of Texan Rangers which had been firing on our steamers on the river. After a scattering fire we drove them through rice-fields and cane-brakes into the morass, where we found their horses, with all their accoutrements. We killed twelve and took thirty or forty prisoners, without losing any from our force.

General Butler never had a large force in his department, and either because as a prudent and humane officer he thought it unadvisable to make conquests which he might not be able to hold, or because, as the Southern historian suggests, "the tyrant of New Orleans was a man utterly destitute of military ability, whose ferocious genius was expended on a war of non-combatants," he made little attempt to extend the area of conquest. Nevertheless, when the enemy ceased to threaten New Orleans and its outposts, he determined to establish the authority of the United States in the Lafourche district, and open communication with Berwick bay, both by land and water. General Weitzel nobly executed the task with a force which consisted almost entirely of Vermont, Connecticut and Massachusetts troops, the Twenty-First having no part in the expedition, except in the previous reconnoissances.

Our most important reconnoitring expedition commenced on the 22d of September, when three hundred and fifty men, under Colonel McMillan, went to Donaldsonville, and immediately after landing proceeded down the south side of Bayou

Lafourche, in search of a reported encampment of five hundred of the enemy. We shelled cane-fields and sugar-houses, started a few squads of cavalry, and captured several horses, but we did not find the encampment. The next morning we crossed the bayou and went down the other bank on a single narrow road, with fields on one side and the stream on the other. We had constant evidences of the proximity of the enemy, but did not discover his presence until we commenced with our three brass cannon to shell a sugar-house, in which we understood a small force was concealed.

Our fire was replied to by nine well-directed guns. The enemy in large numbers was in ambush. Nevertheless, we not only held our ground, but, partially concealed and sheltered by cane-fields, our skirmishers crawled forward very near the Rebel position, and Colonel McMillan was preparing to give an order to charge, when he discovered a force advancing towards our rear. We immediately retreated, and, though pursued, reached the river with no loss, except of Lieutenant Harding, who was captured while climbing a fence.

October 24th we embarked on the *St. Mary*, and went to Berwick bay, where, with other forces, we were to cut off the enemy as he was driven out of Lafourche by General Weitzel. We were detained, however, four days by the bars at the mouth of the bay, and during the time the Rebels escaped.

We did not return to Carrollton, but encamped near Brashear, where we resumed operations against guerrilla parties and portions of the Confederate army which were collecting in this region. None of these operations were of great importance, yet all were of such a character as to require constant watchfulness and exertion on our part, with sometimes no little suffering. In December companies A and C, which were sent up Vermillion bay to destroy the salt works there, and which, not expecting to be absent a night, took no blankets along, were aground on a sand-bar sixteen days. Oysters were easily caught, and they prevented starvation, but the cold was painful.

The Rebel gunboat *Cotton*, which fired on us when we first entered Berwick bay, was a constant annoyance, and its destruction was repeatedly attempted by General Weitzel's

force. At last, after a two days' battle in Bayou Teche, the Confederates were defeated, and destroyed the vessel to prevent her falling into Union hands. In several attacks on the Cotton the Twenty-First had taken an active part, but in the last decisive engagement the regiment was in reserve, and did not participate.

The year 1862 closed with the Twenty-First Indiana regiment still at Brashear, advanced like a sentinel on the extreme southwestern point held by the National forces.

CHAPTER XL.

GENERAL POPE'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

‘The true hero of the war is, after all, the American people.’—*Thomas Hughes.*

JUNE 27th, 1862, Major General Pope entered upon the command of the Army of Virginia, which was formed of the right wing of the old Army of the Potomac, the corps of Fremont, Banks and McDowell.

A mischievous boy, thrusting a stick into a yellow jacket's nest, could not have made proportionately a greater stir or stinging than this western commander on his introduction into his new and lofty position.

The first to take offense was General Fremont, whose skin was thin and doubtless sore. Regarding the appointment of a personal enemy, and a subordinate, to the position of his immediate superior as a suggestion that his services were no longer desired, he resigned.

The army on the James was the next party offended. General Pope's more frank than gracious introduction of himself to the Army of Virginia was the occasion. He said:

“I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies,—from an army, whose business it has been to seek an enemy, and beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defence. I presume I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. In the meantime, I desire you to dismiss certain phrases I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them, of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard all such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable line

of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of itself. Let us look before us, and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance—disaster and shame lurk in the rear.”

The zealous General further offended the army on the James by declaring his headquarters to be in the saddle, which was understood to be an assumption of superior activity. He offered a reward of five cents for the return of an officer who was absent from duty on account of a cut in the finger. Officers who were visiting their homes, and officers who were on the point of requesting furloughs, regarded this issue as the unkindest cut of all.

But by far the most deadly affront given by the porcupine General was to the Confederacy, which instantly pronounced him an unchivalrous foe, declared him and his officers not entitled to be considered soldiers, ordered such as were captured to be held in close confinement, without hope of exchange, and directed that a commissioned officer should be hung for every citizen killed.

Stringent orders of General Pope in reference to citizens within his lines formed the direct occasion of the Confederate indignation. These orders were to the effect that the army should be subsisted on the country if proper officers could collect sufficient supplies; that the inhabitants should be held responsible for injuries to railroads, telegraph lines and routes of travel, and for the acts of guerrillas, and that all disloyal citizens within the lines of the army should take the oath of allegiance or be conducted to the South, to return at the peril of their lives. As citizens within the lines were almost without exception in the enemy's service, and as such orders had long been the law of the whole South, the Confederate indignation might be called extreme.

People like grit, provided they themselves are safe from exposure or injury, and a loyal citizen of Fredericksburg, a South Carolinian by birth, expressed a wide spread opinion when he said, “I had begun to despair, but at last I see a gleam of light.” General Pope's own troops were generally satisfied. His messengers were chiefly Indianians, of the First cavalry, who, while they were Fremont's escort, had

often felt themselves half rewarded for sleepless nights and restless days by the kind consideration of their commander. "General Pope treated us like dogs," said one of them, as he thoughtfully reviewed the Virginia summer campaign of 1862; "he never noticed us except to give us an order. But we liked him. We thought him a great man."

The Army of Virginia, when General Pope assumed command, numbered forty thousand. He partially concentrated it by removing General Banks, and General Sigel, Fremont's successor, to points east of the Blue Ridge, posting them so that no considerable body of the enemy could enter the valley without being intercepted. He advanced Ricketts' division of McDowell's corps to Waterloo bridge over the North Fork of the Rappahannock, leaving King's division at Fredericksburg.

The Indiana troops in the Army of Virginia were the Seventh, Nineteenth and Twenty-Seventh infantry regiments, the Third cavalry, Sharra's and Majthenyi's companies of the First cavalry, the Sixteenth battery, and the battalion of the Sixty-Third infantry, which, until the last of May, had guarded the prisoners of war in Indianapolis.

The Nineteenth spent the first year of its military life in drilling, building forts, making bridges, repairing roads, doing picket duty, and in suffering measles, small pox and all other ills the soldier is heir to; in consequence its number was much diminished. In May it moved with McDowell's corps to Fredericksburg, and the same month marched as far west as Warrenton. Returning to Fredericksburg, it encamped on the opposite side of the river. It was in Gibbon's brigade, King's division.

The Seventh Indiana, with the other regiments of its brigade, was united to General Ricketts' division of McDowell's corps on the departure of Shields to join the army on the James, and remained at Alexandria.

The Twenty-Seventh was still in Gordon's brigade of Williams' division of Banks' corps, which had a season of rest after the departure of General Jackson from the valley.

The Sixteenth battery, under the superintendence of Charles A. Naylor, one of the best, and most beloved citizens

of Lafayette, was organized in Indianapolis in February, and encamped in Washington in June. In the same month it was attached to Banks' corps.

The Third cavalry marched from Bristow station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, the 7th of July, to report to General King. It went into camp at Falmouth, and was immediately engaged in picketing and scouting.

Sharra's and Majthenyi's companies were Sigel's escort, but were chiefly employed as messengers.

The Cabinet, of which General Halleck, now commander of all the land forces of the United States, was a member, weighed the question of uniting the armies of McClellan and Pope, as, in its present condition, the old Army of the Potomac was split into two parts, between which was the entire force of the enemy. After much consideration McClellan was ordered to unite with Pope on the Rappahannock, and to effect the purpose, all the vessels in the James and the Chesapeake, together with the transports which carried the corps of General Burnside from Newport News to Aquia creek, were placed at the disposal of McClellan.

About the same time Mr. Lincoln issued an order, calling out an additional three hundred thousand men to serve nine months; and the Confederate Government determined to abandon the defensive policy by recovering Tennessee and Virginia, invading Kentucky, freeing Maryland from the National authority, and capturing Washington, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

The removal of the army on the James, without involving the destruction of the army on the Rappahannock, was a problem which required that the commanders should work not only with skill, but in harmony. It was necessary that Pope should threaten the north and northwest approaches of Richmond in order to draw attention from the embarkation of McClellan, and equally important that the latter should unite his forces with the Army of Virginia before Lee could mass his troops in its front.

Twelve days after McClellan received his orders he set his army in motion towards Yorktown. The Twentieth Indiana was a portion of the flank guard; the Thirteenth and Four-

teenth, as part of Sumner's corps, protected the rear. These two regiments had seen hard times on the peninsula, having been employed, during twenty days as outlying pickets, without tents, or other covering, and almost night and day in contact with the enemy.

Late in July General Pope advanced beyond the Rappahannock, General Banks moved to the neighborhood of Culpepper, and two bodies of cavalry, under Bayard and Buford, to the fords of the Rapidan, the south branch of the Rappahannock. The cavalry kept a sharp lookout, and none were more active than the Third Indiana, before Pope's extreme left at Fredericksburg. On the 21st, Lieutenant Moffitt and six enlisted men were captured, about twenty-five miles from Fredericksburg. The next evening a detachment, about one hundred and thirty strong, under Major Chapman, with an equal force of Harris' light cavalry, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kilpatrick, was sent out with orders to proceed to Mt. Carmel church, some thirty miles distant, on the telegraph road to Richmond, and break up a camp reported to be there. The same evening the column marched fourteen miles and halted. Early in the morning the march was resumed, and Mt. Carmel was reached at eight. A squad of Rebel cavalry had been encamped near the church, but had withdrawn to the south side of the North Anna river, and taken position on the Virginia Central railroad, at Anderson's Turnout. Colonel Kilpatrick, accordingly, after consultation with his officers, determined to continue the reconnaissance.

A small scouting party of the Rebels, coming in contact with the advance, gave notice of the approach of a hostile force, and the squadron was found drawn up under arms. Major Chapman, with about forty men of his command, charged and routed them, taking several prisoners, and capturing and burning all their camp and garrison equipage.

The column now started on its return, and reached camp the same evening, having marched seventy miles in about twenty-nine hours.

On the 5th of August the Third cavalry and Nineteenth infantry formed part of a force which was directed to damage

the Virginia Central railroad. General Gibbon was in command. The Third cavalry skirmished slightly with a considerable body of the enemy at the Matta river, but the expedition was not successful.

August 8th General Jackson began a reconnoissance in force, with his own troops, and portions of Ewell's and Hill's, to discover the strength of Pope's army about Culpepper. Forcing Bayard to retreat, he crossed the Rapidan, and during the night took possession of Cedar or Slaughter mountain, on the cleared slopes, wooded sides and ravines of which he advantageously posted his forces.

Early in the morning of the 9th, General Banks, who, on the previous day, had sent forward Crawford's brigade to support Bayard, moved, with the rest of his corps, south of Cedar run, and towards the base of the mountain. He moved cautiously, as, whatever the force of the enemy, his position was such as to render him formidable, and as he approached he formed in line of battle.

Gordon's brigade had the extreme right; Crawford's was next; Geary and Prince had the centre, and Green the left. The chief of artillery had a large number of batteries at his command, but could find position for only four, one of which was the Sixteenth Indiana.

Late in the afternoon General Pope at Culpepper was reading a message from Banks, assuring him that there was no prospect of a battle, when a sudden increase in the rapidity of firing, which had continued at intervals through the day, made him spring on his horse, and, with Sigel and McDowell, hasten towards the swelling sounds of conflict.

The battle was brought on by the drawing together of the opposing lines of skirmishers, and was taken up by Geary's brigade, which advanced to meet the enemy's advancing front. Prince followed Geary, and both, fighting sturdily, moved on steadily. General Crawford's brigade moved from a grove, in the shade of which it stood, into an immense field, and over the stubble of newly reaped wheat, towards the enemy's left, which was silent and dark in the thick woods of the mountain. All at once the woods were ablaze with musketry. Crawford poured back as hot a fire, but the enemy

was protected while he was exposed, and he could not stand. As he retreated, out of the woods, into the wide stubble field came the Third Wisconsin, the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, making their way over dead and wounded towards their own death. Thirty minutes they stood unflinching under a steady fire. The spot that had witnessed the decimation of Crawford's brigade, seemed destined to see the destruction of Gordon's; but a flanking movement of the enemy warned the commander, and a retreat was ordered.

When General Pope reached the ground, he ordered Ricketts to the right of Banks, and moved Gordon's broken regiments to the centre, but twilight put an end to the battle.

General Milroy's brigade arrived at the front after eight o'clock, and was posted on the left of Banks, his cavalry in line, under protection of the woods near the enemy. Milroy advanced alone and reconnoitred.

A Confederate battery suddenly opened on the batteries of Banks, near which fires had been incautiously made. The Seventh Indiana, which was standing far in the front on guard, had discovered the battery not fifty yards to the left of the regiment, but its report was regarded as a mistake and received no attention. Under a well directed fire, the Seventh fell back over the brow of a hill, and formed again in ranks; but a general alarm, out of all proportion to the cause, was produced, and infantry, cavalry and artillery rushed headlong to the rear. The confusion was not controlled until two o'clock.

At daylight the Union pickets advanced slowly, supported by Milroy's brigade. Within two hundred yards of the Rebel skirmishers they came to a stand until noon, the enemy occasionally firing by companies, and Milroy occasionally sending out a few shells. During the afternoon the Confederates were pushed back three-quarters of a mile, and late in the day Milroy succeeded in getting and carrying from the field about a hundred of the wounded.

Monday was spent by both armies on the battle-ground, in burial services and attending to the wounded, who had lain

all Sunday under a burning sun, with no companions but the dead.

The loss was heavy, more than fifteen hundred killed, wounded and missing out of eight thousand engaged.

On the evening of the 11th Pope was reinforced by the whole of King's division, except the Third Indiana cavalry, which was left in front of Fredericksburg. He immediately pressed on towards the South, driving the Confederates in full flight. On the 15th, strengthened by General Reno, with eight thousand men from Burnside's corps, he advanced his whole army to the Rapidan, placing the right, under Sigel, on Robertson's river, where the road from Cedar mountain to Orange Court House crosses the stream; the centre, under McDowell, on both flanks of Cedar mountain; and the left, under Reno, near Raccoon ford, and covering the road from the ford to Stevensburg and Culpepper. Cavalry guarded the front from Raccoon ford to the base of the Blue Ridge. The position was excellent, the troops were buoyant, the General felt strong.

At an early hour on the morning of the 18th, three Generals, Pope, McDowell and Reno, met in the tent of General Reno on the bank of the Rapidan, and discussed the situation. While they quietly talked, and reckoned on McClellan's early arrival, they stood unconsciously on the brink of a vast danger. Beyond the low range of hills which bounded their vision on the further side of the river, rapidly massed and overwhelming hostile forces were even now harnessing their horses, and sounding the call for advance.

The conference was interrupted by a note from General Buford, calling their attention to a man who accompanied the bearer, and who, dripping wet, and in his shirt sleeves, impatiently waited to impart intelligence.

To understand the intrusion, it is necessary to go back a month, and give the adventures for that period of an individual.

Sometime about the middle of July, while the first corps of the Army of Virginia was still at Newtown in the valley, Captain Sharra, of the First Indiana cavalry, called for a man to carry an order from General Sigel to a small detachment

on Lost river, thirty miles southwest. There was a little delay before any one accepted the service, as a solitary journey through Virginia mountains required more than ordinary courage; but the delay was terminated by Thomas O. Harter, an active and faithful scout. In accepting the service he probably became a candidate for the higher and more dangerous duty he was shortly after called to perform. An order for the withdrawal of the exposed troops was given him, and he set out, reaching Lost river at two in the morning, without meeting a danger of which he was aware. His return was as unmolested and as prompt.

July 21st, headquarters having been removed meantime to Sperryville, Harter was summoned to the presence of General Sigel, who smilingly asked him if he would like to go to Richmond. Harter was surprised, and not knowing what to say, he laughed. He had an innocent, boyish way of laughing. He had, besides, a very fair complexion, and the wide, open, clear blue eye often associated with extreme simplicity. His glance was steady, his forehead broad, and his manners easy and indifferent, with, perhaps, a touch of audacity. A heavy yellow beard covered the lower part of his face.

General Sigel resumed: "I must have information in regard to the reinforcements and movements of the Rebel army, and I want a man to go to Staunton, Stannardsville, Gordonsville, Charlottesville, through Central Virginia indeed, as far, if possible, as Richmond." He then detailed minutely what he desired, spoke also of the consequences of discovery, but added, "I could do such a thing myself, and I think you can." The soldier reflected; he was not an imaginative man, but involuntarily he saw the crooked path of the spy leading under the gallows, into the noose, down into the open coffin, down further into shame and ignominy. But it was for his country, and was it not somebody's duty? How was he better than another, that he should shirk it? Few could be spared so well, for his parents were dead, and he was not married. What had he enlisted for? Death, if it came in his way, certainly. What was this, but the very thing, right in his way? And, after all, it was only risk, not certain death; many spies escaped, and he was as sharp as anybody. He liked the

exercise of ingenuity and skill; it was worth something to see the inside of the Confederacy, and besides he justly felt complimented to be chosen for a service which required rare intelligence and coolness.

"When do you want me to start?" "To-night." "I will go. When do you want me to be back?" "Within three weeks." "You will fit me out with a citizen's suit?" "Yes, and an unbranded horse; of course there must be nothing in your appearance to show that you have been in the service of the Government."

At nine in the evening, Harter started on his perilous journey. Crossing the dark wildernesses of the Blue Ridge, he reached the western side of the mountains by morning, and he rode solitary and undisturbed along the crooked highways, which in that region are called nigger-paths, until he arrived at Luray. Enquiring how he might avoid the Federal lines, he was directed to the Sheriff, who shut all his doors and windows before, in frightened whispers, he ventured to point out a mountain road to Honeyville, which was in possession of the Confederates. After pursuing the road designated two hours, and passing Honeyville without seeing it, Harter stopped at the house of some Germans, who were violent secessionists. Here he discovered, what he afterwards had abundant occasion to verify, that women are more suspicious or keener of vision than men. The mistress of the house, after sharply eyeing him, denounced him as a spy to a party of soldiers who entered. They instantly arrested him, and conducted him back to Honeyville. On the way he managed to destroy the pass given him by General Sigel. It was a very little piece of paper, hidden in the lining of his drawers. An examination produced no proof, but did not allay suspicion, and he was sent the next morning across the river to Ashby's cavalry, by whom he was forwarded to Horrisonburg. Here he boarded himself a few days, but had no other liberty. Time was precious, and he urged the authorities to set him free, or to send him to Richmond.

At length he was ordered to join twelve prisoners from Sigel's army, and go with them to Staunton. He met the party with some trepidation, but fortunately the prisoners

were all strangers. At Staunton he was brought before the Provost Marshal, Captain Avis, the executioner of John Brown, and a man who looked the executioner. "To what regiment do you belong?" he asked, in a surly tone, and being answered evasively, without a word more, he put the prisoner in irons.

The next day Harter was set to work to assist an Irishman at the depot load and unload flour wagons. The second day of this work, he stepped on an engine, and entering into conversation with an engineer, said that he had formerly been engaged on railroads, and would like to be employed in the same way again. The man advised him to make application to H. D. Whitcomb, superintendent of the Virginia Central railroad. Whitcomb was at hand, and learning that the applicant had been employed on the Terre Haute and Alton railroad, questioned him as to the names of the officers of that road, with some of whom he was acquainted, and closed the interview by giving Harter a recommendatory letter to Captain Avis. As railroad men were in such demand in the Confederacy that they were exempt from military duties, and received high wages, it was not thought strange that a Northerner should seek a situation on a Virginia road.

Harter gave his guard a silver half dollar to put the letter in the hands of Avis as if it came directly from Whitcomb. In consequence he the next day received an examination. Nothing could be proved against him, but Avis, still regarding him with suspicion, sent him under guard to Richmond.

The day before, General Pope had cut the Virginia Central railroad at Frederickshall, and the first Richmond train, forced to return, entered Gordonsville just as the train containing the prisoner arrived. Taking advantage of the confusion, Harter stepped on the engine and looked on at the frightened and wrathful crowd, amusing himself with the anxiety of his guards, who sought him in every direction. When the train had retraced its way thirty miles to Charlottesville, he showed himself, laughing, to his keepers, and they, from that moment, had no further suspicion as to his character. He invited them to a hotel, gave them supper and lodging, discussed with them the propriety of going back

to Staunton, or on to Richmond, and influenced them to proceed.

The route they now pursued took them through Lynchburg, and brought them into Richmond on the Danville road. The guards received a receipt for the delivery of the prisoner, shook hands with him cordially, wished him his freedom, and left him standing alone at the door of the Provost Marshal's office. As the marshal was much engaged, and had given him only a careless glance, Harter determined to dispose of himself, accordingly he went to a hotel and enjoyed a comfortable night.

"Here's the very man we are looking for!" exclaimed the neglectful officer, as Harter, the next morning, entered his office, with an indifferent air. "What does this mean sir?" "What?" asked Harter, innocently, though he could not but know that soldiers had been looking for him all night; "I'm not under arrest now, am I?" "Certainly you are!" was the indignant reply. "Why, I didn't know it," said Harter, "you must really excuse me."

His simple surprise put the Provost Marshal in a good humor, and, after a little friendly conversation, during which he read Mr. Whitcomb's letter to Captain Avis, he sent the prisoner to General Winder.

At the close of a rigid examination, in which Harter uttered no word of falsehood, Winder asked, "Young man, what assurance have I of the truth of what you say?" "You have nothing but my word, General," said the spy, "unless you will let me go to work." General Winder looked hard into the eyes of the prisoner, and seemed to weigh the tones of his soft, shallow voice. Harter did not wince under the scrutiny, and Winder, still looking at him, and speaking slowly as if not quite assured, said, "You may have the liberty of the city, while I make further inquiry."

The city was full of exultation over the withdrawal of McClellan's humbled and disappointed army. Personal griefs were lost in the public joy. All the inspiring sounds of war constantly rang along the streets, as troops day and night passed through on their way to reinforce General Jackson.

At this time occurred the execution of Wheeler, a Union spy, who was betrayed by the confession of his dying comrade, a Catholic, to a Confederate officer disguised as a priest. Every man, woman and child was on the lookout for enemies to the Confederacy, and Harter, while he was much on the streets, prudently kept aloof from intercourse with the citizens. He was full of anxiety; the time allowed him by Sigel was slipping by, and every hour increased the vast force which threatened Pope's front. Three times he petitioned General Winder for a pass to Charlottesville. After eight days in Richmond, he received a pass, and set out, ostensibly in search of railroad employment, really on his return. General Lee and other prominent officers were on the same train. They stopped at Gordonsville, where General Jackson and the greater part of his army was encamped, and Harter stopped at the same place.

The next morning, August 16th, the army took up the line of march to the Rapidan. Harter, as if fired with enthusiasm by the sight of the grand array, went to General A. P. Hill and offered his services as scout. General Hill complimented the applicant for preferring the dangers which beset the scout to the lucrative security of the railroad engineer, and promised to get him a horse, giving him meantime permission to ride in an ambulance.

The Confederate army, shielded from the view of the Union outposts by a ridge of hills extending along the right bank of the Rapidan, marched almost to Raccoon ford, and encamped under Clark's hill. No fires were made.

The next day, Sunday, not a wheel was turned; stillness prevailed through the army; the vast multitude seemed imbued with the devotional spirit of General Jackson. He, however, attended to such business as he considered necessary.

In the afternoon, as the spy, with his eyes shut, lay in a clump of low cedars, three officers of high rank threw themselves on the ground in the shade of the empty ambulance, which was near. One, with long, light hair curling on his shoulders "like the ringlets of a great, big girl," he recognized as General Hill. Another he heard addressed as General

Taliaferro. The singular appearance of the third convinced the spy that he was no less a personage than General Jackson.

The Generals spread out maps, and in low tones talked of movements to be commenced the next day. Harter gathered that Longstreet was to cross the Rapidan some distance above Pope's right, and get round to his rear, while Lee and Jackson were to attack the Union front. The Generals seemed united in their belief that Pope's forces would be captured or scattered after suffering a total defeat, and that the way to Washington would then be open, as certainly would be the case.

Harter's budget was now full, and his anxiety was intolerable, but his mind could suggest no feasible plan of escape. Early Monday morning he went up on Clark's mountain to get a view of the situation; there he found many Confederate officers with their glasses examining the approaches to the Union army. He went back, and entered a farm house for his breakfast. While he sat here, pickets came running in, hatless and breathless, with the intelligence that a troop of Pope's cavalry had surprised them, and had captured several of a signal corps on Clark's mountain.

General Jackson sent two regiments to the right and left to surround the cavalry. Harter, unnoticed in the excitement, followed the right hand regiment, until he was beyond observation, when he stole into the woods and cautiously made his way to the river bank. He left his coat on the ground, and, with his boots swung round his neck, swam the Rapidan. He entered the Union lines without any difficulty, and went to the tent of General Buford, who recognized him, and sent him, dripping as he was, to General Pope. Barely an hour had elapsed since he left Jackson's camp.

McDowell and Reno listened calmly as he stated the position of the Confederate army, and related what he had overheard of the Confederate plans. General Pope was much excited. "I did not know there was an armed Rebel this side of Gordonsville," he exclaimed. Harter was subjected to an examination, during which he showed his pass from the War Department at Richmond, Mr. Whitcomb's letter, and a late Rebel paper. His intelligence was confirmed by a letter,

written by General Lee at Gordonsville, August 15th, to General Stuart, and taken from the person of a prisoner captured by a skirmishing company of cavalry.

It is needless to say that no time was lost by General Pope in ordering a backward movement, but before detailing the retreat, the following letters, which witness to the truth of Harter's story, are inserted.

Letter from Franz Sigel, Major General commanding first corps of Army of the Potomac:

“NEAR FORT DEKALB.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Thomas O. Harter, Sergeant in company A, First regiment Indiana volunteer cavalry, was, on the 21st day of July last, employed by me to go on a secret mission. Furnished with a citizen's outfit, together with horse and bridle, he left my quarters at Sperryville on the above mentioned day, with instructions to penetrate the enemy's lines via Staunton, Charlottesville, Stannardsville and Gordonsville, and, if possible, to report to me within three weeks.

On the 18th day of August he reported at my headquarters, on the Robertson river, near the Rapidan, that the enemy was advancing upon us in great force, where he was encamped, the names of the general officers commanding, the probable strength of the enemy, and the contemplated plan of attack. Subsequent information substantiated the correctness of Sergeant Harter's statements.

The information being communicated to General Pope, he was thereby enabled to take such measures as he deemed necessary and prudent for the protection of his army.

I would, in consideration of the services of Thomas O. Harter, recommend him to the favorable consideration of the General Government.”

(Signed.)

Second letter from General Sigel:

“NEAR FORT DEKALB, VIRGINIA, September 17, 1862.

Hon. John P. Usher:

DEAR SIR—Sergeant Thomas O. Harter has requested me

to address you a note, and mention therein the value of the service rendered our army by the information furnished by him. I have already given him a certificate to that effect, and have only to add that, but for the opportune arrival of Harter at our headquarters on the Rapidan, on the 18th of August, with a full account of the plans and designs of the enemy, which were stated to General Pope, enabling him to take such measures as the exigencies of the case demanded for the protection of his army, we should have labored under much disadvantage. I had sent Harter out on the 21st of July for the purpose of gathering such information as would be useful to us in the conduct of the campaign, and he acquitted himself in a manner to satisfy the confidence I reposed in him."

Letter from General McDowell:

WASHINGTON, October 22, 1862.

"On the 18th of last August, being in company with Major General Pope at the headquarters of General Reno, not far from the Rapidan, at Raccoon ford, a person, representing himself as a spy sent out by Major General Sigel, came to General Pope, and represented himself as having just come from the enemy's lines; that he had been through their army, the larger part of which was but a short distance from the river, in our front, behind a mountain ridge running parallel with the river; that this army was on the point of marching, had their teams ready to hitch up, and were evidently to move at an early moment to turn our left. The information as to the condition, position and force of the enemy induced General Pope to order his own army to retreat immediately behind the Rappahannock. The information, given at the time above stated, proved to be correct, and was of the *highest importance*, as it enabled us to defeat the plans of the enemy to get between us and the forces coming to join us by way of Fredericksburg and Manassas. I do not recollect the name of the man who gave us the information, nor do I think I should now recognize him."

General Pope was no sooner satisfied of the truth of the

spy's report, than he gave orders for retreat behind the North Fork of the Rappahannock. By means of railway and wagon train, horse and foot, it commenced that very hour, and on the 20th was entirely effected, in spite of burning suns and chilling dews; of crowded roads and choked up streams; of the burden to each man of sixty pounds, which was the weight of the equipments of a soldier in the Eastern army; of frequent halts, three minutes or three hours long, always uncertain; of dust and thirst and haste, and of the enemy's cavalry.

In his new position, General Pope had the short range of the Bull Run mountains on his right, the Orange and Alexandria railroad on his left and rear, and the river on his front, which was six or eight miles in extent. Thoroughfare Gap, through which the Manassas railroad passes, is not difficult of defence, for, though it allows the crooked passage of a creek, a turnpike and a railroad, its north side is almost inaccessible to the foot of man, while the face of the southern rock scarcely affords on its smooth surface foothold to a clinging plant; but, unfortunately, the mountains are accessible in two other places. On the railroad are the stations of Manassas Junction, Bristow, Catlett's, Warrenton Junction, Bealston, and, where the road crosses the river, Rappahannock. The river is long, and in low water can be forded in fifty places, yet it is often impassable, as, in the somewhat exaggerated language of Mr. Lincoln, a heavy dew causes a freshet.

At every ford and at every bridge, General Lee tried to cross. On Pope's right Sigel met him, on his centre McDowell, and on his left Banks and Reno. Brigades, divisions and corps were hurried from point to point as danger threatened. On the 21st Sigel went down towards the railroad to the assistance of McDowell; on the 23d he hastened back to Sulphur Spring, followed by McDowell, Banks and Reno. Artillery, crowning each height and commanding each bridge, was almost constantly in play. On the mornings of the 22d and 23d the Sixteenth Indiana battery was the first in action. On the 23d it stood in a group of pines, while they were shorn by the enemy, and poured its fire until every gun of sixteen on the opposite height was silenced and withdrawn.

When Sigel started up the river to prevent the crossing of the enemy near Sulphur Spring, General Milroy was in the rear of his corps, but gaining a direct road, the Indiana General was soon in the advance. He crossed a bridge on sleepers, from which the Rebels had torn the planks, and drove the enemy beyond a second stream; but there he found himself in a "hornet's nest. As if by magic, the woods and hills were alive with the enemy; the deserted batteries were suddenly manned, and a semi-circle of guns, nearly a mile round, poured a steady stream of shell and canister on the bridge." Federal batteries hastened to the rescue, and under shelter of their fire Milroy recrossed the stream, and rejoined his command.

Neither vigilance nor valor, nor both together, availed. The Confederates gained Pope's rear. First General Stuart, with his cavalry, found his way round to Catlett's station, where he burned wagons, captured horses, stole clothing and took prisoner the sick and wounded in the hospitals. Next, General Jackson, with all his men, came through Thoroughfare Gap, before Pope had been able to get a force in its front, and marched unopposed to Manassas and Bristow stations, where they did not stint their enjoyment of the vast Federal stores collected at both places, and where they also tore up the railroad, and destroyed the rolling stock.

During seven days, in which Pope with his single strength held off the mighty force of Lee, he almost hourly entreated Halleck for reinforcements, and Halleck, in his turn, urged McClellan to hasten to the field. At last the troops from the peninsula began to dribble into the Army of Virginia; but they reached the field unprepared for service. Heintzelman's corps arrived at Warrenton Junction without artillery, without wagons, without even horses for the general and field officers, and with only four rounds of ammunition to the man. The corps of Porter had a very small supply of provisions, and but forty rounds of ammunition to the man.

The Third Indiana cavalry was daily required to furnish escorts and guides to the arriving troops; it also furnished details for picket duty. The Twentieth Indiana, as soon as it arrived, was placed at Rappahannock station on guard.

Near Bristow station General Hooker came in contact with General Ewell's division of Jackson's corps, and routed it after a sharp battle. General Kearney hastened to the ground, joined Hooker, and, with him, followed the Confederates through Centreville and along the Warrenton turnpike.

On the 28th the two armies were oddly mixed together. Longstreet's corps, nearing Thoroughfare Gap, and Rickett's division guarding the gap, faced each other with very few intervening miles. King's division, Gibbon's brigade in advance, and Jackson's corps were rapidly moving, the one west, the other east, on the Warrenton turnpike, while Heintzelman was in the rear of Jackson, and hastening after him. The circumstances of the two armies were similar in several respects. Jackson was cut off from Lee; Pope was cut off from Washington. Longstreet's troops were hungry; Pope's army had not enough to eat. Sigel was heard to say, "A biscuit is worth more to us now than a bayonet." Jackson was dependent on Longstreet's promptness and good faith; Pope's chief hope was in McClellan.

About sunset sudden and sharp artillery firing, having the exact range of his brigade, informed Gibbon of the proximity of the enemy. He immediately ordered his men to move up and storm the battery. Tearing down a fence in their front, they moved a few hundred feet through woods, and up a slope. Doubleday's brigade was not slow to follow. The Nineteenth Indiana, now first in battle, had Gibbon's left. "The commanders of companies seemed to vie with each other in the discharge of their duty. When the ranks were thinned out by the deadly fire of the enemy, they were closed up with as much promptness as if on drill." Major May was wounded, and crept into a thicket to avoid the tramp of fighting men. The Confederates brought a battery to their right and threatened Meredith with an enfilading fire; but before it was in action companies B and G wheeled at right angles to the line of the regiment and forced it back. Scarcely was this success achieved, when a large force of infantry appeared on the left, and Meredith in turn withdrew a few yards; but his horse was shot, and falling upon him, forced him to leave the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Bachman assumed command, and

directed the regiment with gallantry and skill, maintaining the second line until, at night, the enemy ceased firing. The battle lasted scarcely an hour, yet more than one-third of the troops engaged were killed or wounded.

The great slaughter is accounted for by the closeness of the lines. During some movements, they were within easy speaking distance. A Lieutenant, with a few men, standing on the left to give notice of any attempt at flanking, saw in the dark a body of soldiers move up towards the Rebel lines. "Who goes there?" he asked. "Twenty-Fourth Virginia," was the reply. "All right. Pass Twenty-Fourth Virginia," said he, with a presence of mind which saved him and his men from capture.

Several hours were spent in looking up the wounded, and carrying them out of the forest to a temporary hospital, yet all, as it was afterwards discovered with grief, were not found.

The Nineteenth lost one hundred and eighty-seven killed and wounded, and thirty-three missing.

On the morning of the 29th Jackson's right rested above and near the village of Groveton, which is on the Warrenton turnpike, his left on the old battle-field of Manassas and near Sudley Springs. Sigel, with Schurz on his right, Schenck on his left, and Milroy on his centre, advanced towards him at dawn. Near Young's creek, Milroy and Schenck, leaving their men at breakfast, reconnoitred five hundred yards in advance, and, discovering sharpshooters concealed in a wood, called up a battery and chased them out. The corps advanced with skirmishers deployed, and almost reached Jackson's main force, which was securely posted behind a railroad embankment. Here a vehement artillery and infantry contest lasted four hours. At length Sigel's corps fell back, Milroy being the last to withdraw.

Heintzelman was early in position. Kearney held his right wing, and Robinson, partly in line, partly in support, had Kearney's right. Early in the afternoon Robinson was sent to the aid of Sigel. He drove forward several hundred yards, but Sigel being forced back, he was left in front of all others, with both flanks in air, and could advance no further. In this exposed position his men fired and hacked away with the

same valor which marked their career on the peninsula. Colonel Brown fell at the hand of a sharpshooter. He spoke no word after the bullet struck him, but he needed no confession nor preparation, for his peace was already made with God.

At five o'clock General Kearney brought up reinforcements; other troops followed, and soon the enemy's left was doubled back upon his centre.

Suddenly a sharp, quick fire announced a fresh and firm division of the enemy. Ricketts, having been threatened in the rear by a Confederate force which had found its way over the mountains, had retreated, and the consequence was the rapid advance of Longstreet through Thoroughfare Gap. The enemy, however, was not able to gain the ground he had lost, and the day closed with the greater part of the field of battle in the possession of our army.

In the morning paroled prisoners brought the report that the Confederates were retreating, and their report was confirmed by skirmishers. An exulting messenger departed with the blessed tidings to Washington. Not only Pope, McDowell, who was modest and cautious, announced to the Cabinet, "We have gained a decided victory."

On the morning of the 30th, General Pope was convinced that the enemy, instead of retreating, was concentrating before him, and in more than double the force of the previous day. At the same time he felt persuaded that General McClellan, instead of seconding him, was withholding food, forage and troops. It was with much anxiety, therefore, and in no little bitterness of feeling, that he made arrangements for a desperate battle. His line was in the form of a bent bow, the convex side toward the enemy, and Porter, who had hitherto quietly but resolutely avoided obedience to orders, was placed in the centre, where he must either fight or run. Heintzelman, Reno and McDowell had the bent sides of the bow. Sigel, at first in the rear of Porter, afterwards moved to his front and left. A few of McDowell's troops, among which was the Seventh Indiana, had the extreme right. Hooker and Kearney had the chief part of the right line. Pope's batteries were in the rear of the infantry, on high, advantageous ground.

General Banks, with his command, covered the extreme left, in order to keep off reinforcements for the enemy, and to be used as a reserve.

General Lee's line bent inward, and stretched at least five miles, from Sudley Springs on Bull Run, beyond the Manassas railroad. The centre, consisting almost entirely of artillery, was on a commanding height, a mile and a half west of Groveton. Longstreet had the right wing, Jackson the left, behind the railroad embankment, which had protected him the previous day.

Artillery firing and skirmishing occupied the day until four o'clock, when Porter moved towards the Confederate centre. He quickly and confusedly fell back, but recovered and made a brave stand. The hostile wings now swung together, and the two armies wrestled in awful battle, while the undulations of the plain and even the light of day were hid by dust and smoke. Jackson's powerful corps, with all Jackson's powerful energy, pounded Hooker and Kearney. They did not break nor bend, and the best and bravest regiment there was no better nor braver than the Twentieth Indiana, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wheeler. One in three of Kearney's men fell; none surrendered, and not a foot of ground was given to the enemy.

The left and centre were gradually forced back. A long time Milroy held his ground, first with his own brigade, then troops he gathered up and held while his men went back for ammunition. His patched up line grew thin, and he galloped to McDowell for reinforcements. With these he maintained his position until night stilled the tumult, and stopped the commotion of the battle. He then turned back in search of his brigade, in order to prepare for a renewal of the contest in the morning. What was his astonishment to find that all the troops near him had withdrawn. Where he expected to see thousands he found not a soldier. He went on and on in painful, bewildering doubt and uncertainty. At last he met with General Sigel, and learned that the army had been ordered to retreat across Bull Run to Centreville. One moment he was overcome with a terrible grief; the death-knell of our glorious Government sounded above the murmur of flying

troops, the rumble and roll of artillery and wagon trains. But a leader cannot despair, and shaking off paralyzing thought, General Milroy hastened to the further side of Bull Run, and stood in the darkness from ten until midnight, calling to his men as they crossed the bridge, and gathering them together.

While thousands and thousands of troops, bewildered by the loss or the neglect of their officers, wandered about without aim or rest, Milroy's brigade was refreshed with coffee, a few hours' sleep, and the kind companionship of their commander.

The falling back of the left and centre forced the right to retreat, and bleeding and faint, their best men dead or helpless, Kearney's and Hooker's corps reached Bull Run near midnight. The Seventh Indiana, far on the right, and closely pressed by infantry, lost its color-bearer and many more, and in the end was cut off from its brigade. Following a round-about road, it came upon a hospital, and joined a force which there relieved Robinson's brigade. "What force is that?" the officers demanded of troops which, in the darkness, were seen close in their front. "Sturgis' brigade," was the reply. "Show your colors!" was now the demand, but the colors could not be distinguished, and the enemy, for such the new troops proved, fired a volley. The Seventh fell to the ground, and but few were wounded, although Colonel Gavin was of the number. The fire was returned, and Sturgis' brigade fell back.

General Gibson, General Kearney and General Reno were assigned to the rear guard. The Nineteenth Indiana, which, with all of Gibbon's brigade, remained in McDowell's front line until it was flanked right and left, and supported on the retreat a battery which repeatedly checked the progress of the enemy, crossed the bridge while the engineers were cutting away its supports.

"Franklin with his corps had arrived at Centreville, six miles in the rear. Sumner was four miles behind Franklin. These fresh troops could be brought on the field in the morning in time to renew the action, but starvation stared both men and horses in the face, and, broken and exhausted as they were, they were in no condition to bear hunger also."

In these words General Pope explains the necessity for retreat.

Many of the wounded dragged themselves from the battle-field; many were carried by their comrades in blankets; many were moved in vehicles sent from Washington; but thousands were left to the mercy of Rebel surgeons, who, four days afterwards, had not been near them for want of time.

The dead covered the ground, especially in front of Jackson's position; and, says Pollard, the Southern historian, "There was not a dead Yankee in all that broad field who had not been stripped of his shoes and stocking,—and, in numerous cases, been left as naked as the hour he was born."

The Confederates discovered Major May, of the Nineteenth Indiana, eight days after he fell. He was still in the thicket to which he crept for shelter from artillery wheels and horses, and the tramp of hurrying men. Who can know the eternity of pain that gallant, good man suffered,—in solitude while in the midst of swarming thousands, in silence while the crash of meeting armies shook the ground; with no hand to wipe away the death dews, no tender voice to soothe the dull, cold ear, while wife and lisping babe loved and prayed for him; with thirst unquenched, and tortured head unpillowed; and sun, rain and wind playing with his helplessness? He was carried dying to a hospital, where, under a Rebel flag, he breathed his last.

The Union army, in the second battle of Bull Run lost from fifteen to twenty thousand men.

General Lee hastened to gain the right of the Federal forces, in order to cut off their retreat to Washington, but he was met and baffled at every turn. At Chantilly, a few miles north of Centreville, a short but warm engagement resulted in the death of General Kearney. September 1st Banks fell back from Bristow station, Burnside retreated from Fredericksburg, and the troops holding Aquia creek abandoned that point. On the 3d the Union army was within the fortifications of Washington, and, in the words of Pollard, "The long harassed soil of Virginia was cleared of the footsteps of the invader."

The hardships of Pope's campaign were borne by the sol-

diers with soldierly patience. A private in the Seventh writes from a hospital: "The only complaint among the convalescent boys is that they can't get enough to eat. We have not had anything since yesterday morning, but a little coffee and a piece of bread the size of a hen's egg. Yet, if I was well and at home, and as well acquainted with the hardships of camp life as I am now, I don't believe anything could keep me at home while our country is in such a condition."

Harrison Mullen of the Thirteenth, having been discharged on account of his feet, which were cut to pieces in the march to Port Republic, found himself, after the lapse of two months, able to march again. He re-enlisted, and in the battle of Bull Run was severely wounded.

This man had seven brothers in the army, and a few miles west of Indianapolis he had a widowed mother, who was not less brave than her sons. Many a long day that gray-haired woman sat by her deserted fireside, waiting tidings from the East, the South and the West; and often she was sick with fear and anxiety, but she never regretted that her boys had gone to fight for their country, and she never failed to rebuke with stern indignation the Southern sympathizer who dared express his opinions in her presence.

A. J. Buckles, of the Nineteenth, at that time a boy, scarcely sixteen years old, writes the following:

"For several days we had had nothing but green corn to eat, and we were glad when, on the 28th, as we were resting on the Warrenton pike, an ox was killed, but before the beef was issued we were ordered to march. Many of us cut off chunks and ate them warm and raw as they were.

"In the battle of Gainesville I received a flesh wound through the right thigh, about three inches above where my leg has since been amputated. I went to the rear, where they were dressing the wounded, and at sun-up found myself a prisoner, together with a great many other wounded, but I hobbled through the woods to a ravine, from which I slipped out to our lines. Our troops were then falling back to a new position, and I had to use every exertion to keep out of the way until I came to an ambulance. At a field hospital my wound was dressed again, and I rested until the next day,

when the army again fell back. As the ambulances were all out on the field, I started once more on foot. Night overtook me, and I slept on the banks of Bull Run, under a drenching rain. In the morning I pursued my way with great difficulty to Centreville. From there I was taken to a hospital in Washington, where I was obliged to stay until December."

This simple narrative is the story of many thousands. The country from Bull Run to Washington was covered with the wounded crawling towards safety, and with the soldiers of two beaten armies. Dark days had come before, but never one so dark. Not even in the West was there now a streak of light.

They who saw President Lincoln describe him as a haggard, hopeless man, weighed down as if he bore the burden of a world.

CHAPTER XLI

THE PURSUIT OF BRAGG.

SHORTLY after the taking of Corinth, the Army of the Ohio began a march, which embraced the extremes of heat, drouth, dust, haste and toil, of cold, storm, mud and slowness. It led down to a region where a cup of cold water was grudgingly given to "Vandal invaders," and a young onion was sold at enormous price, and up to a district where the costliest food and drink were pressed to the lips of welcome deliverers. It comprised in its course long stretches of miles and of days, in which the main body of the enemy neither made nor received hostile demonstrations; and it was marked by some of the sharpest skirmishes and two of the bloodiest battles of the war.

This extraordinary march divided itself into three parts, each about two months long. The first extended from Corinth to Huntsville, and neighboring points in northern Alabama and southern Tennessee, and had for its object the acquisition of Chattanooga, that failing, its endeavor was the protection of the Tennessee river and the possession of the Charleston and Memphis railroad. The second division of the march continued from the Tennessee river and the Cumberland mountains to the Ohio, and was an effort on the part of Buell's main army to keep Bragg out of Kentucky, and after his entrance to prevent his march through the State, while on the part of his left wing it was merely an escape from the cooped up fastness in Cumberland Gap. In the events connected with this part of the march large numbers of new troops were engaged. The third, from the Ohio to the spurs of the Cumberland and back to Middle Tennessee, was undertaken to prevent the escape of Bragg from Kentucky.

The Indiana troops, engaged in the first division of the march, were the Ninth, Tenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-

Ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-First, Thirty-Second, Thirty-Sixth, Thirty-Ninth, Fortieth, Forty-Fourth, Fifty-First, Fifty-Seventh and Fifty-Eighth infantry regiments, with the Second cavalry, and the four western companies, G, H, I and K, of the Third cavalry. In addition to the above, the Twenty-Second, Thirty-Fifth, Thirty-Seventh, Thirty-Eighth and Forty-Second were in the march to the Ohio, while the Fiftieth, Sixtieth, Sixty-Seventh, Sixty-Eighth and Eighty-Ninth, also the Twelfth, Sixteenth, Fifty-Fifth, Sixty-Sixth, Sixty-Ninth and Seventy-First were engaged in the effort to drive the Confederates back. In the pursuit from Louisville to the Cumberland mountains were engaged, over and above nearly all the preceding regiments, the Sixty-Fifth, Seventy-Second, Seventy-Third, Seventy-Fourth, Seventy-Ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-First and Eighty-Sixth. Nearly all the Indiana batteries yet organized were enlisted in this chase.

Notice of the organization of the new volunteers who suddenly and unexpectedly became involved in the whirl of events in Kentucky is deferred to a succeeding chapter, while in the present merely such things as cannot be separated from the Army of the Ohio are mentioned.

June 11th General Buell left Corinth to march to Chattanooga. During the march the weather was sultry and dry, and the army was enveloped in a vast cloud of fine dust. When the country was not miserably poor, as in northern Mississippi, its fertility was of little advantage, as the commander-in-chief was jealous of the shadow of occasion for offense to the inhabitants, who were frequently so hostile that if a man was left behind, or if he strayed away from the army, he was almost sure to lose his life.

Somewhere in Alabama a citizen, one evening, made application in the camp of McCook's division, for his horse. The Adjutant-General gave him an order, but added, "You must go with us to the next encampment, as we start too early to give you time to look for the animal in the morning, and if we send a man back with it, your brother or son might be hidden in the woods to shoot him." The man assented, and he trudged along with the troops all day, getting his horse in the evening.

A day's march in Mississippi and Alabama was of irregular length, but generally from fifteen to twenty-five miles. During long halts of ten days or two weeks, reconnoitring expeditions were usually made, and in consequence the troops had little rest. The following notes, taken from the diary of a private in the Fifty-Eighth, show the rate of movement:

July 5.—We crossed the river at Tusculumbia, and marched a mile.

July 14.—We marched twenty-eight miles.

July 15.—We marched twenty-one miles.

July 16.—We started at two in the morning, and marched twenty miles.

July 17.—Fifty men were worn out and fell behind. We were very anxious about them, but they escaped guerrillas and reached camp safe.

July 20.—This is the tenth Sunday we have marched.

When General Buell left Corinth, General Bragg left Tupello. He beat Buell to Chattanooga, and when the latter made his appearance on the opposite side of the river, the Confederate army was strongly established.

General Bragg divided his force into three corps, under Polk, Hardee and Kirby Smith. He retained the first and second at Chattanooga, and sent the third to Knoxville to watch Buell's left, General Morgan's division.

General Buell established his quarters at Huntsville. He administered affairs in the conquered region in what was considered by the Southerners as a delicate, gentlemanly and chivalrous manner. Their friends in the North observed his course also with admiration. The *American Annual Cyclopædia* says: "Depredations by soldiers were stopped, discipline restored and order established," which means that in less than a week after the arrival of General Buell at Huntsville, nearly every negro who, in return for labor or information, had found shelter and protection in Mitchell's division, and had received the assurance from Mitchell that this protection should be continued, was basely and meanly given up to his master; that secessionists in search of runaway slaves were allowed to go freely through all the encampments, nothing being required of them except that they should identify

their property; that returned members of the Confederate army were treated with attention and respect; that rich men who loudly protested no circumstances would ever induce them to take the oath of allegiance to the hated government of the United States, obtained guards for their property, and that the Union soldiers, though frequently reduced to half and quarter rations by the destruction of the communications of the army, were forced to pay extravagant prices for the abundant necessities of life.

Many subordinate officers, even of the regular army, were watchful over the smallest interests of the men, and they avoided and evaded, to every extent that was possible, obedience to Buell's hard requirements. The affection which began on the hot soil of the battle-field was in many cases strengthened or developed by this natural though sometimes unexpected consideration. Even General Nelson was unwilling to see his men imposed on. The truth of the following amusing story, which early found its way into print, is testified to by Indianians in Nelson's division:

"The General hates peddlers, and there are many that come about the camp, selling hoe-cakes, pies, milk, &c., at exorbitant prices. Cracker-fed soldiers are free with their money; they will pay ten times the value of an article, if they want it. The other day the General came across a peddler, selling something that he called pies, not the delicious kind of pies that our mothers make,—the very thought of which even now makes me homesick,—but an indigestible combination of flattened dough and woolly peaches, minus sugar, minus spice, minus everything that is good—any one of which the General swore would kill a hyena. 'What do you charge for those pies?' roared he. 'Fifty cents a piece,' responded the pieman. 'Fifty cents a piece for *such* pies!' was the reply. 'Now, you infernal swindling pirate, I want you to go to work and cram every one of those pies down you as quick as the Lord will let you—double-quick, you villain!' Expostulations, appeals or promises were of no avail, and the peddler was forced, to the great amusement of the soldiers to 'down' a half dozen of his own pies, all he had left. 'Now,' said the General, looking at the fellow after he

had finished his repast, and who stood as death-like as the doctor who took his own medicine, 'leave, and if ever I catch you back here again swindling my men, *I'll hang you!*' The man departed."

In the course of time General Buell modified his policy, allowing foraging parties under properly appointed officers, requiring the oath of allegiance in return for a slave, and sometimes even permitting negroes to be employed on fortifications.

During the months of June, July and August a number of promotions occurred among Indiana officers. Colonel Crittenden, Colonel Willich and Colonel Cruft were all commissioned Brigadier Generals, and were succeeded respectively by Captain Baldwin, Lieutenant-Colonel Von Trebra and Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn. Lieutenant-Colonel Blake became commanding officer of the Ninth, in place of Colonel Moody, who was transferred to the regular army. Lieutenant-Colonel Gazlay was made Colonel of the Thirty-Seventh, was dismissed and succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hull. Lieutenant-Colonel Buell became commander of the Fifty-Eighth, on the resignation of Colonel Carr, whom the regiment lost with regret, testifying that "he was a brave soldier, and a kind officer, and that he always treated his men with respect."

Other changes more remotely affected the regiments. Rousseau succeeded Mitchell, who was removed. McCook was made a Major General, and given a command, which consisted of his old division and parts of Rousseau's and Crittenden's. General Johnson took command of the second division.

The Army of the Ohio was not concentrated about Huntsville, but was divided among many points, and, being dependent on Louisville for provisions and munitions, it guarded long routes of travel. Many brigades and regiments were in almost constant activity. Colonel Grose's regiment, the Thirty-Sixth, whose movements may be considered as representative, reached Athens on the first of July, and rested there a few days; after which it went to Pulaski, then to Nashville, thence by rail to Murfreesboro. which had been

captured by Forrest, and which it assisted in retaking. Shortly afterward it advanced to McMinnville, forty miles east, then to Sparta in the mountains, back to McMinnville, and on to Murfreesboro for supplies. Two miles east of Woodbury it was attacked by General Forest's cavalry, which, with the assistance of the Twenty-Third Kentucky, it repulsed and routed, with but few men wounded, while about thirty of the enemy were killed, wounded and prisoners.

The activity of guerrillas formed the occasion for this state of movement and watchfulness. Leadbetter, Scott, Wheeler, Forrest and Morgan led roving bands in search of conscripts, to tear up railroads, and to make depredations on the property of Union men and of the Government. They were brave, of course, but they relied chiefly on surprise, galloping half the night, to apply the torch at midnight, or to attack a sleeping camp at daylight.

General Dumont, the commandant at Nashville, scoured the country in hot and skilful pursuit, and more than once had the chief of the guerrillas almost within his grasp. One night in May, while Morgan and his band were sleeping at Lebanon, where they had captured a small detachment of Federal soldiers, Dumont surrounded them, and took prisoner or killed one hundred and fifty; but Morgan was hard to hold, and with a number of his men he cut his way out and escaped, after a running fight of eighteen miles. Dumont's health, unfortunately, was extremely poor, and shortly after this occurrence, he was obliged to go home on sick leave.

The last of June, John Morgan joined Kirby Smith in East Tennessee, but July 4th, with nine hundred men, as bold and hardy as himself, he scaled the mountains again, determined to traverse Kentucky in search of recruits, horses and arms. A telegraph operator rode with him in advance, and by attaching a pocket instrument to the wire, gained a knowledge of the positions, plans and movements of the Union forces, which he then, by false orders, scattered, or concentrated on useless expeditions.

Encourged by the advent of these gay and gallant cavaliers, well described as "the finest kind of chivalry, fiery-eyed, long-haired, and swearing vengeance on abolitionists with a swing

of their revolvers," and emulous of their black-mail deeds, a gang of bad young men, calling themselves Morgan's guerrillas, robbed Henderson, and another crew crossed the Ohio, and committed depredations in the little town of Newburg, Indiana.

Meantime Morgan jauntily pursued his way, and reached Knoxville with twelve hundred men, after an absence of twenty-four days. He boasted that he had traveled more than a thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroying all the Government property in them, had dispersed fifteen hundred home-guards, and paroled nearly twelve hundred regular troops.

While John Morgan was enjoying Kentucky, his coadjutors continued their depredations in Tennessee, although not having so clear a field, their excursions were more limited, more cautious and less successful. In his capture of Murfreesboro, Forrest took nearly two thousand troops. None, however, were Indianians, except General Crittenden, who, having arrived only the night before, had not yet assumed command, and was sleeping at a hotel.

In accordance with the Confederate plan of making a general advance into the free States in August, and capturing the chief cities of the North, General Bragg moved from Chattanooga and Knoxville about the 20th of the month. With the two corps he had retained at Chattanooga, he crossed the Tennessee at Harrison.

McCook started towards the East as if to meet him, but after dragging his heavy artillery to the summit of the mountains at a more southern point than that reached by the Confederates, he took a last look towards Chattanooga, turned round and marched back to Battle Creek, General Bragg, meanwhile, moving swiftly on his unobstructed way towards Dunlap.

The first stage of General Buell's march was now ended, and he made haste to enter upon the second by concentrating his stores and his forces at Stevenson, Decherd and McMinnville, and turning the face of his army towards the North.

One or two smart skirmishes with Bragg's left, which was advanced to reconnoitre, took place near McMinnville, but

no other approach to the Union army was made by the enemy, though Buell looked for him at Murfreesboro, and expected to meet him at Nashville. Leaving at the latter place a small garrison, in which was included the Thirty-Seventh Indiana, General Buell moved on, still with the expectation of a battle, which would keep the Confederates out of Kentucky. His army comprised about forty thousand effective men, including the division of General J. C. Davis, about five thousand strong, which was united with it at Nashville.

The Thirty-Fifth Indiana, which joined the march at McMinnville, was full, having been completed by the Sixty-First. It was in fine condition, and under the command of Colonel Mullen, an efficient and popular officer.

The last of August John Morgan, who briskly scoured the country far in advance of the Confederate army, captured a small Federal force at Gallatin, pushed forward to the Nashville railroad, and, by destroying the track, cut off the supplies of Buell's army. Returning to Gallatin, he with about eight hundred men was resting, when he was warned of the near and rapid approach of General Johnson, with a force of six hundred and forty from the Second Indiana, Fourth and Fifth Kentucky and Seventh Pennsylvania. Shortly after sunrise the two forces met. Success, for a time, seemed to incline to Johnson, but a causeless panic seized some of his men, and spread until half the number fled. He withdrew the remainder of his force, and as he was not pursued sent a flag of truce with a request for permission to bury his dead. The request was refused, and as he declined to surrender, the fight was renewed with such of his force as had remained steady, the Fifth Kentucky and Second Indiana. In less than a half hour it was ended by the capture of a part of Johnson's force, and the flight of the remainder.

A detachment of twenty men, belonging to the Fiftieth Indiana, while in a stockade near Edgefield Junction, repulsed Morgan's band three times during a three hours' fight. Morgan's adjutant and seven privates were left dead on the field, and eighteen others were wounded. Captain Atkisson was the commander of the gallant little garrison.

A march could not be less disturbed than was that of the

main body of the Union army. The sun was hot, the roads were dusty; subsistence was confined to green corn, and fresh beef without salt; shoes waxed old, and fell to pieces, while blistered feet pressed the burning ground; yet it was only when Bragg was far ahead that the march was hurried; when the smoke of the Confederate camp-fires was visible Buell rested, or crawled along at the slowest rate.

The fortifications near Mumfordsville were defended by the Sixty-Seventh and Eighty-Ninth Indiana, two companies of the Seventy-Fourth, the Thirteenth Indiana battery, under Lieutenant Mason, Thirty-Third Kentucky, one company of Kentucky cavalry, and one of the Eighteenth regulars. To these were added two hundred and four recruits for the Seventeenth regiment, under Colonel Wilder, who, on his return to Buell's army, was here stopped by the approach of the enemy.

Sunday morning, September 14th, General Chalmers attacked the pickets in the woods south of the river, drove them back, and assaulted the main redoubt, which was on the western side of the fortifications. He was repulsed, and he discontinued the attack in this quarter, only, however, to fall in larger force and with greater impetuosity on the eastern redoubt. He was met firmly, and an exceedingly fierce struggle followed, during which Major Abbett, of the Sixty-Seventh, sprang on the parapet, and, with sabre in one hand and hat in the other, exhorted the men to stand to the work. More than a hundred bullets pierced the flag above him, eleven struck the flag-staff, and one entered the gallant officer's heart. He fell, but not a step was gained by the enemy. Lieutenant Mason kept his battery steadily firing, and the men were worthy of their fallen leader.

Shortly afterwards a demand for surrender was received. Colonel Wilder returned an assurance that he would try to defend his position, and that he thought he should be able to do so, as he was now receiving reinforcements. Knowing that Buell was near, and having informed him of his condition, the commanding officer confidently expected assistance from him.

The reinforcements to which he referred consisted of six

companies of the Fiftieth Indiana, and one company of the Seventy-Eighth, attached to the Fiftieth for duty, in all four hundred and forty-six men. They left the railroad track where Confederate cavalry had torn it up, and managed to escape the notice of a force which was on guard on the north side of the river, waded the water, and entered the intrenchments shortly after sunrise.

Skirmishing, with work on the intrenchments, occupied Monday. At night Colonel Owen arrived from Lebanon with the Sixtieth and a part of the Sixty-Eighth Indiana, one company of the Twenty-Eighth Kentucky and a battery of six pieces.

Tuesday morning the enemy forced back part of the Fiftieth, which went out to meet him, and under cover of the woods gained the west of the line. After several hours of desultory firing, another demand for surrender was made. Colonel Wilder carried back the reply, which was a refusal, but he was convinced, when he saw the force of the enemy, that further resistance would be useless, and advised Colonel Dunham, who, as the ranking officer, was now in command, to that effect.

Colonel Dunham telegraphed to Louisville, but received no other reply than an order to turn the command over to Wilder. A council of war, already called by Dunham, was held. It was stated that no help could come from Louisville, that none would come from Buell, that ammunition was limited, that the troops were fatigued, that General Bragg's whole army was in front, and that the hills north of Munfordsville commanded the intrenchments and were accessible to the enemy. In consequence of these facts it was determined to surrender.

On the morning of the 17th, with drums beating and colors flying, the Union troops marched out of the intrenchments, gave their parole, and on the next day marched to Bowling Green, where Buell was idly lying.

The Confederate army leisurely moved on towards Louisville, but unexpectedly turned from the direct course, and stopped at Bardstown, while the Union army marched into the city, the foremost troops entering on the 27th of September. The troops were affected by the grateful enthusiasm of

their reception, nevertheless they were dissatisfied. They considered Buell "the most stupendous failure on record." Twice Bragg had escaped them, and now they could scarcely tell whether they were the pursued or the pursuers. Moreover, Indiana was just across the river, and only a few miles, it might be a few hours, were between them and the homes for which they pined when they were away down in Alabama. Copperheads with silver tongues praised the taste of forbidden fruit, and in three days seven thousand men deserted. Another most sad occurrence added to the excitement of this state of affairs. General Nelson was killed by the hand of General Davis in retaliation for a personal insult.

It is time now to give some account of General Bragg's right wing, which crossed the Cumberland mountains at the same time the left and centre commenced the march. General Smith rested a few days at Cumberland Ford, completely shutting off all access to the gap. On his way to Lexington he captured the Union supply trains. His appearance produced immense alarm, and Kentucky authorities dispatched to neighboring States entreaties for troops, raw, undisciplined troops, if they could have no other. The manner in which Indiana responded is narrated in the following article from the *Indianapolis Journal*, of August 21, 1862:

WHAT INDIANA HAS DONE.

To-day Indiana will have in Kentucky nearly *fourteen thousand men of the new levy*. All but two of the thirteen full regiments, numbering one thousand and forty men each, and a portion of the cavalry regiment, were gone by midnight last night, and the other two will leave to-day. Fourteen thousand men have been organized, equipped and sent to the field in *four days*. We don't believe this promptness has been equaled in any emergency by any State in the Union. The news of the invasion of Kentucky reached Governor Morton on Sunday. The necessity for a speedy and strong accumulation of forces on the main lines of the Rebel advance was obvious. Ohio had been applied to, but, in spite of her gigantic efforts, could not be ready with any effective force for a week. Illinois, like Ohio, was straining every nerve,

and pushing forward preparations with most commendable speed, but she could not send any men immediately. The Rebels had cut off our army at Cumberland Gap, and were advancing with alarming speed. Men *must* be thrown in to resist them, or the war would be transferred to our own border. Governor Morton determined that the men should be sent. Enough of our regiments were full to furnish them, but they were scattered all over the State, unorganized, undisciplined and unarmed. One, the Seventieth, had been sent away a few days before, but the remainder were totally unprepared to move. They were to be collected together, uniformed, equipped, armed, officered, paid and transported to the field. The money to pay them was not on hand, and had to be obtained of our banks. Equipments were insufficient, and had to be supplied. The transportation for such an immense influx of men had to be arranged. Everything had to be done that was necessary to change men just out of their shops and off their farms into soldiers, and put them into the field. And all this had to be done for a large army of nearly fourteen thousand men in *four days*. It was a task for a giant, but happily there were gigantic energies at the head of the government to undertake it. Since Monday morning this really formidable army, as large as that with which General Scott marched upon Mexico, has been collected from their many rendezvous, organized, paid, fully prepared, and sent to the field. Our sister States, though moving fully up to the vigorous action of the past, have not yet been able to send out a single regiment. Indiana has met the crisis alone, and we trust so met it that the peril has been stayed till the vast legions of Ohio and Illinois can be hurried to her aid.

General Nelson, who had lately arrived in the North, was placed in command in Central Kentucky, and hastened to Lexington, where he attempted to give military instruction to the new troops. He was exceedingly harsh and impatient, and had succeeded in teaching the men nothing but to hate him, when Kirby Smith's rapid approach demanded his immediate attention.

On the 23d of August he sent from Lexington the Twelfth and Sixty-Sixth Indiana regiments and the Ninety-Fifth Ohio to join Colonel Metcalfe, who, with six hundred Kentucky cavalry and a Tennessee infantry regiment, was at the foot of Big Hill, forty miles southeast.

The day was one of the warmest of August days, and the new troops, wearied by the unaccustomed tramp, were preparing to bivouac for the night on the bank of the Kentucky river, when a courier hastily announced Colonel Metcalfe's immediate need of reinforcements to resist an attack of Kirby Smith's advance. The sun was still high, but the men took up their knapsacks and their guns, and resumed their march with a round of hearty cheers. Near the little town of Richmond, twenty-five miles from Lexington, they met many of Metcalfe's horsemen, who, to use Nelson's language, had "turned tail and fled like a pack of cowards" at the onset of the enemy. Colonel Link, who was in advance, could not induce them to get out of the road until he ordered company A, of his regiment, to charge bayonets on them.

South of Richmond the three regiments formed in line of battle in the rear of their artillery, and waited, with that anxious desire only new troops feel, for the approach of the enemy. He did not appear, however, and almost a week passed without further hostile demonstrations. In that time nearly five more regiments arrived, and two brigades were formed. One, composed of the Sixteenth, Fifty-Fifth, Sixty-Ninth and Seventy-First Indiana, was put under the command of General Manson; the other, consisting of the Twelfth and Sixty-Sixth Indiana, Eighteenth Kentucky and Ninety-Fifth Ohio, was given to General Cruft. One half of the Fifty-Fifth was kept at different points guarding bridges. The great length of the picket line it was necessary to maintain, and the number required on scouting expeditions, which, however, were never distant, with the confusion attendant on the formation of new encampments, occupied so much time or so many men, that little opportunity was afforded for military instruction; in consequence the few days of respite were of little advantage.

Meantime the Confederate rear came up, and Kirby Smith

concentrated his forces, and informed himself, by means of his citizen friends, who were numerous and zealous, of the condition and strength of the little Union army. Before noon of Friday, the 29th, he moved forward in strong force, and drove back Metcalfe's cavalry, posted six miles south of Richmond, and a line of infantry pickets, who were chiefly from the Sixteenth Indiana, and under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe.

General Manson immediately sent a courier to Lexington to inform Nelson. He then, for the sake of obtaining a position which would command the approaches, moved his brigade, with a battery of artillery under Lieutenant Lamphere, three quarters of a mile towards the south. Discovering a troop of cavalry a half mile east of the road, he stopped until Lamphere turned his guns upon it and dispersed it. Moving on then a mile further, he took possession of a ridge, and arranged his brigade in line of battle, with artillery protecting each flank. Manson's artillerymen were chiefly teamsters, train-guards and infantry belonging to different regiments at Cumberland Gap, and cut off as they were returning with forage. Thirty were from the Thirty-Third Indiana. After an artillery duel of an hour's duration the enemy retreated, with the loss of a gun, some horses and some prisoners.

Still dissatisfied with his position, Manson moved a mile further, to a little group of houses called Rogersville, where his infantry stopped, while the cavalry pursued the enemy six or eight miles, but without making any discovery as to his numbers.

The troops slept on their arms. They were roused at four and placed in line of battle, while details were made from each company to prepare coffee and to fill the canteens with fresh water. At six the enemy was reported advancing. The brigade moved forward, Manson, with a portion of the Fifty-Fifth, in advance. Half a mile beyond Rogersville, the skirmishers met, and after some firing the Confederates fell back. General Manson selected his ground, and placed his troops, the Fifty-Fifth on the left of the road, behind a fence, with the artillery on its left, the Sixty-Ninth on the right of the road, the Seventy-First in the rear as a support for the battery, the

Sixteenth, as soon as it came up, on the left of the artillery, in woods.

The opposing forces presented an amazing contrast. General Smith had sixteen thousand soldiers, who, having been in the army since the war began, had all the discipline that could result from drill, marching, exposure and battle. They were indeed old soldiers, but they were ragged, dirty and hungry.

General Manson had less than six thousand five hundred, of whom not more than three thousand were yet on the battle-ground. They had been in the service from ten to twenty-five days, and they had all the ignorance and awkwardness of new soldiers. Their equipments were of course all bright and new, their banners unfaded and unstained. That such men could fight through a long, hot August day, could rally again and again with overwhelming numbers pouring on them is a marvel.

Artillery opened the battle, and for an hour the two lines remained stationery. At the end of that time, the gleaming of arms in the dry bed of a creek revealed the beginning of a flank movement on the part of the enemy. Seven companies of the Sixty-Ninth went towards the left to meet it, while the Seventy-First marched to the front, both regiments moving through a storm of bullets. The Sixty-Ninth sustained the ordeal; but the Seventy-First was disheartened and horror-struck when men fell on every hand, when Major Conklin was killed, Colonel Topping was mortally wounded, and it was left without a field officer.

When Colonel Cruft arrived on the ground, he sent his Ohio regiment to the right, where the Sixty-Ninth had first stood. It was immediately ordered to take a battery, which threatened the right flank, but was unable to perform the task, and was thrown into confusion by the attempt. Citizens, who, with a dreadful love of excitement, had followed the army, now fled with outcries; ambulance drivers caught the alarm, and the left wing, after nearly four hours of battle, fell back towards the centre. Disorder prevailed. At this critical moment the Eighteenth Kentucky reached the ground, and coolly forming in front of the enemy, prevented immediate

pursuit. The Twelfth and Sixty-Sixth Indiana followed, marching down the road with waving banners, and pushing through the fugitives with steady steps. While the first kept the enemy back, General Manson rallied his men round the two last; but he continued his retreat until he reached the ground where he had skirmished with the enemy the evening before. Here he made a second stand, his own brigade on the left of the road, Cruft's on the right, artillery and cavalry in the rear and on either wing. Corn-fields, woods and fences protected the front. The line was scarcely formed when the enemy attacked it with fury. He was repulsed by the left wing, and he turned all his force against the right. After a terrific struggle he succeeded in outflanking Cruft. A retreat was again ordered, and all was again in confusion.

It was now noon, and the sun's rays were pitiless, but once more the Union troops endeavored to form. The new stand was taken on high ground, three-quarters of a mile south of Richmond. Here, while rallying the brave but now broken Kentucky regiment, Colonel Link was mortally wounded.

General Nelson reached the ground as the little army was gathering up its last energies. He knew beforehand that a battle could only result in disaster, and as he came he turned back to Lexington all the wagons on the road, and ordered out of Richmond all the stores, but when his eyes beheld the disaster, he swore and stormed, brandished his sword and knocked men down as if he were a madman. Balls falling all round him cooled his passion at length, and he shouted, "Come on! If they can't hit me, they can't hit a barn door! I'll show you how to whip the scamps! Stand only a little longer, reinforcements are coming!"

The false promise cheered the fainting troops, and they strove to stand and fight. But their brave spirits could not conquer impossibilities, and in thirty minutes after Nelson's arrival, they were routed. The General, growling with a bullet in his thigh, galloped back to Lexington, but the men did not get off so well.

With a rear-guard formed from all the scattered regiments, the main body reached a point two miles north of Richmond,

when Confederate cavalry appeared across the road in front. A hundred men, rallied by General Manson, met a short success in scattering the horsemen, but ammunition was gone, wagons were jammed together, everything was in confusion, and continued effort was not to be thought of; every man, therefore, took care of himself. Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe, of the Sixteenth, lost his life in attempting to cut his way out. Many, however, got clear of the enemy, and sped straight along the road, and many more escaped through fields and woods to the right and left.

General Manson, flying across a field, tumbled into a ravine, and his horse, with a bullet in his head, rolled on him. His capture was inevitable.

During the night fugitives were pursued in every direction. The next day two thousand were paroled, amidst taunts and jeers from dirty, shirtless Rebels. They endured in silence.

In killed and wounded the Twelfth lost one hundred and seventy-three, including its commander, Colonel Link. The Sixteenth lost two hundred, with its Lieutenant-Colonel, Joel Wolfe. The Sixty-Ninth lost two hundred and eighteen. The Seventy-First, two hundred and fifteen, among them its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Topping, and its Major. The losses of the Sixty-Sixth have not been published. They were probably equal to the Twelfth. Two First Lieutenants in the Sixty-Sixth were killed.

General Manson bears the following testimony to the conduct of the men:

“Taking into consideration the rawness of the troops, there has been no battle during the war where more bravery was displayed by officers and men than in the four battles near Richmond.”

General Cruft stated that the Indiana troops behaved splendidly, till the loss of officers and the overpowering strength of the Rebels threw them into disorder.

Other testimony declares they were thoroughly brave when in position, but were thrown into disorder when a move was attempted. Some of the movements, however, were certainly made with much coolness.

Several color-bearers distinguished themselves. Eli Randall,

of the Sixty-Ninth, while the second line was forming, stood on a fence, and, waiving a flag in the very face of the enemy, cried, "Rally, boys! Rally to the colors!" When the third line was formed, again he stood with his banner, and called for its defenders.

B. C. Stillinger, of the Sixteenth^d brought off his banner, with the spear head shot away, and eleven holes shot through the colors.

The regimental flag of the Twelfth was taken from the dead hand of young Edwin Lennox, as he lay on the field.

The responsibility of the reverse at Richmond, ascribed by the wounded and bereaved State of Indiana to various high officials, and anxiously disclaimed by each in turn, was laid by the commander of the department, himself a Kentuckian, at the doors of Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky, as shown by the following telegram:

LOUISVILLE, September 1st, 1862.

President Lincoln:

The battle near Richmond was disastrous to us. Six Indiana, one Kentucky and one Ohio regiment, besides some Kentucky cavalry were in the engagement. Our troops, especially the Indianians, fought with the courage and gallantry of veterans. If Ohio and Illinois had supported Indiana, and had sent their troops on, the issue of the battle would have been different. Governor Morton has sent to this State, since I have been in command here, over twenty thousand men. If other States had done as well, we could have overwhelmed the enemy. I deplore the loss that noble Indiana has sustained under the circumstances. It was important to meet the enemy before he reached the center of the State, or crossed it, and Indiana, appreciating the importance of it, sent her gallant soldiers to meet the insolent foe, no doubt feeling that they would be supported by Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky. Lexington is reported in possession of the enemy.

J. T. BOYLE, Brigadier-General.

The victorious forces of Kirby Smith marched on to Lexington, Paris, Cynthiana, and still further north; but after approaching and threatening Cincinnati, they retired, and directed their course to Frankfort, which they reached about the time Bragg arrived at Bardstown, and Buell entered Louisville.

It remains to follow General Morgan's division of the Army of the Ohio from the mountains, before returning to the pursuit of Bragg. During one month the division was shut up in the gap, and employed in strengthening the fortifications, in foraging and skirmishing. The skirmishing resulted in the capture of nearly five hundred Confederate soldiers. The foraging was limited to the corn-fields in the immediate neighborhood of the troops. The subsistence consisted of green corn, rice and beans. The men had nothing to replace their worn clothing, and as the mails were of course cut off, no news penetrated to Cumberland Gap, except distorted intelligence from prisoners, or from Southern papers obtained on the exchange of prisoners. According to such information nearly all the chief cities in the North had fallen a prey to Southern conquerors.

Notwithstanding the state of affairs, the troops received, with indignation and regret, orders to abandon the position.

On the 17th of September, at one in the morning, the Thirty-Third Indiana, with thirty pieces of artillery, and a train of three hundred wagons, commenced the movement. At eleven at night, the Forty-Ninth, with the rest of the division, except a blockading squad, followed. The fortifications were left a mass of smoldering ruins. General Morgan ordered all who were unable to march to remain behind, but several regimental commanders interceded or disobeyed, and in consequence but few sick were deserted.

The march was two hundred and fifty miles long, and through the eastern part of Kentucky, which is poor and mountainous. The men all carried graters made of tin plates, and grated corn for their bread and mush. Several times they marched a day without anything to eat. Once they were thirty-six hours without food and eighteen hours without water. Confederate cavalry hovered round, destroying mills and grain, blockading the narrow road, burning bridges, picking up hungry soldiers, and skirmishing daily. At Mt. Sterling they ceased their attentions, and from that point the march proceeded unmolested.

On the 3d of October, having slept nineteen nights without tents, and having marched seventeen days without rations, the

tired and dusty, but still healthy and vigorous, soldiers reached the Ohio river. On the 5th they crossed the river, and went to Oak Hill, where they were received with affectionate and grateful sympathy. A great feast was made for them, and their wants, which were many and various, were soon all supplied.

The Forty-Ninth went to the Kanawha. The Thirty-Third was sent on transports down the Ohio, but arrived at Covington too late to take part in the pursuit of Bragg.

October 1st, General Buell, with his army newly clothed and equipped, re-organized, and enlarged by the addition of many thousand new troops, commenced a slow and cautious movement towards the southeast. One corps, under General Crittenden, formed the right wing, another, under McCook, formed the left, and a third, under General Gilbert, composed the centre. On the 7th, at noon, General Gilbert stopped three miles northwest of Perryville, and waited for the arrival of the right and left wings, the increased warmth of the skirmishing having convinced him that he was close upon a large force of the enemy. General Buell, who accompanied the centre corps, sent messengers to Crittenden and McCook to hasten their advance. He ordered the latter to march at three in the morning, leaving behind all teams, except ammunition wagons and ambulances, to advance until he was abreast of Gilbert, and to report in person immediately after he had formed his line in order of battle.

It was half past two in the morning when the message was received, but long before the sun was up, Rousseau's and Jackson's divisions of McCook's corps were on the march to Perryville. The road was crooked and hilly; the dust was excessive; water, which had been scarce several days, now disappeared altogether; frequent halts were made to wait for the report of scouts, who scoured the country in advance, and, in consequence of these various drawbacks, McCook did not reach the ground until ten o'clock, and was not able to report to General Buell until almost twelve. He received an intimation from the commander-in-chief that there would probably be no battle, owing to the lateness of his arrival,

and the non-arrival of Crittenden, but he was directed to make a reconnoissance to Chaplin river.

General Bragg, however, was determined to give Buell a blow before the separated corps could be brought together, and intelligence from Hardee and Polk, who brought up his rear, recalled him from Harrodsburg for that purpose. During the night of the 7th, his outposts hotly contested the passage of Gilbert's advance division, Sheridan's, over Doctor's creek, and at sunrise they made an effort to drive Sheridan's left from a height which it had gained a half mile or more in advance of the position of the evening before, but they were repulsed, and were retreating when McCook's corps appeared on the Maxville road, and in the fields and woods to the right of the road.

Perryville, around which the two armies were now drawing together, is southwest of Harrodsburg, south of Maxville, southeast of Springfield and east of Lebanon. Bragg came from Harrodsburg, McCook from Maxville, Gilbert from Springfield, and Crittenden was approaching along the Lebanon turnpike, having gone out of his way in the hope of finding water. North of Perryville are Chaplin Hills, a range of irregular and stony ridges, among which winds a river of the same name. Springs of delicious water flow from the hills between the stream and the town, but none are on the northern side, and in dry weather scarcely a single tributary flows into Chaplin river from the north. Corn-fields and woods alternating cover the hills. The corn was now cut and shocked, the foliage of the trees was already thinning, and little, except the brokenness of the ground, obstructed vision.

General Bragg, on his arrival, found his army in line of battle on a high, convenient position, fronting the northwest, General Hardee with the left wing, two divisions, Buckner and Cheatham the centre, each with a division, and Anderson, with one division, on the right. He approved the arrangement, and requested General Polk, who had made it, to retain command. The Confederate Generals made all haste to begin the battle before Crittenden's arrival, and before McCook's division was fully in line.

As if to further their views, though in reality to find water for his suffering men, General Rousseau, during McCook's absence, advanced his division, which formed the right of the corps, towards Chaplin river. He had not moved more than eight hundred yards, when three Confederate batteries, from a concealed position, began an active fire. Rousseau immediately ordered the batteries of Loomis, Simonson and Harris to the top of a ridge, and arranged his infantry behind them, placing Colonel Lytle's brigade, to which belonged the Forty-Second and Eighty-Eighth Indiana, on his right, behind Loomis and Simonson; Colonel Harris' brigade, which included the Thirty-Eighth Indiana, on his left, behind and to the right of Harris' artillery.

A mile in the rear of Rousseau were two farm houses, one of which belonged to a Mr. Russell.

General Jackson's line commenced near Russell's house, his left turning back to the rear in order to take advantage of high ground. Parsons' battery was in his front. The division was composed entirely of raw troops. It included two Indiana regiments, the Eightieth and the Hundred and First. The latter had been detailed as guard to a train ordered that morning to Springfield, and did not participate in the action.

Starkweather's brigade, having been separated from Rousseau's division, to which it belonged, did not approach until the line of battle was formed and artillery firing was already brisk. It then abandoned the road, moved round Jackson's column, and fell in on the left, Captain Bush's Fourth Indiana artillery, and Stone's Kentucky battery, taking high ground on the extreme left. This hastily assumed position protected the ammunition train, which stood on the Maxville road.

Hardee began by throwing his division impetuously on Rousseau, while Buckner advanced towards Jackson. General Polk's two remaining divisions soon joined in the action. It would not have been difficult at this time for Buell to fling Gilbert round on the Confederate left, and break it to pieces, but the General was uninformed of the condition of things, and of course made no such move.

Every part of McCook's corps was at once engaged,

every battery at work, and musketry firing all along his line. Parson's battery, directed by General Jackson, made havoc in the assailing Confederate force, but no check in its progress, and Jackson being one of the first to fall, the battery was captured, and the division driven back, or scattered in confusion. Starkweather's brigade, with Stone's and Bush's batteries, though now separated from every other command, remained firm.

Rousseau's division, through the day, even in defeat, presented a grand spectacle. Every man stood at his post, as if all depended on him alone. Even those whose positions excused them from active participation, threw themselves into the struggle.

James Connelly, of the Thirty-Seventh Indiana, left the signal corps and stood by Rousseau's side, or galloped through the rain of bullets with his messages. More than once McCook's eye lighted up with approval as it fell on his orderlies, three of whom were privates of the Second Indiana cavalry, Isaac Bailey, William Edwards and Henry Knowles, so distinguished even among the brave was their cool bearing.

The Thirty-Eighth Indiana and the Second Ohio, after exhausting their ammunition, emptied the boxes of the dead and wounded, and at last, with fixed bayonets, held their position twenty-five minutes. While they stood there, the great gap on their left, where Jackson went down, was threatened by the triumphant Buckner, but Starkweather, having cleared his own front, now turned artillery and musketry in defence of Rousseau's left flank. Repeatedly Buckner was repulsed, and repeatedly he came back; but at last Starkweather shook him off. Captain Bush lost thirty-five horses, but with the assistance of the First Wisconsin, his guns and caissons were drawn off and saved.*

The second onset on Lytle's brigade was in the sight of a large part of the army. The Confederates advanced in heavy masses down the slopes of the hills. The sunbeams glanced on ten thousand bayonets, and on a long line of haughty

*The artillerymen afterwards presented the Wisconsin regiment with a set of colors in acknowledgement of their brave and friendly assistance.

banners. On they came in the face of pouring artillery. The Union infantry rose from the ground, met them with desperation, and checked the direct current, but only to turn it to a ravine on the right, through which it came with such advantage that the brigade was forced to retreat. Colonel Lytle was mortally wounded, but he would not be carried from the ground. "No," he said to the sergeant, who stooped to lift him in his arms; "*you* may do some good yet; let *mé* die here."

The fire of two batteries and of a heavy infantry force swept over Simonson's artillery, killing sixteen horses and fourteen men, and forcing the guns from their position. The Thirty-Eighth Indiana marched into the space, and with the Tenth Wisconsin three times repulsed the enemy.

Gradually falling back, in spite of stubborn fighting, McCook's corps stood at length near and behind Russell's house and barn. At this time four of the guns of Harris' battery were taken.

No assistance had as yet arrived, although an aid had been dispatched by McCook to ask Gilbert to look to his right, and two other messengers had been sent for reinforcements, one to the nearest commander, and the other to General Schoepf, commanding the first division and reserve of Gilbert's corps, or to the commander of the nearest troops in the rear.

The messenger directed to the nearest commander, first met General Schoepf, who sent him to Gilbert, who sent him to Buell. Galloping from one point to another, the harassed officer at last found the commander-in-chief, to whom he was the first to announce that a battle was in progress. Two hours it had raged, "the severest and most desperately contested engagement, for the time occupied, within Bragg's knowledge," and not an inkling had reached the rear, but two and a half miles distant. General Buell hastened to the field.

McCook's corps was on the verge of destruction; the enemy only eight hundred yards distant was coming nearer every moment, regardless of artillery and musketry still poured into his face, when Colonel Gooding's brigade of Pea Ridge men,

hastening from Gilbert's corps, boldly pressed forward and drew upon itself nearly the whole of the enemy's attention. It fought alone and unsupported two hours, holding the Confederates back, but scarcely making them falter. Once the Twenty-Second Indiana, charging with fixed bayonets, succeeded in throwing them from their position on the right, but a fresh force came in on the left, and nothing was gained.

When the sun set, and the gloom of evening began to gather, the fire gradually slackened, the Confederates partially disappeared, and Gooding cautiously moved forward. He had not taken many steps when he found the enemy close at hand, and became engaged in the fiercest struggle of the day. The courage of the men was equal to the occasion. Lieutenant-Colonel Keith, of the Twenty-Second, waving his sword, and shouting, "We are moving on to victory!" was killed with the inspiring words on his lips. John Adams, the color-bearer of the same regiment, was shot through the right arm; he seized the staff with his left hand; it too was shot, and he caught the flag with his teeth, and held it until he was shot dead.* The second color-bearer was wounded, and the third was killed. Gooding's horse was shot under him, and before he could get away, he was a prisoner.

General Polk, having crowded McCook's troops back and together, turned a large force against Sheridan, and advanced it to his very line through the heavy fire of two batteries, but it was repulsed and driven back through Perryville. At the same time his right, meeting reinforcements brought up by General Buell, and confused by the dusk of evening, began to slacken its firing and to retreat.

During the early part of the night many were taken prisoners while they wandered in search of water.

In the morning the dead and wounded lay on Chaplin Hills, where they had fallen, and the captured cannon stood where they were captured, but General Bragg, with all his army, was gone. General Buell, after the lapse of two or

* John Adams was the only child of a poor widow in Madison. With the first money he received from the Government, he paid his mother's rent in advance, bought her a blanket shawl, flannel, calico, flour and meat. He left her as comfortable as his means would allow.

three hours, sent several bodies of troops in pursuit, directing them to return before night, but he detained the main army on the ground, and spent the day in burying the dead, and in counting up his losses.

The battle of Perryville was almost as unequal a contest as that of Richmond, Bragg having thirty thousand engaged, and Buell not fourteen thousand, of which a large portion consisted of new troops. In this estimate Sheridan's division, which fought but a short time, is not included.

Three hundred of the Twenty-Second Indiana were engaged, and one hundred and seventy-two were killed, wounded and captured; of these fifty-six were killed. The Forty-Second had sixty-four killed and wounded. The Thirty-Eighth lost one hundred and fifty-seven, not more than six being captured. The Eightieth lost one hundred and fifty-seven. Harris' battery lost nineteen. The Second cavalry had two killed. The losses of Simonson's and Bush's batteries, and of the Eighty-Eighth regiment are not known.

In skirmishing or on picket during the battle, the following Indiana regiments were engaged slightly: the Ninth, Tenth, Fifteenth, Thirty-Fifth, Thirty-Sixth, Fortieth, Fifty-Seventh, Forty-Fourth, Eighty-First and Eighty-Seventh. The Fortieth had one man wounded in the hand, the first blood drawn from that regiment by the enemy.

General McCook in his report compliments Dr. Beckwith, of the Thirty-Fifth, for his kind care of wounded men. General Mitchell said of Colonel Gooding, "He did his whole duty as the commander of one of the very best brigades in the service of the Government, and Indiana may feel proud of his conduct in the bloody conflict."

The following letter from Major Shanklin records the part taken by the Forty-Second:

"The night before the battle we encamped near Maxville. Our orders were to march at six in the morning, but events transpired during the night which caused us to march at four. After a few miles we heard cannonading, increasing in volume and intensity, until we reached a hill from which our batteries could be seen. The Rebel artillery being beyond in a strip

of woods, which concealed it from our view, the smoke of their guns alone showed us their position.

"We were first ordered to support one battery, Loomis', which had been thrown rapidly forward, and was then beginning to open fire. Scarcely had we taken this position, when one of Rousseau's aids rode up, stating that the occasion for supporting the battery had ceased, and ordering Colonel Jones to take the regiment down into a ravine in front of Loomis' battery to get water. This ravine was nothing less than a creek, which, owing to the drouth, never in the memory of the oldest settlers equaled before, had become completely dry. In front of the creek, that is facing the enemy, the bank rose gradually towards the woods, where the Rebel guns were, the space between the creek and the woods, about a quarter of a mile, being an open field. All back of us, excepting the road down which we came, and which had been cut out, was a precipitous rocky bluff, from twenty-five to fifty feet high, up which it was impossible to ride a horse, and only possible for a man to climb. This bluff extended down the creek about a quarter of a mile, where the bank gradually ascended again to the place where Loomis had his guns.

"While we were down here an incessant cannonading was kept up, our regiment being between the two fires. Loomis' shells passed over our heads, and although the Rebels did not see us, their shells occasionally dropped in among us. About one o'clock, Captain Bryant and I were lying under a tree eating a sweet potato, when the Captain remarked, 'Loomis must have dismounted some of their guns, they have quit firing.' I said, jokingly, 'Suppose a couple of regiments of cavalry should come down on us through this ravine, wouldn't we be in a nice fix?' We talked several minutes in this way, not dreaming that our conjectures were soon to be realized. The truth is, our Generals did not dream anything of the kind either, or we never should have been put down into such a slaughter trap.

"The Rebel guns had really ceased, but our cannoniers kept blazing away at the place where they had been, jubilant, I suppose, at the idea of having silenced them. The cause of the silence was soon explained. It seems that about half

past twelve, Rebel scouts discovered us, and reported our position to one of their Generals, who is said to have exclaimed, 'There is one regiment gone up, anyhow.' He immediately ordered the batteries which were playing against Loomis to move to our right, to a position commanding the ravine. I can imagine how they laughed in their sleeves at our batteries blazing away at their position, while they were quietly pulling theirs round to a point which would give them every opportunity they could ask. We had no pickets nor skirmishers in that direction.

"I had hardly finished my remark to Captain Bryant when he said, 'Listen! Do you hear that?' We could plainly hear the command given by the Colonel of some regiment up in the woods marching towards us by the flank, 'By company, into line! March!' and immediately afterwards, 'Forward into line by company, left half wheel H!' to form the regiment into line of battle.

"So confident was I, even then, that there was no enemy up there, that I said, 'That is one of our regiments taking position on our right.' The men were lying round with their guns stacked, when suddenly a few stray shots from some of the enemy, whose impatience got ahead of the word of command, came whizzing by us. Colonel Jones immediately called attention, and the men sprang to their arms. The enemy poured down a volley of musketry, and commenced sweeping the ravine with the artillery which we had thought silenced. The first three or four rounds they did not get our range, consequently few were struck.

"At the first shot I mounted my horse, a young stray colt, which, my own horse being lame, I had picked up on the road. He became unmanageable at once; the saddle turned with me, and I dismounted, holding him by the bridle.

"Colonel Jones swung the right wing round, and gave orders to fire; but the enemy was completely hidden by the woods, and the fire was quite ineffectual. At this juncture Colonel Jones received an order to fall back. He told Colonel Denby to take the right wing out, and he would accompany the left. I remained in my position, and saw Colonel Jones come down past me. I could not hear what he said, but seeing the right

wing give way, I supposed the intention was to take the regiment out of the ravine, if possible.

"It was a terrible position. In front a concealed enemy firing volley after volley; on our right a battery throwing grape, with little accuracy, it is true, but all the time getting nearer the range; behind, a steep precipice, up which the men must climb, exposed to the fire of sharpshooters. Colonel Jones rode down the ravine to the place where the bluff ceased, and managed to get out; Colonel Denby and a part of two companies succeeded in getting back up the road that we came down; but the main body was compelled to clamber up the bluff the best way it could. I started up the bluff, climbing rock by rock, grape-shot striking all round. I did not know what the orders were, or whether there were any, and when, on looking back, I saw Captain French's and a part of Captain Eigelman's companies still down in the ravine, firing from behind a little island in the bed of the creek, I turned round and went back, thinking it best for all of us to stay with them. I had been there but a few minutes, when Lieutenant St. John, of Lytle's staff, rode down to the edge of the bluff and waved his hand. His words I could not hear, but I supposed that we were ordered to leave the ravine. Captain Eigelman ran up ahead, and shouted back to me, 'Major, they are flanking us; they are coming down the ravine.' We all then started up the bluff.

"It is a miracle the regiment got out so well. I thought we never could get the regiment together again, and my misery was great; but the men proved themselves true metal, coming up slowly over the hill in line of battle, and looking desperate and determined. We were ordered across the field by the flank, to take position in the woods, and wait the advance of the enemy, now coming up the hill in beautiful style, cheering as though the victory were won, and throwing shell and grape furiously. The screams, the wild, terrible demon yells of the bombs, and the snake-like hissing of the bullets, made that march over Peter's farm decidedly the most interesting trip I ever took. We were very near the woods when, simultaneously with the bursting of a shell over my head, I felt a stunning blow, and fell to the ground. Two

of the men sprang to me, and carried me off. It was only a scalp or flesh wound, however.

"A little after sunset the firing ceased almost entirely. Our regiment had made a splendid charge, during which Captain Olmsted was instantly killed while bravely leading his men and cheering them on. The regiment was again met by overwhelming numbers, and fell back in perfect order, after firing every round in their cartridge-boxes. At this time Colonel Denby's horse was killed, and fell on him. In extricating himself he got behind, and got lost, and he did not find the regiment until late the next morning.

"Do not think the regiment fell back in disorder. None could have done better. The whole brigade was forced back. It was no retreat, only a falling back in obedience to orders. The whole battle was disastrous. Buell is the most stupendous failure on record."

Crittenden's corps came up abreast of Gilbert as early as four. A member of the Eighty-Sixth Indiana, which was in Van Cleve's division of Crittenden's corps, writes:

"We were at hand during the battle of Perryville, in line of battle, and moved across the country the next day in battle array, through brier-patches, corn-fields and duck-ponds, but we camped that night near the battle-field. We visited the scene of the terrible conflict, where the Rebel dead and wounded were still lying. Some of the wounded were cursing the Yankees for invading their country, and others were cursing the Confederates for leaving them in the hands of the enemy."

When General McCook, with Rousseau and Jackson, moved towards Perryville, he directed General Sill, now in command of the second division, to continue his course along the Frankfort road. General Sill had already been engaged in several skirmishes, since leaving Louisville, and he advanced with a proper mixture of caution and courage. In the van of his division were three companies of the western detachment of the Third Indiana cavalry, on this march under fire for the first time.

At Dog Walk General Withers made an effort to capture the division. A portion of his troops attacked Sill in front,

and was repulsed only after a warm engagement of three hours, duration. Another portion would have fallen upon his rear at the same time, but for mistaking a small wagon train with a guard of convalescent soldiers for the object of attack. The train was captured, and with it four hundred and ten prisoners. Some were paroled the first night, after being marched twelve miles; the rest went on to Nicholasville, thirty-five and a half miles, through rain and mud. All the rations given them in two days and two nights were one pint of flour for each man. After being paroled at Nicholasville, they were robbed by Morgan's and Scott's cavalry of the most of the private property their captors had left them. Happy was the man who kept his shoes, his coat, hat, blanket or canteen.

General Bragg expected a close pursuit after the battle of Perryville, and went towards the North for the sake of the good position at Harrodsburg. Not being attacked, he retired to Camp Dick Robinson, from which he receded as the Union army approached. The Ninth Indiana drove his rear out of Danville. General Buell made a desperate attempt to catch him before entering the hilly country near the Cumberland, sending McCook and Crittenden by way of Stanford, and Gilbert through Lancaster, and concentrating the three corps in front of Crab Orchard, where Confederate cavalry and artillery made an imposing display. He threw out skirmishers, put his guns in position, arranged his infantry in line, and made every preparation for battle with caution, exactness and minuteness. When he was all ready, the Confederate army melted away.

The advance divisions pressed on overroads, bad at all times, and now cut to pieces by General Bragg's immense train. As it was impossible for wagons to follow, worn out shoes could not be replaced, and many soldiers were again barefoot. The weather was growing cold, and the pursuit, hurried and hard, yet hopeless, was in its most disagreeable stage. At Wild Cat, Hazen's brigade had a severe skirmish with the enemy's rear. The Ninth Indiana lost four, the Thirty-Sixth lost ten killed and wounded.

The foremost division went thirty miles further, almost to Cumberland Gap, before it gave over the pursuit.

General Bragg took out of Kentucky with Polk's and Hardee's corps, nearly four thousand heavily loaded wagons, and many thousand cattle, sheep, mules and horses.

General Smith's spoils were even greater. He came into the State without a wagon, and his soldiers had nothing but rags on their backs. He went out with a train which was forty miles long, which contained a million yards of jeans, with a corresponding quantity of everything else civilized life affords, and which was followed by fifteen hundred mules and horses and eight thousand beeves.

General Buell's army rested a few days, then pursued the route to Nashville. The march of one regiment tells the story of all.

A member of the Eighty-Sixth writes:

"There was not enough level ground where we halted at Wild Cat for a man to sleep on, and we scattered in all directions, through the woods and down the mountain side. After the first day, when we began to realize that we had actually stopped, we wandered off beyond the pickets in small parties, in search of corn, pumpkins and grapes. A sentinel from the Eighty-Sixth, guarding one of the roads, halted one of these parties, and informed the men that they could not pass unless they could say 'Washington,' the countersign.

"There was but one inhabited house anywhere in the country, and that was a small cabin, situated so far from any possibility of a road that it was a wonder to us how the woman who lived in it, with some little children, ever got there. She no doubt heard the guns at the battle of Wild Cat, and, if she knew what they were, thanked her stars that she did not live among men.

"We spent our evenings among the mountains around our fires, eating grapes and parched corn, brought many a weary mile.

"Our next march led us back the way we came as far as Mt. Vernon, where we turned to the left. Our marches were more regular than when following the enemy. Our route lay through Somerset, Columbia, Glasgow, Scottsville and Gal-

latin. At Somerset we were caught in a great snow storm. It snowed all night, and all we could burn did not keep us warm. At Columbia we got our Sibley tents and overcoats. The former we seldom took the trouble to put up, and the latter served only to burden those who were thoughtless enough to receive them. At Gallatin we crossed the Cumberland on a trestle bridge.

"Our division encamped a few days at Silver Springs, eighteen miles from Nashville, and then marched to Rural Hill, where we were attacked one foggy morning by Wheeler's cavalry, which expected to surprise the camp; but we were ready for anything by daylight. The brigade was encamped so that the moment the regiments took arms a square was formed. The Eighty-Sixth was on the side on which the attack was made, and the men stood their ground with coolness, though the Rebel shells made an ugly noise and dug up the earth about them.

"On the 20th of November, Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Dick joined the Eighty-Sixth. He had been Major of the Twentieth Indiana, and was hailed with joy as an officer of experience and reputation. His heart almost failed him when he saw our condition. Our march through Kentucky, which was as dry as powder, no water being found sometimes for thirty-six hours, and the weather generally being excessively warm, was enough to kill old soldiers, and of course almost ruined our regiment. An hour often fagged the men out and laid them by the roadside. Many were sent back to hospitals; some died along the road; many, who were left behind, found their way home, and were dropped from the rolls as deserters, so that in November we had lost half our number. Colonel Dick, however, lost no time. Beginning with the work of cleaning arms, which scarcely anybody in the regiment understood, he found guns which had been loaded ever since the battle of Perryville.

"On the 26th of November we moved into camp near Nashville, where, before the close of the month, the entire army was concentrated."

CHAPTER XLII.

POLITICAL HISTORY.—THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF INDIANA IN
1861.—REGULAR SESSION.—CALLED SESSION.

"When the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new being unseen hands draw the bolts from the gate of futurity; and all subduing influences prepare the minds of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence, rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all, the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of men."—*Bancroft*.

A history in detail of the relations of the politics and politicians of Indiana to the rebellion, would exceed the scope of this work; but at the same time the connection between the two is so intimate as to render it impracticable to give anything like a correct view of the efforts put forth by the people of this State in the prosecution of the war, and the difficulties with which they were surrounded, without at least noticing some of the most prominent features in our political history during the same period.

The General Assembly of Indiana met in regular session on the 10th day of January, 1861, after President Buchanan and Attorney General Black had officially proclaimed to the world the impotency of the National Government to preserve itself from destruction. In the Senate, the Republican candidate for the Presidency of that body was elected, the vote standing twenty-seven to nineteen, and in the House a Republican Speaker was elected, the vote standing fifty-nine to thirty-six. These votes sufficiently indicate the political complexion of the Legislature. By the death of Governor A. P. Willard in October, 1860, the office of Governor devolved on the Lieutenant-Governor. Hon. A. A. Hammond, who,

like Governor Willard, belonged to and had been elected by the Democratic party.

On Friday, January 11th, 1861, Governor Hammond delivered his annual message before the two Houses of the General Assembly, met in joint convention. On the 14th day of the same month, the two Houses again assembled in joint convention, and the returns of the votes cast for the offices of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, at the preceding October election, were opened and published by the Speaker, and the result proclaimed was, that for Governor Henry S. Lane had received 136,720 votes, and Thomas A. Hendricks had received 126,768 votes, and that for Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver P. Morton had received 136,470 votes, and David Turpie had received 126,192 votes.

Hon. Henry S. Lane was thereupon declared to be duly elected Governor, to serve for four years from and after the second Monday in January, 1861, and Hon. Oliver P. Morton was declared to be duly elected Lieutenant-Governor for the same period. Governor Lane thereupon delivered his inaugural message to the joint convention by whom his election had just been proclaimed.

The messages of Governor Hammond and Governor Lane, delivered only three days apart, may be supposed to afford a correct index to the sentiment at that time of the two great parties to which they respectively belonged.

In discussing the condition of the country, Governor Hammond, in imitation of President Buchanan and Attorney General Black, declared the General Government to be "*a Government of affection, and not of force.*" He exhorted the General Assembly "to show to the people of the Confederacy that Indiana will maintain the constitutional right of every State in this Union; that she will extend to the South all rights in the Territories belonging to the Government that she would claim for herself; that she will look to the Constitution and the laws to determine rights of property, and not permit any moral question to interpose to affect that determination, and that all property recognized by the Constitution and laws should be *alike protected.*"

Governor Lane, in his inaugural, proclaimed the doctrine

“that secession is treason, and that every citizen of the Union is under an obligation to defend the country and its constitution and laws against the attacks of foreign enemies and the assaults of domestic traitors.” He gave the assurance that the people of the State, with very few exceptions, were resolved to support the President of the United States in the free exercise of all his constitutional powers with the manliness and courage of a free people. And while Governor Lane announced that “if the anti-Democratic, anti-Republican position now assumed by a large party at the South be true, that the result of a Presidential election, legally and constitutionally conducted in all respects, is to be held a good reason for a dissolution of the Union,” then the Union can only be preserved by a base surrender of the rights of the majority to rule, and by striking down that liberty and equality which the Constitution was ordained and established to guarantee and perpetuate. He at the same time proclaimed that the people of Indiana were in favor of an amicable settlement of the existing difficulties between the different parts of the Republic, but that such settlement, to be permanent and final, must be based upon measures equal and just in their operations, and alike honorable to all portions of our common country. The Governor concluded by asserting that there were certain rights (which he enumerated) belonging to every citizen of the United States by the laws of God and man, and that these rights would be maintained and perpetuated by the people of the United States in defiance of all opposition, and even by the free use of the sword, if all other means should fail.

The sentiment of the two parties may also be gathered from the proceedings of the two Houses of the General Assembly at the same session. Early in the session in the Senate a majority of the Committee on Federal Relations, consisting of the Republican members of that committee, reported the following joint resolution, which subsequently passed both Houses of the General Assembly:

“WHEREAS, The peace and harmony of the Republic are so disturbed as to excite in the mind of all patriots the most serious apprehensions of the public welfare,

“And Whereas, It is the duty of all loyal citizens of our beloved country to exert themselves to the utmost to avert the dangers that threaten to overthrow the stability and permanence of our free institutions, and to remove the cause or causes, if any such exist, that have arrayed one portion of a once united and happy people against the other;

“And, whereas, We duly appreciate the blessings of the Union under the operation and control of the Federal Constitution, as they were devised and intended by the fathers of the Republic;

“And, whereas, We regard the dissolution of the Union and the subversion of the Constitution as a calamity so terrible in its consequence that we can contemplate it only as a mighty evil, the extent and magnitude of which we can estimate when we shall have become a broken, disjointed people, at war among ourselves, and a prey to our enemies;

“And whereas, In view of all these considerations, we, as a part of the people of this Republic, inviolably attached to its government, and owing the most undivided allegiance to all of its laws enacted by authority, and in compliance with the provisions of its Constitution, do hereby earnestly pledge ourselves, and resolve by the Senate, the House concurring therein, that, as we have not in the past contributed in any degree to bring about the state of things which threatens to result in overwhelming calamity and unparalleled crime, we will not hereafter do any act or acts that will tend to weaken the bands of Union, violate the Constitution of the United States, or oppose or otherwise interfere with any of the laws passed under and by authority of the same.

“*Resolved*, That the maintainance of the rights of the State, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to the balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends, and that we, as a portion of the people, will abide by and maintain the same in theory and practice; and in view of the fact that several of the States in the Federal Union have placed themselves in an attitude of hostility

towards the Government, in our opinion, without justifiable cause, therefore,

"Be it resolved, by the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring therein, that all firm, wise, dignified and patriotic measures, having for their object the preservation of the Union and maintainance of the National authority under the Constitution of the United States, whether adopted by the present or incoming administration, should be sustained with firmness and determination; and in behalf of the people of the State of Indiana, we hereby pledge to the Federal Government whatever of power or purpose a loyal and patriotic State should contribute in the effort to preserve the only government on earth wherein the rights of man constitute the foundation of its laws and the measure of its civil authority.

"Resolved That the citizens and Representatives of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, who have patriotically resisted the progress of secession, are entitled to our admiration and the gratitude of all other Union-loving citizens."

Simultaneously with the reporting of the above recited joint resolution by the majority of the Committee on Federal Relations, the minority of the members of that committee, consisting of Democrats, made a minority report, in which they dissented from the majority report, because its recommendations were equal to the demands of the crisis, and presented in lieu thereof a memorial to Congress, the adoption of which was recommended. This memorial and the accompanying resolution are too long for insertion here, but its spirit is sufficiently indicated by the following extract, viz:

"While the State of Indiana is firmly attached to the Union of the States, and regards the unbroken peace of the country as an indispensable condition of its continuance, and while she denies the asserted constitutional right to secede from the Federal Union, and while she recognizes a plain duty in the Federal Government to enforce the Federal laws and maintain the Federal supremacy over Federal property, yet she recognizes the duty and the policy of moderation and forbearance on the part of the Federal Government towards the seceding States, and at this juncture only the civil powers

of the Government can safely be used to enforce the laws; and in behalf of the Union and the peaceful enforcement of the laws, the State of Indiana exhorts the National Congress to second by legislation the efforts of the Executive to enforce the laws by civil process; and while the State of Indiana recognizes as the last resort the inalienable right of revolution by a *State*, for sufficient cause, and while she does not regard the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency alone as furnishing a sufficient cause for revolution, yet, in frankness and justice to her sister States, she is bound to say that the aggregate of grievances which the South has sustained at the hands of the North, including the election of a sectional President, upon a simple anti-slavery issue, does furnish good grounds of alarm to the slave-holding States, and justifies them in demanding concessions and new guarantees for the safety of their institutions."

The memorial then endorses the Crittenden compromise, and prays for its passage, and in the event of its defeat, prays that a National Convention of the States be called to consider amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and in conclusion the memorial asserts "that the solution of the impending calamity is to be found in conciliation and compromise, and not in the power of the sword,—which, if once drawn, will never be returned until every State in the Union has become a blood stained desert."

On the 23d day of January, 1861, the vote was taken on the preamble and joint resolution reported by the majority of the Committee on Federal Relations, and resulted in their adoption by a vote of twenty-eight to eleven, all of those voting in the affirmative being Republicans, except two, and all of those voting in the negative being Democrats.

February 21, 1861, the same joint resolution was put upon its passage in the House, and the result of the vote was that fifty-eight Republicans voted for the preamble and resolutions, and twenty-six Democrats voted against them, and six Democrats were present refusing to vote. This joint resolution of the Senate had been referred in the House to a select committee of thirteen, and the Republican majority of that committee had reported it back and recommended its passage.

The Democratic members of the same committee made a lengthy minority report. Space can only be here afforded for the following significant extract from this minority report, viz:

“They (the minority of the committee) would further say that they believe this Government ‘derives its just powers from the consent of the governed,’ and that it would become subversive of the very spirit of liberty and natural right to attempt by the strong arm of Federal power, backed up as it would be by the army and navy, to coerce or compel the people of any State or States to remain an integral part of a government they desire to separate from, and that we cannot view but with serious alarm any attempt on the part of the General Government to make vassals and serfs of the freemen of the country, to do homage to a great power at the point of the sabre or bayonet. If such a course should be pursued and be successful, the free citizens of Indiana would have no guarantee of their liberties worth the name; and when a dominant party, placed in power upon the very question which is now disrupting the government, attempts to enforce its political creeds and dogmas at the point of the bayonet and at the cannon’s mouth, it becomes every freeman to say whether he will stand idly by and see despotism flourish, or whether he shall take the part and espouse the cause of those who shoulder their arms to protect and preserve their rights and liberties. We believe we will be safe in saying that we speak the sentiments of more than one hundred thousand freemen of Indiana that we will not assist in the scheme, that we will not stand idly by, but, remembering the illustrious examples of their fathers, fight to keep the fires of equal rights, justice and liberty.”

Accompanying the report from which the above is extracted were five resolutions, the adoption of which were recommended. The first of the resolutions named five commissioners to the Peace Congress, viz: Henry S. Lane, Caleb B. Smith, William T. Otto, Cyrus L. Dunham and Thomas A. Hendricks; the second endorsed and accepted the Crittenden propositions; the third instructed the Senators and requested the Representatives of Indiana in Congress to use their influence to have said propositions accepted by Congress, and

that they do all in their power to have a convention of delegates to amend the Constitution; the fourth, that the people of Indiana should have an opportunity to express their opinions upon said propositions at the ballot-box; and that a law should be passed as soon as possible to allow the people to vote for or against such propositions on the 22d day of February next ensuing.

During the pendency of the minority report in the House, a motion was made by a Democratic Representative to amend that report by adding the following resolution, viz:

“Resolved, That it is impolitic and inexpedient to coerce by force of arms any seceding States.”

This resolution was tabled by a vote of fifty-three to thirty-three, those voting for the motion to lay on the table being Republicans, and those voting against the motion being Democrats.

The General Assembly also at the same session adopted a joint resolution, of which the following is a copy:

“WHEREAS, The State of Virginia has transmitted to this State resolutions, adopted by her General Assembly, inviting all such States as are willing to unite with her in an earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies in the spirit in which the Constitution was originally formed, to send commissioners to meet those appointed by that State in convention, to be held in the city of Washington, on the 4th day of February next, to consider and, if possible, to agree upon some suitable adjustment;

“And whereas, Some of the States to which invitations were extended by the State of Virginia, have already responded and appointed their commissioners, therefore,

“Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, That we accept the invitation of the State of Virginia in the true spirit of fraternal feeling, and that the Governor of this State is hereby directed and empowered to appoint five commissioners to meet the commissioners appointed by our sister States to consult upon the unhappy differences now dividing the country; but the said commissioners shall take no action that will commit this State until nineteen of the States (of the Union) are represented, and

without first having communicated with this General Assembly in regard to such action, and having received the authority of the same so to commit the State.

“Resolved, That while we are not prepared to assent to the terms of settlement proposed by the State of Virginia, and are fully satisfied that the Constitution, if fairly interpreted and obeyed, contains ample provision within itself for the correction of the evils complained of, still, with a disposition to reciprocate the patriotic desire of the State of Virginia, and to have harmoniously adjusted all differences existing between the States of the Union, this General Assembly is induced to respond to the invitation of Virginia by the appointment of the commissioners herein provided for, but as the time fixed for the convention to assemble is so near at hand that the States cannot be represented, it is expected that the commissioners on behalf of this State will insist that the convention adjourn until such time as the States shall have an opportunity of being represented.

“Resolved, That his Excellency, the Governor, be requested to transmit copies of these resolutions to the Executives of each of the States of the Union.”

This joint resolution passed the House by a vote of ninety in the affirmative to six in the negative, all the Republican members voting in the affirmative and six Democratic members voting in the negative.

Two days after the passage of the above recited joint resolution, twenty-seven Democratic members of the House, *who voted in favor of its passage*, signed and presented to the House a protest against its passage in these words, to wit:

“The undersigned members of the House of Representatives of the State of Indiana, who voted ‘aye’ upon the passage of House Joint Resolution No. —, providing for the appointment of commissioners to meet the commissioners of other States at Washington, on the 4th of February, 1861, under certain restrictions, do hereby enter their protest against the passage of said resolutions in the shape in which they were passed. They deem it unwise and improper to confer upon the Governor a power which rightly belongs to the representatives of the people; that it was wrong and impolitic to

declare in such resolutions that the General Assembly does not assent to the Virginia basis of settlement, believing as we do that even if the General Assembly would not recognize the innumerable petitions and requests of our constituents in favor of the substance of said basis of compromise, it would have been better to have given no instructions to said commissioners. And we further protest against the unwise limitations in said resolutions as to the number of States to be represented in the conference. For these reasons we protest against the passage of said resolutions in the manner and form in which they were offered and voted upon. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we have been and are desirous and anxious that commissioners should be appointed in response to the patriotic call of Virginia, and for that purpose we have all labored earnestly and zealously from the day the resolutions of Virginia were laid before the General Assembly."

When this joint resolution was under consideration in the Senate, it was moved that so much thereof as relates to the appointment of the commissioners by the Governor be stricken out, and that the names of Thomas A. Hendricks, Cyrus L. Dunham, Henry S. Lane, Caleb B. Smith and William T. Otto be inserted in the proper place as such commissioners. This motion to amend was laid upon the table by a vote of Twenty-seven to eighteen, those voting in the affirmative being Republicans, and those voting in the negative, with one exception, being Democrats.

It was further moved to amend by adding a resolution setting forth "that the proposition lately submitted by Hon. John J. Crittenden to the Senate of the United States, constitutes a fair basis for the action of said commissioners in the adjustment of our National troubles." On motion, this amendment was laid upon the table, twenty-six Republicans voting in the affirmative, and nineteen Democratic Senators voting in the negative. The joint resolution then passed the Senate by a vote of forty-three to three, the three voting in the negative being Democrats.

Having made the political record of which the foregoing

is believed to be a correct index, the Legislature adjourned *sine die* on the 11th day of March, 1861.

Governor Morton appointed the following named gentlemen commissioners to the Peace Congress under the joint resolution: Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Hon. P. A. Hackleman, Hon. G. S. Orth, Hon. E. W. H. Ellis and Hon. T. C. Slaughter.

Fort Sumter surrendered on the 14th day of April, 1861, and on the same day the President issued his proclamation calling upon the militia of the several States of the Union to enter the military service of the United States to the aggregate number of 75,000 men, "to maintain the laws and the integrity of the National Union and the perpetuity of popular governments, and redress wrongs that have long been endured."

On the 15th day of April, Governor Morton received an official dispatch from the Secretary of War calling upon Indiana for six regiments as her quota of the 75,000 men required by the President's proclamation, and on the next day the Governor issued the following proclamation:

"WHEREAS, An armed rebellion has been organized in certain States of this Union, having for its purpose the overthrow of the Government of the United States;

"And whereas, The authors and movers in this rebellion have seized by violence various forts and arsenals belonging to the United States, and otherwise plundered the Government of large amounts of money and valuable property;

"And whereas, Fort Sumter, a fortress belonging to the United States, the exclusive possession and jurisdiction over which was vested in the General Government by the Constitution of the United States, has been beseiged by a large army, and assaulted by a destructive cannonade, and reduced to submission, and the National flag hauled down in dishonor;

"And whereas, The President of the United States, in the exercise of the power vested in him by the Federal Constitution, has called upon the several States remaining true to their allegiance to aid him in the enforcement of the laws, the recovery of the National property, and the maintenance of the rightful authority of the United States:

"Now, therefore, I, Oliver P. Morton, Governor of the State of Indiana, call upon loyal and patriotic men of this State, to the number of six regiments, to organize themselves into military companies, and forthwith report the same to the Adjutant General in order that they may be speedily mustered into the service of the United States.

"The details of the organization are set forth in the instructions of the Adjutant General, herewith published.

"OLIVER P. MORTON, Governor.

"By LEWIS WALLACE, Adjutant General.

"Indianapolis, April 16, 1861."

On the day of the issuing of this proclamation, recruiting immediately commenced at Indianapolis, and within one week not only the six regiments called for reported for duty, but *forty* additional companies were tendered, but could not be received, because the quota of the State was full. The six regiments consisted of the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Indiana volunteers, all of which were mustered into the service of the United States on the 25th day of April, 1861, for the period of three months.

On the 15th of April the President issued his proclamation calling upon the Congress of the United States to meet in special session, on the 4th day of July then next ensuing, and on the 19th day of April Governor Morton issued his proclamation, requiring the General Assembly of the State to meet in special session on the 24th day of the same month.

The Legislature met at the time appointed, and on the first day of the session the following resolutions were adopted by the Senate without opposition, viz:

"*Resolved*, That Indiana is a unit in sustaining the Government, in enforcing the laws, maintaining the Union of the States, and protecting the honor of the American flag, and to that end the Legislature will vote all the men and money necessary.

"*And be it further resolved*, That the Governor of the State be and he is hereby requested to hold and retain all the volunteers now in Camp Morton not included in the six regiments, until otherwise ordered by the Legislature."

The Senate was also organized on the same day by the

election of Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Principal Door-keeper, and Assistant Door-keeper by unanimous votes of the Senate, the persons elected being selected equally from the two great political parties of the State.

In the House of Representatives, Hon. Cyrus M. Allen, Speaker of the House, presented the resignation of himself, and the Clerk, Assistant Clerk and Door-keeper. The House then proceeded to the election of a Speaker, and, thereupon, Hon. Horace Heffren, who had been the Democratic candidate for the office of Speaker of the House at the preceding regular session of the General Assembly, addressed the House as follows:

“MR. CLERK: Scarcely four months since you and I met in this hall as members of two opposing political parties. At that time the honorable gentleman from Knox (Mr. Allen) was selected as a candidate for Speaker of this House by one of those political parties, and I was selected as the candidate of the other political party. Times have changed. The Union that you and I love, and we all love, the Star Spangled Banner which my hands, and the hands of my gray haired friend here, assisted in raising over the dome of this building, is in danger. Union and harmony and concession should now be our motto. Our coming together now falls upon a time when our country is menaced with danger, and when our homes and our firesides should be protected. It is, therefore, that on this occasion I take great pleasure in having the privilege of nominating for Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Hon. Cyrus M. Allen, of the county of Knox.”

The vote was thereupon taken, and Mr. Allen, having received all the votes cast, was declared unanimously elected Speaker of the House. A Clerk, Assistant Clerk and Door-keeper were also elected by unanimous votes, thereby completing the organization of the House.

On the next day, April 25th, Governor Morton delivered to the two Houses of the General Assembly, in joint convention met, the following message:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

You have been summoned together under circumstances of the most grave and important character. Our country is placed in a condition hitherto unknown in her history, and one which all patriots and lovers of liberty throughout the world had fondly hoped would never occur. Civil war, that has ever been the bane of Republics, has been inaugurated by certain rebellious States, which, unmindful of their constitutional obligations, and regarding not our common history, blood, interests and institutions, are seeking to dismember the Nation and overthrow the Federal Government, so wisely, and as we had believed, permanently established by our fathers.

The origin of this most wicked rebellion dates back more than thirty years. It is well known that distinguished Southern statesmen, as early as 1829, cherished the dream of a vast Southern Slaveholding Confederacy, comprehending the conquest of Cuba, Mexico and Central America. The determination was then formed to break our Republic into pieces by any available pretext. The first one seized upon by South Carolina, was the tariff question; and had not the Nation had for its Executive a man greatly distinguished for patriotism, courage and decision of character, wide spreading and disastrous consequences might have followed. By prompt and energetic action, the rebellion was crushed out for a time, to be revived, as subsequent events have shown, on new pretenses and in another form.

The election of a President of the United States through the forms of the Constitution, entertaining opinions obnoxious to certain States of the Confederacy, is boldly published to the world as just cause for the dissolution of the Union, and bringing on if necessary for that purpose all the horrors of a bloody revolution. It would be an insult to your intelligence to argue that the admission of this pretence as a justification would be clearly fatal to all republican government; that popular institutions can only be sustained by submission to the will of the people as expressed through the forms of the Constitution, trusting to the peaceful remedy of the ballot-box for the redress of grievances. And the wickedness

of this pretence is greatly aggravated by the reflection that it is utterly hypocritical, that it was only put forward in furtherance of schemes entertained for years, and supported by notoriously false assumptions of fact and logic.

When we read the history of the late Democratic convention at Charleston by the light of subsequent events, can we fail to see that the scheme of secession and dismemberment of the Republic was then completely formed, and that the disruption of that convention was one of the steps towards its consummation? If confirmation of this opinion were needed, it will be found in the fact that certain traitorous members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet were systematically engaged, for many months before the late Presidential election, in placing the arms and defences of the Nation in a position to be readily seized by the seceding States.

Secession was at first argued as a right springing from the Constitution itself, but as the movement gained strength, the flimsy pretext was abandoned, and ceased to be a subject of discussion, and what in an hour of weakness was claimed by feeble argument, is now boldly asserted by military power.

The North, conscious of her strength and the rectitude of her intentions, has hitherto remained quiet, making no preparations whatever for a conflict of arms. Her forbearance has been construed into cowardice, and her efforts to keep the peace have but provoked increased insolence and aggression. The secession movement has from the beginning been an act of war. Ordinances of secession have been immediately followed and sometimes preceded by the violent seizure and plunder of National property, and the forcible expulsion of the agents and officers of the Federal Government. From the very first, and at every step in its progress, it has been distinguished by acts of hostility and outrage, alike injurious to the Nation and insulting to the people of the loyal States.

The secessionists were profoundly convinced that the co-operation of the Border Slave States could not be procured without a conflict of arms between them and the Federal Government, and hence have labored assiduously to place the Government in a position that a collision could not be avoided, except by the most abject submission and humiliation. The

intention to force a conflict has been most apparent, and delay was suffered only that they might complete their preparations, and when at last their preparations were complete, and wearied by the long forbearance of the Government, they inaugurated hostilities by assaulting and reducing Fort Sumter.

The place where Fort Sumter is situated had been regularly ceded by the State of South Carolina to the Federal Government, and by an express provision of the Constitution was under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. It was unfinished, and held by a garrison of less than one hundred men, and while in this condition was invested by a large army, cutting off all approach to it by land or sea. The stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and the immediate prospect was presented to the feeble garrison of starvation or yielding up into the hands of an avowed enemy a fortress of the United States. At this juncture, the Federal Government, which had waited long, perhaps too long, declared its determination to send provisions to the garrison. Before this attempt could be made, and before a single sail of the fleet was seen off the harbor, a powerful cannonade was opened upon Sumter, which resulted in its destruction and surrender.

Every day brings us intelligence of new outrage and assault. Throughout the rebellious States is heard the note of preparation for an extensive and aggressive campaign. The National capital is menaced, and every avenue of approach for Federal troops and provisions is attempted to be cut off. The free navigation of the Mississippi river, the great artery of commerce of the Northwest, is obstructed; and the usurping government of the rebellious States has issued a proclamation inviting the freebooters of all the world to prey upon our National commerce.

We have passed from the field of argument to the solemn fact of war, which exists by the act of the seceding States. The issue is forced upon us, and must be accepted. Every man must take his position upon the one side or upon the other. In time of war there is no ground upon which a third party can stand. It is the imperative duty of all men to

rally to the support of the Government, and to expend in its behalf, if need be, their fortunes and their blood. Upon the preservation of this Government depends our prosperity and greatness as a nation; our liberty and happiness as individuals. We should approach the contest not as politicians, nor as ambitious partizans, but as patriots, who cast aside every selfish consideration when danger threatens their country. The voice of party should be hushed, and the bitterness that may have sprung out of political contests be at once forgiven and forgotten. Let us rise above these paltry considerations, and inaugurate the era when there shall be but one party, and that for our country. The struggle is one into which we enter with the deepest reluctance. We are bound to the people of the seceding States by the dearest ties of blood and institutions. They are our brothers and our fellow countrymen. But if they regard not these tender relations, how can we? If they wage war upon us and put themselves in the attitude of public enemies, they must assume all the responsibilities incident to that position. But while I deplore deeply the character of the contest in which we are engaged, nevertheless we should meet it as men.

To our sister State of Kentucky we turn with hope and affection. She has grown rich and prosperous in the Republic; could she do more if she were out of it? It would be a sad day that would sever the bond which binds these States together, and place us in separate and hostile nations. I appeal to her by the ties of common kindred and history; by our community of interest; by the sacred obligations that bind us to maintain the Constitution inviolate, to adhere to the Union, and stand fast by that flag in defence of which she has so often shed her best blood. I pray her to examine her past history and perceive how the tide of her prosperity has flowed on unbroken, and ever increasing, until her limits are filled with material wealth, and her people are respected, elevated and happy; and then inquire if all this is not the result of that Union she is called upon to break, and of that government she is invited to dishonor and overthrow. To ask Kentucky to secede is to ask her to commit foul dishonor and suicide. I trust that the good sense and patriotism of

her people will not suffer her to be dragged by the current of events, which has been cunningly invented for that purpose, into the vortex of disunion, nor permit her to be artfully inveigled into an armed neutrality between the rebellious States and the Federal Government. Such a position would be anomalous and fatal to the peace and perpetuity of the Union. There is no ground in the Constitution midway between a rebellious State and the Federal Government upon which she can stand, holding both in check, and restraining the Government from the enforcement of the laws and the exercise of its constituted authority. Such an attitude is at once unconstitutional and hostile. At a time like this, if she is not for the Government, aiding and maintaining it by the observance of all her constitutional obligations, she is against it. If the voice of her people can be heard, I fear not the result. Secession can only triumph, as it has triumphed in other States, by stifling the voice of the people and by the bold usurpation, by demagogues and traitors, of the powers which rightfully belong to them alone. And I might here remark, it is quite manifest that the schemes of the authors and managers of the rebellion extend far beyond the dissolution of the Union, and embrace the destruction of the democratic principle of government, and the substitution of an aristocracy in its stead. In the seceding States the control of public affairs has been withdrawn substantially from the people, and every proposition to submit to their consideration, measures of the most vital importance, has been contemptuously overruled; and we are in truth called upon to fight not only for the Union, but for the principles upon which our State and National Governments are founded.

If the rebellious States hope to profit by dissension in the North, they have erred egregiously, and have wholly failed to comprehend our people. Our divisions were merely political, and not fundamental; and party lines faded instantly from sight when the intelligence went abroad that war was being waged against the nation. When the sound of the first gun reverberated through the land, the people of the North arose as one man, and declared that the Government must be sustained, and the honor of our flag preserved inviolate at what-

ever cost. The events of the last ten days are pregnant with instruction and moral grandeur. They present the action of a people who have suffered much and waited long; who were slow to take offence and incredulous of treason and danger; but who, when the dread appeal to arms was made, and the issue could no longer be avoided with honor or safety, promptly abandoned the peaceful pursuits of life, and devoted themselves to the service of their country. I trust that the force of this lesson may not be lost upon our erring brethren of the South, and that they will at once perceive they have inaugurated a contest from which they cannot emerge with honor and profit.

On the 15th day of the present month, the President of the United States issued his proclamation calling upon the loyal States to furnish 75,000 men for the protection of the Government, the suppression of rebellion and the enforcement of the laws. Subsequently the quota to be furnished by Indiana was fixed at six regiments, of seven hundred and seventy men each. In obedience to this call, I issued my proclamation, calling for volunteers, and in less than eight days more than twelve thousand men have tendered their services, and the contest among the companies has been earnest and exciting as to which shall secure a place within the quota. This response has been most gratifying and extraordinary, and furnishes indubitable evidence of the patriotism of Indiana, and her entire devotion to the Union. Without distinction of party, condition or occupation, men have rallied around the National standard, and in every part of the State may be heard the sound of martial music, and witnessed the mustering of companies into the field. In view of this remarkable response made to the proclamation on the 20th instant, I tendered to the President for the service of the United States six additional regiments; but telegraphic and postal communication having been cut off with Washington, no answer has been received up to this time. A camp was formed in the neighborhood of this city for the reception of the troops, and Major Wood, of the United States army, has been busily engaged for several days in mustering them into the service. There are in camp ——— companies, being an

excess of the number called for by the President, and in addition to that, every company largely exceeds, and in some instances more than doubles the number that can be finally received into the company. Some companies came by mistakes unavoidably occurring in the office of the Adjutant General, and others without marching orders. They will be retained in camp, and provided with quarters and subsistence, awaiting the action of the Legislature. I cannot refrain from here expressing the opinion that has been uttered by many who have visited the camp, that finer material for a gallant army was never assembled.

The report of the Adjutant General, Lewis Wallace, is herewith transmitted, and I beg leave in this manner to tender him my hearty thanks for his able and efficient services in that department.

In view of all the facts, it becomes the imperative duty of Indiana to make suitable preparations for the contest by providing ample supplies of men and money to ensure the protection of the State and General Government in the prosecution of the war to a speedy and successful termination. I therefore recommend that one million of dollars be appropriated for the purchase of arms and munition of war, and for the organization of such portion of the Militia as may be deemed necessary for the emergency. That a militia system be devised and enacted, looking chiefly to volunteers, which shall insure the greatest protection to the State, and unity and efficiency of the force to be employed. That a law be enacted defining and punishing treason against the State. That a law be enacted suspending the collection of debts against those who may be actually employed in the military service of the State or the United States. That suitable provision be made by the issue of the bonds of the State or otherwise for raising the money herein recommended to be appropriated. And that all necessary and proper legislation be had to protect the business, property and citizens of the State, under the circumstances in which they are placed.

O. P. MORTON, Governor.

On the 26th day of April, 1861, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the House of Representatives:

"WHEREAS, Treason, as defined by the Constitution of the United States, prevails to an alarming extent in several of the States of the Union;

"And whereas, In view of this fact, it has become the duty of the President of the United States to call upon the military power of the country to quell the insurrectionary and rebellious proceedings in the said States, and to enforce the laws and preserve the Union from disruption; therefore,

"1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana*, That to suppress such insurrections, to enforce the laws of the General Government, and restore peace and good order to the country, the entire resources of the State are hereby tendered.

"2. *Resolved*, That we call upon all good citizens, irrespective of party, to rally in solid phalanx to the rescue of their common country, pledging their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to redeem it from the danger in which it has been placed by the hands of traitors.

"3. *Resolved*, That in our neighbors of Kentucky and other border States, whose loyalty to the Union has been and is unshaken, we have the utmost confidence, and assure them of our faith in their patriotism.

"4. *Resolved*, That the Governor be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions forthwith to the President of the United States and to the Governors of all the States."

On the 6th day of May, 1861, the General Assembly passed an act appropriating the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000,) to the Governor's contingent fund for the purpose of paying the expenses of calling out and sustaining the militia under the requisition of the President of the United States.

On the 9th day of the same month an act was passed entitled "An act to define certain felonies, and to provide for the punishment of persons guilty thereof." By this act it was provided that any person or persons, belonging to or residing within this State, or under the protection of its laws, who shall take or accept a commission or commissions from

any person or persons, State or States, or other enemies of this State or of the United States, for the purpose of joining or commanding any army or band of men hostile to or in rebellion against this State or the United States, or who shall knowingly and wilfully aid or assist any enemies in open war or persons in rebellion against this State or the United States by joining their armies or by enlisting or procuring or persuading others to enlist for that purpose, or by furnishing such enemies or persons in rebellion with arms or ammunition or provisions, or any other articles for their aid or comfort, or by shipping, sending or carrying to such enemies or rebels, or their agents, any arms, ammunition or provisions or other articles for their aid or comfort, or by carrying on any traitorous correspondence with them, or shall form or be in anywise concerned in forming any combination or plot or conspiracy for betraying this State or the United States, or the armed forces of either, into the hands or power of any foreign enemy, or of any organized or pretended government engaged in resisting the laws or authority of the Government of the United States of America, or shall give or send any intelligence to any such enemies or pretended government, or their forces, for that purpose, every person so offending shall, upon conviction thereof, be imprisoned in the State Prison for a term not less than two nor more than twenty-one years, and be fined a sum not exceeding ten thousand dollars.

By the second section of the same act it is provided that every person who shall within this State build, construct, alter, fit out, or aid or assist in building, constructing or fitting out any vessel or boat for the purpose of making war or privateering or other purpose, to be used in the service of any person or parties whatsoever, to make war on the United States of America, or to resist by force the execution of the United States, or for the purpose of privateering under the authority of any organized or pretended government, shall, upon conviction thereof, be imprisoned in the State Prison for a term not less than two nor more than twenty-one years, and be fined in a sum not exceeding ten thousand dollars.

On the 11th day of May, 1861, the General Assembly passed an act entitled "An act for the organization and reg-

ulation of the Indiana militia, prescribing penalties for violations of said regulations, providing for the election and appointment of officers, defining the duties of military and civil officers, and penalties for the neglect or violation thereof, providing for courts martial, councils of administration, making appropriations for the support of said militia, repealing all laws heretofore enacted on that subject, saving certain acts therein named, and declaring an emergency for the immediate taking effect thereof."

The Legislature also passed an act assuming a loan made by the Governor, Auditor, Treasurer, and Secretary of State of twenty-five thousand dollars, borrowed from the Indianapolis Branch of the State Bank of Indiana, upon the private credit of the said officers of State for the use of the State, to enable the Governor to comply with the requisition for troops made by the President of the United States, as before stated.

Another act was passed authorizing a loan of two millions of dollars, and the issuing of bonds therefor, to furnish the means for repelling invasion, and providing for the public defence.

It was also provided by an act of the Legislature, approved May 11th, 1861, that the Boards of Commissioners of the several counties of the State, and the incorporated cities and towns of the State, should be authorized to appropriate out of their respective county, city or town treasuries such sums of money as they may deem proper for the protection and maintenance of the families of volunteers in the army of the United States and of the State of Indiana during the continuance of such armies, and to make such appropriations for the purchase of arms and equipments, for the raising and maintaining of military companies within their respective jurisdictions, either for home defence or for the service of this State or the United States, and such other necessary expenditures for the defence of their respective counties, cities and towns as the exigencies of the times may in their judgment demand, and authorizing the municipal authorities of said counties, cities and towns to make such regulations as they might think right and proper in the disbursement of said

appropriations. The same act also legalized all appropriations heretofore made by counties, cities and towns for the same purpose, and authorized the county, town and city authorities to levy a special tax each year upon all taxable property within their respective jurisdictions for the purpose of paying appropriations made or to be made in pursuance of the act.

Acts were also passed to render efficient the Quartermasters' and Commissary departments of the State, to define the crime of treason, and the crime of concealment of treason, and the punishment therefor, and to provide for the employment of six regiments of volunteers for the protection of the property and citizens of the State, and also to provide for the appointment of a Paymaster, defining his duties and fixing his compensation.

A joint resolution was also passed requesting the Governor to send five thousand stand of arms, temporarily, to the several counties bordering on the Ohio river, to be distributed in the manner therein designated.

The General Assembly, after a harmonious session of forty days, during which all the measures supposed to be demanded by the exigencies of the times were passed, adjourned *sine die* on the 2d day of June, 1861.

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